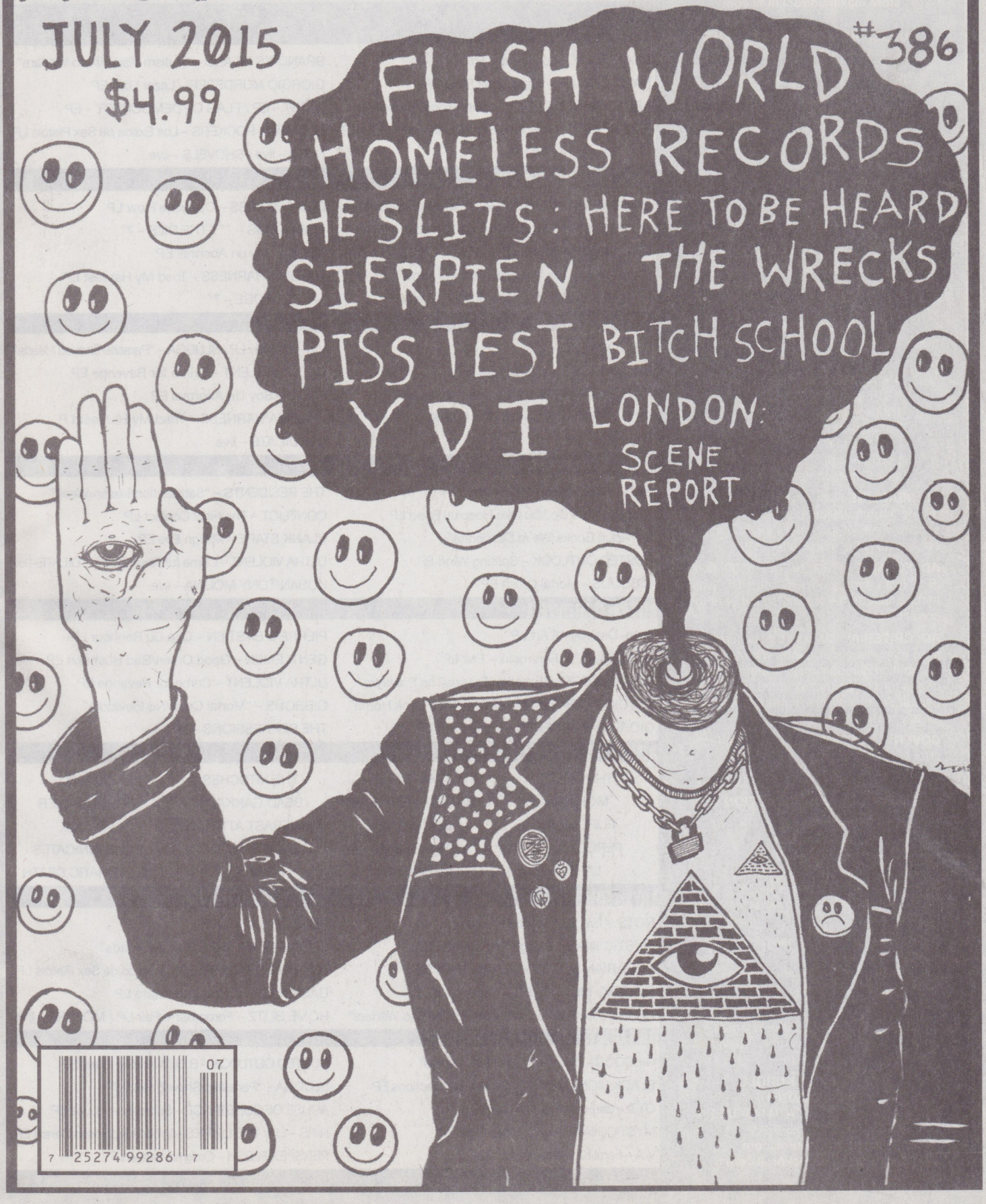
MAXIMUM ROCK NROLL

JULY 2015
$4.99

#386

FLESH WORLD
HOMELESS RECORDS
THE SLITS: HERE TO BE HEARD
SIERPIEN THE WRECKS
PISS TEST BITCH SCHOOL
YDI LONDON: SCENE REPORT



07
7 25274 99286 7

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

MRR subscriptions, back issues, records, shirts and more can be purchased at our webstore at store.maximumrocknroll.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS & SINGLE ISSUES
(all prices are postpaid in US dollars)

US: $4.99 each / 6-issue sub for $26
12-issue sub for $45

Canada: $7 each / 6-issue sub for $37
12-issue sub for $75

Mexico: $9 each / 6-issue sub for $52
12-issue sub for $103

World: $11 each / 6-issue sub for $62
12-issue sub for $122

Send cash, check or MO to the address below or go to **maximumrocknroll.com/order**
When subscribing, please let us know which issue to start with

BACK ISSUES
See list of available back issues see pg.4

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page (2.5" x 5"): $33
1/3 page long (2.5" x 10"): $90
1/3 page square (5" x 5"): $110
1/2 page (7.5" x 5"): $165
Full page (7.5" x 10"): $400
Back Cover: contact us for rates

AD DEADLINE (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the second week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

AD FORMAT: JPEG or TIFF (300 DPI), EPS (with type outlined), or PDF (with fonts embedded)—or send on paper at the correct size.

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept ads from major labels or bands with exclusive distribution through major-owned distros, or ads for comps that included major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time.

COVER DESIGN: Roz Adams, artorwhatever.com

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION

Ingram Periodicals
18 Ingram Blvd
PO Box 7000
La Vergne, TN 37086
(800) 627-6247
magorder.sales@ingramperiodicals.com.

Also available from: Armadillo, Ebullition, Revolver, Small Changes, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Ubiquity, and Marginal.
See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

Send records, demos, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

GRACE AMBROSE

- HOME BLITZ – Foremost + Fair LP
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP
- ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE – Substance Abuse EP
- BLANK SPELL – Malign Eye EP / AQUARIAN BLOOD – EP
- V/A – Destroy All Art LP
- BRANDO'S ISLAND – "Autism Vision/Auto Warfare"
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Lazer Lord EP
- BLAST – EP / FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – EP
- LOS PUNK ROCKERS – Los Exitos de Sex Pistols LP
- NOTS – live / SHOVELS – live

LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

- GATTOPARDO – LP / SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"
- GENTLEMEN – Good Omen/Bad Husband EP
- MAU-MAUS – Fear No Evil LP / LIFEWRECK – EP
- HARD SKIN – Do You Like Hospital Food? LP
- PIERRE & BASTIEN – Que Du Bonheur LP
- DIRTY WOMBS – Opposite Flow LP
- THE GERMS – 7" / THE DILS – 7"
- FILOS – Soy un Anormal EP
- TRAUMA HARNESS – Tried My Hardest LP
- MIDDLE EDGE – 7"

MATT BADENHOP

- GATTOPARDO – LP
- BLANK SPELL – Malign Eye EP
- RATTENS KRATER – Nordvastpassagen EP
- ЯКУТСКИЙ ПАНК – ПЛОХЙ ПАНК
- R.O.B.O. – LP
- V/A – Na Krev LP / SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"
- ULTRA VIOLENT – Crime for Revenge EP
- FILOS – Soy Un Anormal EP
- TRAUMA HARNESS – Tried My Hardest LP
- SYNDICATE – live

WILL BLOMQUIST

- HIRS – The Second 100 Songs LP
- HARD SKIN – Do You Like Hospital Food LP
- X –"Adult Books/We're Desperate"
- BUSTED OUTLOOK – Spitting Wind EP
- GIBBOUS – Mortal Crush EP
- THE RESIDENTS – "Satisfaction/Loser≈Weed"
- CONFLICT – The Final Conflict LP
- BLANK STARE – Malign Eye EP
- ULTRA VIOLENT – Crime for Revenge EP / DILATE–flexi
- KOBAN/TONY MOLINA – live

MITCH CARDWELL

- V/A – Destroy All Art LP
- HOME BLITZ – Foremost + Fair LP
- MIDDLE EDGE – "Emotion Freeze/The Pressure"
- RAYDIOS – "Brand New Kid/My Way Back Home"
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Lazer Lord EP
- PIERRE & BASTIEN – Que Du Bonheur LP
- GENTLEMEN – Good Omen/Bad Husband EP
- ULTRA VIOLENT – Crime for Revenge EP
- GIBBOUS – "Mortal Crust/No Elevators"
- THE DEPRESSIONS – LP

ROBERT COLLINS, LIVE TOP TEN

THE DEATH	TONE DEAF	THE KITSCHES	ZANKÖU
MOHANIK	COMPLETED EXPOSITION	DEAD GAKKAHS	HORSE & DEER
FLIPOUT AA	SCUM RAID	CONTRAST ATTITUDE	VIVISICK
FEROCIOUS X	THE GEEKS	END OF SEEDS	COMMUNICATES
LAI SEE	BREAKFAST	FORWARD	SYSTEMATIC DEATH

LAYLA GIBBON

- NOTS – live x2 / EX CULT – live
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP
- AQUARIAN BLOOD – Savage Mind EP
- GIORGIO MURDERER – Lazer Lord EP
- BRANDO'S ISLAND – "Autism Vision/Auto Warfare"
- POW – Fight Fire LP
- SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"
- LOS PUNK ROCKERS – Los Exitos de Sex Pistols LP
- DASKINSEY4 – So Appropriate LP
- HOME BLITZ – Foremost + Fair LP / MOZART – live

DAN GOETZ

- GIBBOUS – "Mortal Crust / No Elevators"
- BLACK MONUMENTS – Repeated Rejections EP
- ÖTZI – demo and live / NOTS live
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP
- V/A – Feral Kid Mixtape Vol. 2 CS
- BUSTED OUTLOOK – B.O. Wrecking Crew EP
- SLUGGA – "Parasites/Shaved Heads"
- ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE – Substance Abuse EP
- HIRS – LP / THE LIPPIES – World Happiness Dance EP
- PERSPEX FLESH – Ordered Image LP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

GREG HARVESTER

- GIBBOUS – "Mortal Crust/No Elevators"
- ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE – Substance Abuse EP
- HIRS – No Gods, No Cops LP
- SLUGGA – "Parasites/Shaved Heads"
- ALIENATION – CS
- YOUNG RUINS – CS
- TENDER TANTRUM – CS
- BLANK SPELL – EP
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP
- TRAUMA HARNESS – Tried My Hardest LP

KENNY KAOS

- NO TOMORROW BOYS – 7"
- BRAIN TRAPS – Meet Me at the Bottom EP
- LOS PEPINIYOZ – Alta Tension LP
- THIGH MASTER – Age of Concern EP
- V/A – Destroy All Art LP
- BORN LOOSE – "I Loathe You/Today's the Day"
- THE DEPRESSIONS – LP / JINXES – "Mosquitoes/Oh Yeah!"
- FILOS – Soy Un Anormal EP
- PRETTY FLOWERS – My Alchemist EP
- ACTIVE MINDS – New Puppets, Same Old Machine EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- PIERRE & BASTIEN – Que Du Bonheur-LP
- THE JINXES – 7" / RAYDIOS – 7"
- ONE MAN ONE MIND – 7" / GIORGIO MURDERER EP
- GENTLEMEN – Good Omen/Bad Husband EP
- R.O.B.O. – Todo Se Derrumba LP
- HARD SKIN – Do You Like Hospital Food? LP
- LOS PUNK ROCKERS – Los Exitos de Sex Pistols LP
- PARTY FORCE – Squad Cars EP / V/A – Destroy All Art LP
- THE DILS – 7" / RESIDENTS – 7"
- NOTS – live

RAY LUJAN

- THE BARBECUTIES – Go Down With Style CD
- DIRTY FENCES – Full Tramp LP
- ELMERHASSEL – Self Analysis: Discography Part 2 CD
- HARD LEFT – We Are LP
- PARTY FORCE – Squad Cars EP
- PRETTY FLOWERS – My Alchemist EP
- THIGH MASTER – Age of Concern EP
- SONNY VINCENT AND ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT – LP
- MAD PARADE – live / THE REZILLOS –live
- INFA RIOT – live / JUDGE – live

FRED SCHRUNK

- AQUARIAN BLOOD – Savage Mind EP
- R.O.B.O. – Todo Se Derrumba LP
- TRAUMA HARNESS – Tried My Hardest LP
- GATTOPARDO – LP
- SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"
- MALE GAZE – Gale Maze LP
- HARD SKIN – Do You Like Hospital Food? LP
- BUSTED OUTLOOK – B.O. Wrecking Crew EP
- HARD LEFT – We Are LP
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP

LENA TAHMASSIAN

- WILD MOTH – "Mirror/Gallery of Walls" flexi
- GATTOPARDO – LP
- BLANK SPELL – "Malign Eye" EP
- BROKEN BONES – A Single Decade LP
- THE DILS – "I Hate the Rich" 7"
- BLAST – Hope EP
- G-WHIZ – Hook LP
- RHYTHM OF CRUELTY – live
- COLD BEAT – live
- KURRAKA – live

ELI WALD

- NOTS – live / HOME BLITZ – Foremost + Fair LP
- MYSTIC INANE – Eggs Onna Plate EP
- BRANDO'S ISLAND – "Autism Vision/Auto Warfare"
- THIGH MASTER – Age of Concern EP
- SHOVELS – live
- AQUARIAN BLOOD – EP / GIORGIO MURDERER – EP
- SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"
- GATTOPARDO – LP
- V/A – Destroy All Art LP
- ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE – Substance Abuse EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- ARK DUST NO. 1
- BLACK GOLD
- DISTORT #46
- DWELLING PORTABLY, MAY 2015
- EARACHES AND EYESORES #5
- KILL YOUR PARENTS GARDEN #10
- LIFE STINKS I LIKE THE KINKS #3
- MASCULINITIES #1
- THE SODA KILLERS #9
- STAY COOL FANZINE #2

SHITWORKERS

Mariel Acosta
Sam Alvarado
Michele L. Appel
Matt Average
Matt Badenhop
Michelle Barnhardt
Mariam Bastani
Brace Belden
Heather Blotto
Graham Booth
Matt Braun
Jason Brownstein
Mitch Cardwell
Jon Carnes
Robert Collins
E. Conner
Rachel Courtney
Craigums
Mark Dober
John Dunn
Thane Fay
Brandon Freels
Hèctor Garcia
Layla Gibbon
Andy Gonzalez
Dan Gudgel
Alex Hannan
Daragh Hayes
Mike Howes
Jill Hubley
Cameron Jeffries
Kenny Kaos
Keskin
Frank LeClair
Hal MacLean
Jeff Mason
John Mink
Mateus Mondini
Ryan Murphy
Sean Nieves-Quiñones
Ion O'Clast
Ari Perezdiez
Mimi Pfahler
Rotten Ron Ready
Jason Ryan
Fred Schrunk
Dionne Stevens
Lena Tahmassian
Alex Turner
Thera Webb
Aaron Williard
Crystal Zimmerman
Juliana Almeida
Amelia An.Ok
Vanessa Asswipe
Peter Avery
Judy Bals
Alyson B. Ryan
Mike Battleaxe
Will Blomquist
Heidi Marshall Booth
Julia Booz
Justin Briggs
Kyle Canyon
Bidita Choudhury
Matthew Collado
Brian Connolly
Rob Coons
Sarah Crews
Justin Davisson
John Downing
Robert Eggplant
Jonathan Floyd
Travis Fristoe
Alison Gaye
Dan Goetz
Ivy Gray-Klein
Oscar Gutierrez
Greg Harvester
Michelle Hill
Chris Hubbard
Sarah Janet
Ramsey Kanaan
Jon Kortland
Max Lavine
Ray Lujan
Julien Marchand
Mikey Minicomix
Ryan Modee
Adeline Moore
Adam Nelson
Golnar Nikpour
Joshua Peach
Ben Perkins
Langford Poh
Camylle Reynolds
Ken Sanderson
Martin Sorrondeguy
Andy Sweet
Jill Trash
Shivaun Watchorn
Max Wickham
Heather Wreckage
Shit Zoo

CONTRIBUTORS

Colin Atrophy
Imogen Binnie
Felix Havoc
George Impulse
Marissa Magic
Al Quint
Sadie Switchblade
Andrew Underwood
Jedediah Aaker
Dan Ball
Neve Bianco
Jack Callaghan
David de Haan
Geoff Dreschler
Melissa Farley
Rachel Gouk
Brooks Headley
Jonny Cat
Yoni Kroll
Rose Luardo
Paul Montone
Nevin Genjing Records
Jack Pitt
Pavel Px
Derek Rathbun
Kate Sweeney
Laura A. Zink
Bryony Beynon
Erika Elizabeth
Jesska Hughes
Carolyn Keddy
Christina P.
Alex Simon
Turbo & Gang
Viktor Vargyai
Denis Alekseev
Man Beranak
Joe Briggs
Joan Dastarac
LoLo Delacroix
Gary Elam
Rita Gonsalves
Sean Haughton
Courtney Hundemark
Elena Kouprina
Beck Levy
Tina Lucchesi
Ivcen Muldong
Tahlia Pahlmer
James Plumlee
Roc Quetglas
John Stehlin
Connie Voltaire

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Eli Wald

WEB COORDINATOR

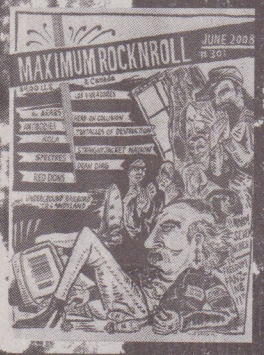
Paul Curran

ZINE COORDINATOR

Grace Ambrose

MRR BACK ISSUES AND RENEWALS

LIKE WHAT YOU'RE READING IN MRR #386? HERE'S SOME RECOMMENDED READING FROM THE MRRchive:

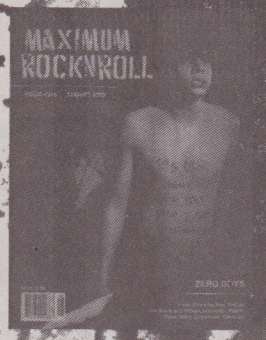


MRR #301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, **Red Dons (mems. Piss Test)**, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, The Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

"We feel the way that people within the punk community view music needs to be challenged from time to time. Until the hardcore scene cares more about its music than its social/scenester politics, the bands will remain irrelevant, outdated and banal."

MRR #379/Dec '14. Brazil's Rakta, Poison Girls, **YDI contemporaries Austistic Behavior,** Florida's Nunhex, Marmara Streisand from Israel, Protester, Misled Youth, Dick & Jane, *Mothers News*, pastry chef/drummer Brooks Headley of Born Against/UOA, Brooklyn venue Death By Audio, Doomed To Extinction Records, and a photo spread from Mateus Mondini.

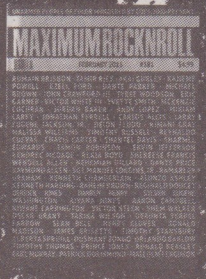
"I hated to see anybody else get taken away but I think Wayne saying, 'come back August 28th for Millions of Dead Cops' into the microphone probably didn't help."



MRR #315/Aug '09. Zero Boys, Come On, Etacarinae, Insomnio, Skin Like Iron, Punch, Black and Whites, Blank Dogs, Resist, and **scene reports from London** and Belarus.

"We're running rings around the journo chumps and they don't even know it."

RECENT BACK ISSUES: MRR's Latest and Greatest



MRR #381/Feb '15 Hysterics, Earth Girls, Broken Prayer, Dark Times, Accidente, Quango, Wiccans, Börn, Metadona Records, Not Dead Yet fest photo spread.

MRR #382/Mar '15 2014 Year-End Top 10s! Plus, legendary SST producer Spot, NYHC rippers In School, shit liking Pig DNA, and a scene report from Grenoble, France.

MRR #383/Apr '15 Comics and Art! Edited by Alex Simon. Featuring art by Lisa Czech, Maren Karlson, Sara Abruña, Shiva Addanki, Laura Pallmall, Nathan Ward, and many more.

MRR #319/Dec '09. The birth of Finnish hardcore, HC legends the Fix, Pittsburgh's Slices, Pink Reason of the Midwest/Russia, Gandhi's Cookbook from Dubai, SF's Nodzzz and **Brilliant Colors (mems. Flesh World)**, Scrotum Poles, Olympia's Gun Outfit, Canadian HC from Positive Noise, and a Goner Fest photo spread!

"I clicked on this page, and people had left comments, 'listening...don't like!' and, 'wow you guys look really good for being from the early '80s.'"

MRR #378/Nov '14. Ex-Yugoslavian punk retrospective Part I: Slovenia, featuring Buldogi, Tožibabe, Industbag, Quod Massacre, Pankrti, Grupa 92, Šund, and Kuzle. Also, Indiana's Big Zit and Ooze, the Bay Area's Yi, Jason Flower of the Supreme Echo label, photos from Philly's Rockers! show, and **an in-depth Australian scene report.**

"Go for a drive, try not to hit a kangaroo — I've hit two so far driving between cities, it's pretty upsetting!"

COMPLETE LIST OF BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE ONLINE:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM/BACK-ISSUES
STORE.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

PRICES: 1 back issue: $3.99 (US), $6 (CAN), $8 (MEX) $10 (WORLD)
6 back issues: $16 (US), $25 (CAN), $35 (WORLD)
sub renewal: $43 (US), $73 (CAN), $100 (MEX), $119 (WORLD)

HOW THE HELL DO I GET IT?

clip this out, complete this form and send to:
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
ATTN: DISTRO
PO BOX 460760
San Francisco, CA 94146
with well-conceled cash, check or money order

I WANT:
[ ] — ONE BACK ISSUE
[ ] — SIX BACK ISSUES
[ ] — RENEW MY SUB!
ENTER ISSUE #(S) HERE:

name: .....
address: .....
.....
state/province: .....
postal code: ..... country: .....

FOREIGN DISTROS

BELOW IS A LIST OF SOME OF THE MANY NON-US DISTROS THAT CURRENTLY CARRY MRR. WE PROVIDE THIS LIST SO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET MRR INTERNATIONALLY! WE DO OUR BEST TO COVER AS MUCH TERRITORY OUTSIDE OF THE US AS WE CAN, BUT WE STILL WANT TO DISTRIBUTE TO MORE PARTS OF THE WORLD! WE NEED YOUR HELP IN ESTABLISHING CONTACTS WITH PUNKS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CARRYING MRR. IF YOU HAVE A DISTRO, WANT TO SELL MRR AT SHOWS, OR JUST WANT TO GET A CHEAPER POSTAL RATE BY BUYING WHOLESALE, EMAIL DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM FOR MORE DETAILS! GET IN TOUCH WITH ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION FOR WHOLESALE IN EUROPE!!!!

EUROPE

CROATIA

DOOMTOWN RECORDS
MATE LOVRAKA 17/1
10040 ZAGREB
DOOMTOWNREC@GMAIL.COM

CZECH REPUBLIC

GAS MASK RECORDS
HERALEC 71, 592 01
MASKCONTROL.COM

SILVER ROCKET
U DEJVICKEHO RYBNICKU 20
160 00 PRAHA 6
SILVER-ROCKET.ORG

VOLTAGE RECORDS
LESNICKA 48
BRNO-CERNA POLE / 61300
INFO@VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM
VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM

FINLAND

COMBAT ROCK SHOP
VAASANKATU 7
00500 HELSINKI
INFO@FIREINSIDEMUSIC.COM

PSYCHEDLICA RECORDS
IKOULUKATU 3 A 6
90100 OULOU
JMEISTAM@GMAIL.COM
PSYCHEDELICA.FI

FRANCE

CRAPOULET RECORDS
@ LOLLIPOP RECORDS STORE
FIRMINHAC
39A RUE JEAN DE BERNARDY
13001 MARSEILLE
COOL@CRAPOULET.FR

SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION
MORIN JONATHAN
POUL AR GURUN, 29190 BRASPARTS
SYMPHONYOFDESTRUCTION.ORG

GERMANY

PLASTIC BOMB
HECKENSTR. 35A
47058 DUISBURG
FAREWELLREC@PLASTIC-BOMB.DE

RUIN NATION RECORDS
POST OFFICE BOX 105824
28058 BREMEN
RUINNATION.ORG

STATIC SHOCK MUSIK
BURKNERSTR. 6
12047 BERLIN, GERMANY
SNUSMESTERE@WEB.DE

TAKEN BY SURPRISE
C/O KOPFECK
LANDSBERGER STR. 3
80339 MUNICH
TAKENBYSURPRISE.NET

TRAPDOOR TOURZ
TRAPDOOR-TOURZ.DE

GREECE

MOUNTZA FANZINE
MOUNTZA.COM

ITALY

AGIPUNK
VIA PALAGI 3
40138 BOLOGNA
WWW.AGIPUNK.COM

RADIATION RECORDS
C.NE CASILINA 44
00176 ROMA
RADIATIONRECORDS.NET

NETHERLANDS

CRUCIAL ATTACK DISTRO
C/O FRANKE VISSER
BURG. ALBERTSTR. 11
8715 JE STAVOREN
CRUCIALATTACK.NL

DON'T BUY RECORDS
DONTBUYRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
DONTBUYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

NORWAY

TIGER RECORDS
HAMMERSBORGGATA 18
0181 OSLO
TIGERNET.NO

BUSTED DISTRO
FJØSANGERVEIEN 30
5054 BERGEN
BUSTEDDISTRO.BLOGSPOT.NO

POLAND

REFUSE RECORDS
C/O ROBERT MATUSIAK, PO BOX 7
02-792 WARSZAWA 78
REFUSERECORDS@GMAIL.COM

SPAIN

BOWERY RECORDS C/O SANTI
C/ DIVINO PASTOR 13 5° IZQ
28004 MADRID
BOWERYRECORDS.ES
BOWERYSHOP@GMAIL.COM

CINTES PODRIDES
C/O HECTOR GARCIA LORENTE
PO BOX 24042
08080 BARCELONA
CINTESPODRIDES@GMAIL.COM

ANGEL FRESNILLO
AVENIDA DE ULIA 5 6IZQ
20110 TRINTXERPE GIPUZCOA

SOLO PARA PUNKS
WWW.SOLOPARAPUNKS.ES

SWITZERLAND

RINDERHERZ RECORDS
POSTFACH 1401
CH-2501 BIEL/BIENNE,
RINDERHERZ@GMX.NET
RINDERHERZRECORDS.CH.VU

UNITED KINGDOM

ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION
BM ACTIVE
LONDON WC 1N 3XX, ENGLAND
ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG
WHOLESALE/SUBS/BACK ISSUES

DIFFERENT KITCHEN
DIFFERENTKITCHEN.BIGCARTEL.COM

MUSCLE HORSE
70 NORTHFIELD HOUSE
PECKHAM PARK RD
LONDON SE15 6TN
WEAREMUSCLEHORSE.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

OCEANIA & ASIA

AUSTRALIA

NO PATIENCE RECORDS
PO BOX 39, HINDMARSH
SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 5007
NOPATIENCE.ORG

RERESSED RECORDS
356 KING ST
NEWTOWN NSW 2042
REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM
INFO@REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM

RECORD COLLECTORS CORNER
LEVEL 1, 387 BOURKE STREET
MELBOURNE, VIC, 3000
NICKCOLLECTORS@GMAIL.COM

MALAYSIA

HAMMERCHARGE
PO BOX 7126, 40704 SHAH ALAM,
SELANGOR, MALAYSIA
HAMMERCHARGE.COM

SINGAPORE

TEMPUS PRESS
VANESSA VICTORIA
STARSHE.FETISHA@GMAIL.COM

NORTH/SOUTH AMERICA

CANADA

HAMMER CITY RECORDS
228 JAMES STREET NORTH
(REAR OF BUILDING)
HAMILTON, ON
HAMMERCITYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

SCREAM & WRITHE
MONTREAL, QC
SCREAMANDWRITHE.COM

THEN THE COPS SHOWED UP
627 EAST CORDOVA ST
VANCOUVER, BC V6A 1M1

BRAZIL

PEDRO CARVALHO
RUA FRADIQUE COUTINHO, 294
APTO 171B
05416-000, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL
XPEDROCARVALHOX@GMAIL.COM

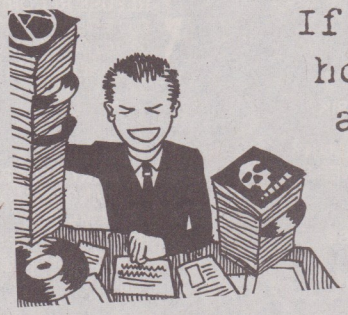
NO GODS NO MASTERS
NOGODS-NOMASTERS.COM

COLOMBIA

GUILLERMO VASQUEZ / ALEJANDRO TORRES
GUILLERMO.VASQUEZ.DIAZ@GMAIL.COM

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Can you coordinate Maximum Rocknroll?!



If you want relentless hours of hard work at the service of international punk and hardcore... get in touch!

Are you a get-things-done kind of person?

Are you organized and detail-oriented yet full of wild ideas?

Socially competent, responsible yet totally consumed by punk?

Can you write and edit like nobody's business?

Do you have encyclopedic knowledge of international DIY punk, hardcore and garage music and wanna share it with the world?

Do you like coffee?!

Are you ready for action and willing to move to San Francisco and run this very magazine you're currently holding...?

Email mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for an application...

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Howdy *MRR*,

I've been engrossed by the controversy surrounding Gilman's decision to host a major label band, Green Day. I've even been a minor party to it, having reported lightly on the event for a local newspaper. Still, I was only mediating observations into implied criticism and approval, not so much overtly expressing personal feelings. Then, quite unexpectedly, an apt metaphor for my own take materialized in real life. I arrived at the apartment building of John Waters, whose doorman handed me a package (which started leaking, bizarrely, though I couldn't detect any telling odor), and took it up to the filmmaker's unit. He received me graciously, offering coffee. He wore a red turtleneck. I wore an *MRR* t-shirt (Please tell Alex "Ratcharge" Simon that he liked the illustration). As I settled in the sitting room, Waters tended to his Jeff Koons sculpture, *Cracked Egg*. It's a gleaming egg, cracked in two. It comes in different colors but his is red. Waters picked up the two pieces, muttered something about earthquakes, and timidly debated whether to display *Cracked Egg* cracked or intact. Finally, he conjoined the top and bottom of *Cracked Egg* and let it be, seeming somehow a tad dissatisfied. It came to me in a flash: *Cracked Egg is Gilman*. Or was that the camera? So smitten with this revelation, I hardly realized that Waters fired a Polaroid. In the print, my eyes are closed.

As ever,

Sam Lefebvre

Dear Sam,

I've been puzzling over your letter the last couple weeks, and am not quite sure if I can crack your metaphor. Is the egg Gilman? Is Jeff Koons Green Day? Is John Waters MRR*? Are you Gilman? Is the egg punk? Are you punk? I'm still scratching my head; at the end of the day I'm not sure if this is really a metaphor or just an impregnable brush with the surreal. Both ends of it leave me feeling like I've awoken from a banal and frustrating dream. "Sorry I'm so out of it today, last night I kept on waking up from this really weird dream where Green Day played Gilman in 2015 and* no one cared."

It's been kind of funny watching the responses or lack thereof pour in after the Gilman show. I have seen a few friends who made it to the show, and I personally have been kind of reluctant to tell them my misgivings with the whole setup. I'm not sure if this is because I'm too magnanimous to spoil a good memory or if it's a self-preservation strategy to avoid getting sucked even further into a conversation with someone who thinks having Tim Armstrong hop on stage for an Op Ivy cover is actually really cool. *Maybe my threshold for suffering and inflicting punishment has deteriorated, but I'm not sure where it benefits to speak to this.*

I'll be clear: opening your independent DIY space to a major label act after 28 years of refusing to do so is an at-best tacky move, even for a benefit gig. Making the decision to do so in a membership meeting with no prior announcement to members, *where said act is featured prominently in a documentary* they are producing *and for which a camera will be present at the show is, at-best, pretty suspect. But, as many Gilman showgoers and coordinators might remind me, I wasn't there at that or any Gilman membership meeting. Might my voice be more valuable at 924 Gilman on a Saturday afternoon than at the Knockout at 1:00 a.m. on a Monday night? Than it would in the pages in this magazine? Maybe it would. At no point did we expect to organize a picket line outside of Gilman. When we actually broke this story in print it was hard to tell if people were more upset over the sanctity of their secret headliner's non-disclosure agreement or of the club's DIY/independent booking policy.*

The "just go to a meeting" attitude can only take you so far, I think. That's been the club's response to complaints about the breakdown of their major label policy as well as their response to those who have expressed dicomfort with them keeping rape apologists on bills. As a contributor-run magazine, we understand the importance of dialogue in making major decisions. That's why it's so disheartening to see that spirit turned out as an ex-post-facto cop out. If someone expresses genuine distaste with something we run in print, I'm more interested in opening up an actual discussion than asking them to stop complaining and send in a scene report or giving them shit for blowing off the last New Issue Day. At the same time, maybe we can do something more constructive with that energy. Should I go all the way to Berkeley and try to prove my case to a space where the people in charge have already given up so much ground? I, personally, have shows to book; bands to practice with; a magazine to distribute. In short, better shit to do. When I wake up from any dream, at a certain point I have to ask myself, do I have time to puzzle over this? Or do I just have to shake my head, wipe the schmutz out of my eyes and get started on a day of doing my own thing?

Best,

Eli

MRR UPDATES

The Los Crudos *Doble LP Discografía* is almost totally gone from us. Get your copy now: store.maximumrocknroll.com. Comes with essential liner notes by two former coordinators of this magazine, Golnar Nikpour and Mariam Bastani.

The MRR Presents Worldwide event on May 16th was such a success! Donations are still rolling in from all the shows that happened all around the world and we've made a couple thousand bucks, which will go a long way towards helping us keep doing what we're doing. We're investing in some much needed technological upgrades and donating a portion of the proceeds that we made here at the Bay Area show to AK Press / 1984 Printing, two radical institutions trying to recover from a devestating fire. More important than the money though was the massive outpouring of support we received from people all over the world. See the photospreads in this issue for a brief recap and keep an eye on our website for further updates. Already looking forward to next year!

Do you wanna coordinate this mag? Live rent-free in San Francisco, listen to records 'til your brain bleeds outta your ears, etcetera etcetera etcetera. E-mail us.

Welcome back, Brace. Welcome to the fold, Jon. The Last Punk and the axe and the hair from Iron Lung (Records *and* band) are on board as reviewers and we are psyched to have them. If you live in the San Francisco Bay Area and are interested in reviewing records or zines for the magazine, get in touch: mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

We also have two new columnists: Sadie Switchblade (#384's cover star and the frontwoman of G.L.O.S.S.) and Erika Elizabeth (the mind behind *Expressway To Yr Skull* radio). Still searching for some special someones who wanna write about tuff hardcore and wimpy record collections. You know how to get in touch.

LETTERS

Dear *MRR*,

I'm a long-time reader and need some help. I moved down to San Diego from Portland two years ago and have been having the hardest time trying to find the scene here. I've gone to a handful of shows, but it seems most shows I hear about down here either happened a week ago or are tired boring reunion shows.

I'm looking for some insight—maybe someone on your staff knows some punk secrets I have yet to find out. I'm looking for punk activities / house shows / etc. close in to the city. Any tips or snubs would be radical and much appreciated.

Sincerely,

Frustrated in San Diego

We asked Sam Lefebvre, Carlsbad, CA ex-pat, the thought experimenter behind Degenerate *mag, former* MRR *columnist and reviewer (and apparently, current letters section denizen), and drummer in UFFIZI, for some perspective on our neighbors down south.*

Howdy intrepid punk,

I reached out to some folks to compile the following tips and what not. I grew up in North County, where most of my punk friends still live, so perhaps the following skews away from San Diego proper. I hope it's helpful anyway. I'm often a little resentful of my hometown. Still, now that I reminisce, some joys stick out, such as my first band somehow convincing Yard Records to host shows (shouts out to Wrecking Crew, Disabled Youth) after we were banned from an open mic (and wrote a song about it), and, later, the summer of stealing pita sandwiches from my first job to bike over to Food Not Bombs in Buccaneer Park, Oceanside, plus—formatively— taking the 101 bus for two hours to get to Ché Café for any and every event (where I was radicalized long before becoming the diplomatic liberal reformist I am today; tomorrow, though, all cops and landlords are bastards.) Here, I'll date myself: R.I.P. Find Him and Kill Him—word to the limited Ché Café Hardcore Fest tombstone cover 7".

I digress, but the last wispy recollection brings us to the embattled state of Ché Café and what I'm told by Matt Ants—who plays in Slums of the Future with Martin Crucial, along with Meth Breath and demo-famous hardcore acts that don't stick around long enough, such as Sociopathetic, by the by—is an alternative that's emerged to fill the void a bit: Legends Records in Pacific Beach, which is hosting a lot of DIY shows. Also, Dog Haus, in SD proper. The most heartening development since I moved away is the opening of Standards Records in Vista, which is run by Colin from Crime Desire, a long-kicking, highly crucial outfit. I'm partial to Spin Records, in Carlsbad, where I worked for years, though it doesn't scan punk like Standards.

Matt Ants and Martin Crucial helped with this list of bands: Drug Control, avowedly Boston edge worship; PSO, skate punks from Lemon Grove (which is a little far but apparently turnt in general, with a Mexican joint called Copa Cabana hosting shows); aforementioned Slums of the Future, featuring members of Waco Fuck and Crime Desire; Clay Face, lumpen hardcore; Debt Ritual, metallic crust; Age of Collapse, which morphed out of the Americans, a highly proficient crust band with formidable chops that I really dug as a child; Dirt Squad; Take Offense, yowzuh though for real, A+ and a gold star; Cold Stare, pre and contemporaneous with Take Offense; Criminales, death rockers; Nerve Control, National City street punk; Haruka, powerviolence from Chula Vista; Let Em Rot, street punk from Chula Vista. Is Christian Club still around? Google-resistant.

Maybe my favorite band that I've been hipped to recently down there is Malinchista, from Chula Vista, whose Basura Trans-Nacional *demo is just clutch, straight-ahead punk. Group shares members with aforementioned Haruka, whose shit I'll likewise anoint as being on fleek.*

Matt Ants also recommended a zine called APART, *which I haven't seen in its inky form but I believe him.*

San Diego has always been a pop punk outpost, with a fest I wouldn't name if I could remember its handle. And anyway, this is beginning to read like the punishingly exhaustive scene report that MRR *doesn't pay me enough to write.*

Read: This is not a scene report….

But you should write one. Or, just get in touch to emphasize your corner of the scene. The Spanish-speaking community, in particular, has dealt in raging punk and hardcore since the very beginning. Tijuana's scene has always cross-pollinated with San Diego's. I'd love to hear more from someone in the thick of that. Blast beats have and will continue to pulverize borders arbitrarily imposed by the state.

When you make it to North County, stop in at Lola's Market in Carlsbad. It's an excellent Mexican restaurant and grocer. Look for the gregarious-looking fellow with an LAMF tattoo. That's Henry Trejo, from Spent Idols. He's punk incarnate.

Also, biggest secret is that all of the punks work at Lego Land.

As ever,

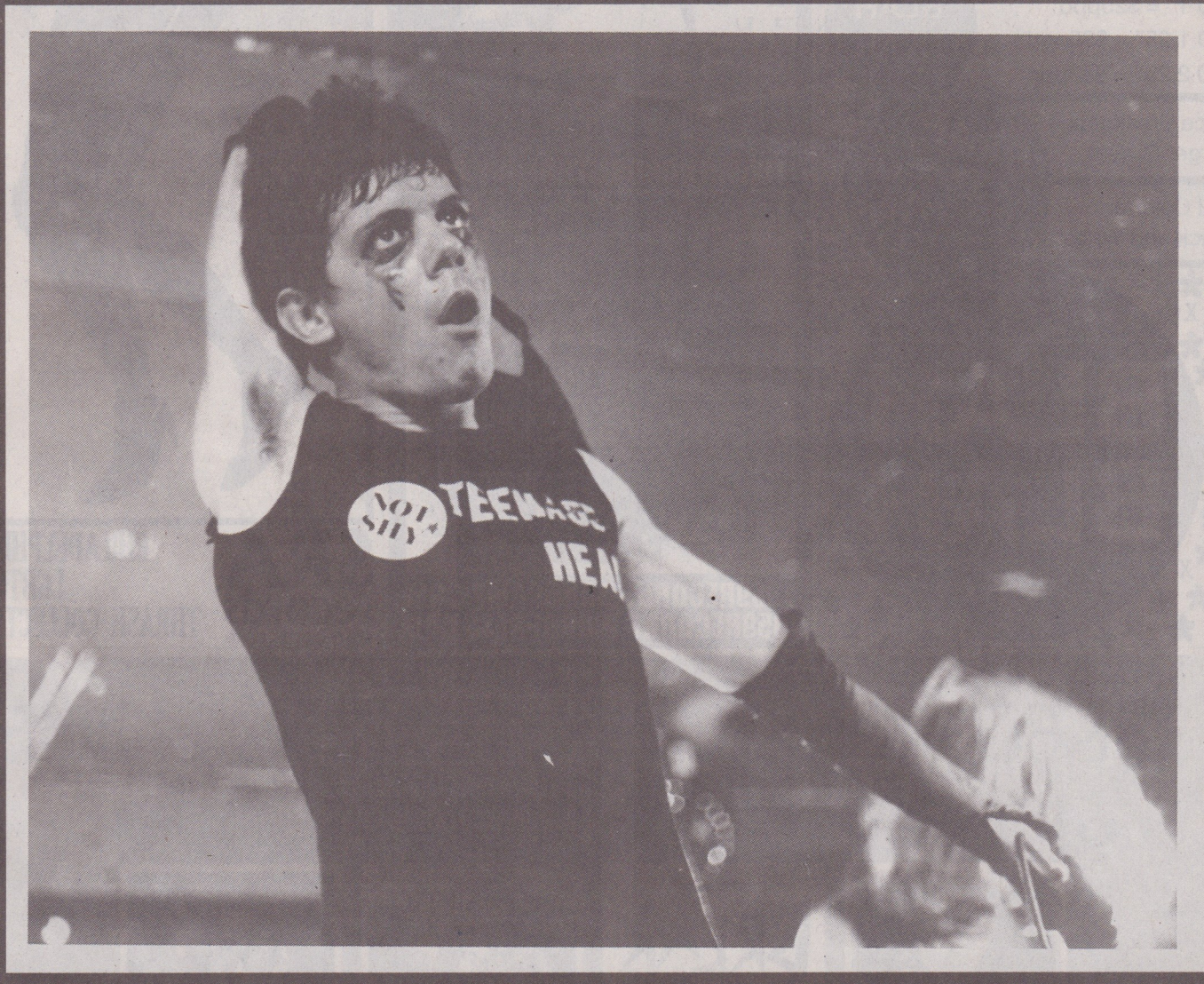
Sam Lefebvre

Hey,

. I like what Ray said in the columns last month about mental illness. I'm a prisoner in the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitations (CDCR). I'm currently in a state hospital within the prison system being treated for mental illness. They been trying all kinds of meds on me, even that Risperdal stuff, but I take it for a while and then refuse to take it because I refuse to believe I have a mental illness. I've been thrown into mental health and I didn't ask for it and am being put through the motions. I guess the doctors are saying I show signs of being schizo effective but I refuse to buy into their shit and I think it was more of my drug use that got me to this point and that was probably what caused me to start jumping off. I could be in denial, though. Anyway, I like what Ray had to say and if he sees this, tell him fuck Risperdal!

—Daniel Gurga
CDC #A-R1918
PO Box 32110
Stockton, CA 95213

"The best doc on a scene I've seen to date."
Jon Wurster, Mountain Goats, Superchunk, The Best Show
"The best punk roc doc I've seen."
Nardwuar the Human Serviette



"...a masterfully crafted beast...one of the most comprehensive and inspiring documentaries on punk I've seen. " - Sean Arenas, Razorcake

"Definitely worth seeing." - Al Quint, Suburban Voice

"Documentaries don't come more hard core." - Norm Wilner, Now

THE LAST POGO JUMPS AGAIN
TORONTO PUNK 1976 - 1978

3 hours, 20 minutes. Available on Vimeo on Demand. Two disc DVD w/100 minutes of special features and a 24 page colour booklet available at

WWW.THELASTPOGO.NET

BLAH BLAH BUTTONS

www.blahblahbuttons.com

100 1" = $25ppd
100 1.25" = $35ppd
100 2.25" = $52ppd

Price Breaks for Larger Orders

Full Color or Black and White

BLAH BLAH

BLAH BLAH

BLAH BLAH

AVAILABLE NOW:
PAGERIPPER
12" EP

1859RECORDS.STORENVY.COM
1859RECORDS@GMAIL.COM

AVAILABLE NOW:
NO///SE
LOWER BERTH
12" LP

1859RECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
1859RECORDS.WORDPRESS.COM

HIRS

THE SECOND 100 SONGS
LP/CD/CASSETTE OUT NOW

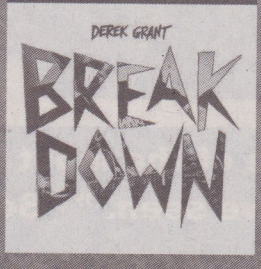
SRA records
srarecords.com

PHILADELPHIA'S LGBTQIA THRASH COLLECTIVE

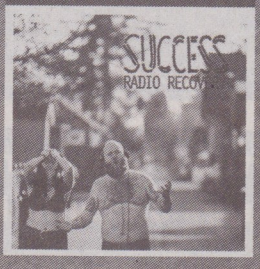
THE SOCIALIST SOUND: RED SCARE IN 2015

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"10 YEARS OF YOUR DUMB BULLSHIT"

DEREK GRANT
"BREAKDOWN" CD/LP

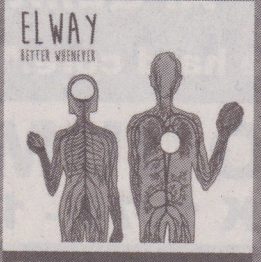


SUCCESS
"RADIO RECOVERY" CD/LP



DRAKULAS
"OWOWOWOWOWOWOW"
7"/EP

DIRECT HIT!
"MORE OF THE SAME"
CD/LP



ELWAY
"BETTER WHENEVER"
CD/LP

SAM RUSSO
"GREYHOUND DREAMS"
CD/LP

NOTHINGTON
"IN THE END" CD/LP

FOR MORE INFO, TOUR DATES, WEBSTORE, AND MORE: WWW.REDSCARE.NET

COLUMNS

Hi, this is Sadie Switchblade, and this is my second column for *MRR*, wooo! Yes girl! You may remember me from my first column, which was an informative but kind of dry primer for cis-women about how to not say things to me and my friends that make us feel like shit. I'm glad I kicked things off with that column but I'll try not to bore you all as much this time around. I'll start by giving some basic personal history, so that you, my unfortunate reader, can better contextualize the dumb shit I say!

My life in punk goes something like this: upon my discovery by two geriatric farmers in a smoldering crater behind their barn in 1985, I was deemed a threat to humanity and targeted for extermination. After years of anxiety induced by sadistic athletes and unidentified gender dysphoria, I spent my teenage chapter in Dogpile bondage pants and an ill-fitting pyramid-studded leather singing along to the VIGILANTES and Mark Unseen bands on Landsdowne Street by day and tucking my dick between my legs and crying by night. In a subconscious attempt to overcompensate for my innate femininity, I began a dangerous descent into the world of early-2000s "Boston Hardcore." Like the man said, I just wanted to skate and listen to my SUICIDAL tape, y'know? But no amount of white belts and sniper caps would ever prove adequate a disguise for my vulnerable, faggoty underbelly, and I eventually, thankfully, removed myself from that toxic realm.

Then, in 2007, my boss at the stockroom of a dumb retail chain (hi Jeff!) blasted DIY pop punk bands like DRUNKEN BOAT, DOWN IN THE DUMPS, and THIS IS MY FIST! all day—imperfect, memorable, melodic punk bands, not the pitch-corrected beard-and-backpack man-musicians also unfortunately associated with the term "pop punk"—which somehow lit a gay fire under my ass and propelled me onward in pursuit of my homo-destiny. Cap that with about six years of being a blackout drunk, suicidal, sobbing-in-public mess, and I stumbled backwards into a very queer living situation which subsequently allowed me to understand (finally!) that I was a transgender woman achin' to be. I soon popped out the other side of the abyss as the maladjusted but strangely happy tranny-trainwreck writing you this column. Then, last September, I moved across the country from Boston, MA to Olympia, WA with my semi-active band PEEPLE WATCHIN', met a host of really wonderful people, and started to feel truly happy for the first time, maybe ever? I quickly fell in with some bad-babes who started the band G.L.O.S.S. with me and, here we are. In the words of Johnny Rzeznik, "almost fell into that hole in your life," but hey...I didn't! Bloomed all late 'n' shit. So, yeah. Woof. There's my origin story for ya, more or less.

With all that out of the way, what the fuck is this column going to be about? Let's find out together! I guess I will start with an anecdote from the other day.

My friend was over and she was sewing something as a gift for her partner. We were lounging around my brightly-painted room listening to JOYRIDE! *Bodies of Water* and talking about feelings. She'd hit a wall with this thing she was trying to sew, so we hollered to my roomie who has spent their life sewing and is a truly expert tailor. Perched on the corner of my bed, I watched the two of them strategize excitedly about how to solve the problem, splayed out on the floor like giddy kids. Hopeless bitch that I am, I was suckerpunched by what can only be described as a t-girl moment: I started to cry! My brain flashed to a moment from childhood (I must have been twelve or thirteen at the time) when I'd been sewing a patch onto the knee of some ripped jeans. All of a sudden these two Abercrombie-scented neighborhood weasels—let's call them Cocky and Shitwinkle—burst into my house and began berating me for being fucking gay (true), sucking dick (true), sewing like a girl (true), doing faggot shit (true), and being a loser (untrue). Cocky belittled me and threatened to beat me up, while his lackey Shitwinkle snorted at every insult, like a fucking little shit-stained fucker. Typical "male-socialization" shit. Since then, sewing has forever been linked in my mind with being ridiculed for my gender expression.

So, sitting there, feeling totally content and unburdened, gossiping and sewing with my two sweet friends, that memory flooded in, and I was just like, fuck. You know? Like, fuck, my life is *so fucking different now.* I am so much more confident, secure, and happy. Like, Really Really Happy like Kim Shattuck on that MUFFS record. So I had to shed a little tranny tear for my kid-self. Like, hey, listen up you little stinker. You fucking didn't kill yourself or anybody else and now you're in these cool bands and have amazing friends all over the world. You've carved out this life for yourself that suits your needs close to perfectly. You're getting shit done while the barf-bags that reaped social capital from humiliating you have fallen from grace, auctioned their dignity off to corporations, and willingly acquiesced to the doldrums of American adulthood, gazing up dead-eyed from their televisions on the weekends to tweet about NBA draft picks. You might have made more of an ass out of yourself along the way than you would have liked, but the missteps were just missteps and they don't define you. You're not a nine-to-fiver, you're not a selfish prick, you're not one of them; you're a fucking punk.

What I think I'm getting at is this: Punk is outrageously self-deprecating, and self-hate is a trend in hardcore that's become more rampant than ever. We spend such an unreasonable portion of our lives chewing on things we've done wrong and criticizing ourselves over infractions that stemmed from nothing more egregious than human growth. Let's stop and take a moment to appreciate ourselves for once! To acknowledge all the work we do for our communities, friends, and families, blood or chosen. All the shit we build and all the shit we destroy (and all the shit we talk, fuck it!) All the networks we create, illuminated by the bridges we've burned on this warpath to our liberation called "punk"... amirite?! When life has you down, and you start to direct that anger inward, just give yourself a pat on the back and think, "Fuck yeah, girl. That's one more day you didn't turn into a total fucking norm."

Ok, this is Sadie signing off for now, until

next time, I'll see you girls later...!

WRITE ME: Sadie Switchblade, 509 Garrison St. NE, Olympia, WA 98506, smashitdead@gmail.com

Hi, yeah! So did you know that before I ever wrote one of these columns I was in *MRR* three times? The first time was because I wrote a letter when I was fourteen saying that I had lost the notebook keeping track of my zine orders and to write me if you had ordered something and I'd send it out. I didn't actually have a notebook or any zine orders but I felt like maybe writing that letter might convince someone to try and scam me and then like, a stranger would have my zine. Plus, it would make people think that my zine was important or something since I had enough orders that I had to keep track of them in a notebook or whatever. The second time was when my picture was published along with an excerpt from an interview that Cindy Crabb did with some other members of the Transformative Justice/Accountability collective I work with. The third time was when I got interviewed about my old fanzine *Slice Harvester*, which was super exciting and I was like *so stoked* to Be In *MRR* and then I ran into Gabe who owns the comic shop and he was like, "I heard you were in the new *MRR*?!" and I was like, "Yeah, I mean, whatever…who even reads it anymore anyway? Like, I guess it's cool or something. Or not. Who cares?" Because I suddenly got nervous about earnestly caring about something, I guess. But then Gabe was like, "*Stop it*. You're allowed to be excited about this."

Anyway, mostly I wanna talk about the second thing. So like, for the better part of the last decade I've spent either some or most of my time working with this collective dedicated to "healing the effects of sexual assault and abuse," (to quote our mission statement on our website). Basically we try to use a transformative justice model to hold people in our community accountable for harm they've caused to other people in our community, in order to create a space where genuine healing can occur and also to avoid letting the tentacles of The State wind their way any further into our lives. This model is kind of contentious for some people and I'm definitely not here trying to pick a fight with those folks or evangelize, I just wanna contextualize the rest of the stuff I'm thinking about.

I had originally written my column this month about how Entrenched Patriarchal Narratives weasel their way into the most well-intentioned people's lives, but it got a little TMI about the dynamic of the relationship I have with one of the people I'm dating and I couldn't really think of a way to talk about it without saying all that stuff, so, like, even if I wanna be transparent about my own learning process I don't wanna do it in a way that might make someone else feel super awkward.

But there's another thing I'd like to discuss and it's this phenomenon that happens in Party Dawg Cultures where someone in the community turns out to be dangerous or violent to women when he's getting all fucked up and partying, but he's, like, really fun otherwise. Everyone knows about it but doesn't really do anything because "he's just like that" or whatever. Or like, I know in my life I've rationalized a lot of the heinous behavior of violent men who I've known because I was aware of *their* trauma histories and I used that knowledge to excuse them or obfuscate the impact of the violence they were committing. Because knowing the violence they had been the recipient of made their violence seem almost inevitable and kinda not their fault in a way. Which is clearly a rationalization and is so bogus and people are responsible for the harm they cause others no matter how wounded they are.

But back in this archetypal/hypothetical situation (which I have seen play out in so many punk scenes either because I was there or because out of town friends called me for advice on how to deal with situations in their towns), some of the outcomes of knowingly harboring a dangerous person in your community are that he can potentially just keep hurting more and more people, everyone who starts hanging out with your group of friends is at risk of violence, and eventually it's gonna boil over. Eventually he's gonna hurt someone who's not just gonna brush it off and in my experience, at this point, everyone just doubles down and gangs up on the person who got hurt. Because it's easier to ostracize and distrust a woman's experience than it is to challenge and confront some drunk dude who you know has a tendency to be violent.

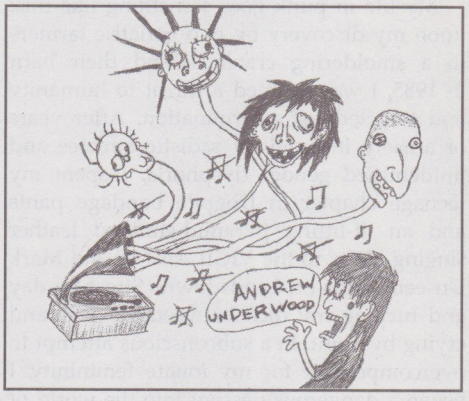
And this is one of those Entrenched Patriarchal Narratives we were talking about before! It's something we were all socialized to think and believe—that women's experiences and accounts of events are inherently not trustworthy. It's just one of those bobo notions that everyone picks up without trying because there's tons of little things reinforcing it all the time. That's what's so insidious about the societal norms that are socialized into us, that they get put in our heads when we're really little and we're not paying attention or on guard against hateful shit, and then they just lurk around all quiet until one day they pop out and they're like "YO! Don't trust that woman!" And it's like, that's not cool to just show up and tell me that when I didn't even invite you here in the first place.

What it comes down to is this: if your friend is a shithead and you know about it and you don't do anything to intervene, you're just as responsible for anyone else he harms from then on. It's not easy to challenge the toxic behaviors of the people we care about but it's super important and it's probably the most loving thing you can do for someone. Also if something shitty happens to someone and they try and deal with it and the way you respond is by icing them out or bullying them, you're a true dickhead and you need to get it together and act right.

In closing: since we, the punx, agree that society is fucked and we want nothing to do with it, it's our duty as punx to shed all the bullshit that society forces on us. This includes Entrenched Patriarchal Narratives such as not trusting women, such as creating a safe space for shitty violent men. *So basically,* unless you're actively working to dismantle structures of oppression and systems of control and extricate them from all the little ways they've become incorporated into your own life just by the sheer fact of having been socialized in this culture, you're not punk.

If you have any questions or you totally disagree or you're totally stoked or you just wanna have a conversation about this, I'm happy to do so. As always, my email is sliceharvester@gmail.com and my address is Slice Harvester / 442-D Lorimer St #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206.

No Cops, no creeps. Peace in the pizzeria. I'm out.



Fucking hell, there's a huge part of me that wants to just vomit on the page over the impotent rage and frustration I feel over the events in Baltimore surrounding the murder of Freddie Gray by police, not least because Baltimore is a city that I spent a lot of time in during my formative years, checking out shows at Black Aggies and record shopping at Reptilian Records. I have witnessed firsthand the callousness and brutality of the BPD, even as a person who enjoys a great deal of privilege relative to the residents of West Baltimore, and I can only say that I wish I were back on the

East Coast so I could show up in solidarity with the people who are so bravely standing up to the system now to say "NO MORE." But fuck, I don't have the proper perspective or the words to do the topic justice. I guess if you're reading this column and you give a fuck, you should definitely seek out Ta-Nehisi Coates' piece "Nonviolence as Compliance" which articulates my feelings better than I ever could and is the rare piece of writing that could actually effect change in this world if enough people read and digested its contents. It's also worth reading the *Baltimore Sun's* investigative piece from September 2014 entitled "Undue Force" to get some context on just how violent and out of control the BPD really is. It is shocking that we are experiencing '68 in 2015 (and 2014, as Ferguson MO absolutely exists on the same spectrum), but we are and it's very difficult to tell when and if things are ever going to get better. But shit, let's funnel at that fucking anger into our fucking bands, into our support of the communities our venues and practice spaces and living spaces are in, into protesting and petitioning and, if it comes down to it, standing up to a line of cops in riot gear. Certainly our punk brothers and sisters in Greece and Indonesia and Brazil and elsewhere around the world have demonstrated that the punx can, if not make a difference, at least stand and fight alongside allies attempting the same.

So shit, turns out that the new DISORDER/STAGNATION split speaks right to this issue, in that the first two songs of the DISORDER side are spot-on indictments of police violence. Seriously, "Chaos and Disorder" and "Victim of Police" could be about the recent American riots, save that they were written in 2012. Also, and I'm so pleased to hear this, these are fucking great songs, easily their best work in the 21st century. "Chaos and Disorder" is the obvious ripper, a bloody broken bottle to the face led by a fuzzy bass and unhinged guitar line that could be an outtake from the *Perdition* 12". "Victim of Police" is a mid-tempo plodder, but its main riff hits hard and it is definitely a grower—the chanted vocal will stick in your head for days. The last track ("Massacre of Fish") is kind of a throwaway, but getting two killer DISORDER tracks in 2015 is something of a small miracle and well worth celebrating. On the other side, STAGNATION continue their lonely campaign to push noise punk beyond its current sonic and structural boundaries, creating three claustrophobic tracks of unrelenting drumming and noize, driven by the articulate bass and reverb vocals that nod cleverly to DISORDER in their structure while showing how very far Japanese punx have taken that sound in the last 30 years. This is anti-music stuffed sloppily into the confines of UK82 structures and sounding all the better for it, throbbing, falling apart, challenging punk that doesn't give a fuck if you don't like it and kind of the perfect band to put on a split with DISORDER in 2015. Buy this 7" and throw it at a fucking cop. (Strong Mind Japan, strongmindjapan.jp)

Normally I push the reissues to the end of the column, but the beautiful repress of the CHAOTIC END *In Front of Paranoia* LP speaks very clearly to the chaos and confusion of today's world as well. I've been chasing an original pressing of this LP for years, so maximum kudos to Skuld for putting this out with a swank poster, download code and translated lyrics. Due to poor distribution and probably their ahead-of-the-curve embrace of synths, this LP didn't make a huge splash upon release but it's easily one of the best early '90s crust releases, joining slow-picked melodic passages with moments of nearly unbearable heaviness and poetic lyrics that express the kind of alienation from society that every punk and every dispossessed person in the world feel day-to-day. "The Period of Decay" and "We Live in Darkness" are hymns to the kind of urban alienation that is experienced the world over. Short attention span sufferers will enjoy the B-side the most, as these six quick tracks crank up the tempo and mostly drop the atmospheric stuff, but every moment contained in these grooves is worth savoring. This is music born of a chaotic social milieu, as anyone who's familiar with Greek history post-World War Two can attest, and the angst and paranoia of living just a generation removed from a repressive and frequently violent military junta are shot through this record. It's fantastic that this album has been rescued from its "lost classic" status and given the kind of high-quality reissue it has deserved for years. (Skuld Releases, skuldreleases.de)

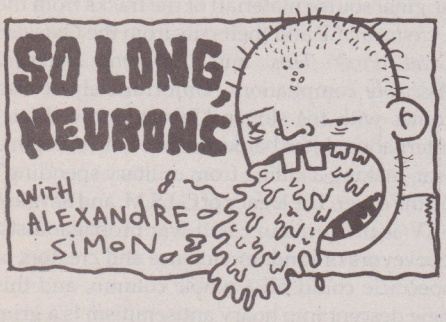
On first glance, FILTHY HATE don't really fit into the whole protest/anti-cop theme I've got going, but there are a great goddamn young band out of Japan, which is rarer than it should be. To be fair, their anti-war/anti-racist/anti-nationalist lyrics are spot on, and there's probably a stronger link there than I gave them credit for, especially in the lyrics to "Brainwashed Mayhem," which speak very effectively to the ability of established power structures to deceive the youth. I've been talking them up in this column since the first demo, and they've only gotten stronger as they've grown as a band, from their start as a raggedy crust band to their charming attempts at melodic hardcore (on the split with MIDWAY STILL) to this, the *Mentality Parasite...Bloody Predator* demo. They've always been deeply influenced by the Brit-core scene, and this is their best work in the style, an ultra-confident mix of early NAPALM DEATH blasting and INTENSE DEGREE/HERESY thrash, with a spoonful of melody à la JAILHOUSE RECIPES in the mix as well (especially in "So Much Hate Pt. 2"). The riffs stop and start on a dime, the vocals range from clean RIPCORD shouts to throaty ENT barks and there's not a stinker track in the bunch. Also, there's a killer 8-bit video game music break and a fucking amazing vintage-looking cut-and-paste layout that by itself makes this tape a keeper (these kids have always been great at capturing a pre-digital era aesthetic for their releases). Several of their releases are still available for cheap online, including their killer double flexi and the *Possessed to Satan* demo, I heartily encourage you to pick them up before people get hip to just how great this band is! (Bat Man Records, filthyhate@hotmail.co.jp)

Finally, two last notes, one troubling and one uplifting. I just received a copy of the G.I.S.M. *Determination* CD, which features really excellent sounding remasters (from the original source material) of the tracks from the *Detestation* LP and their cuts from the *Outsider, Great Punk Hits* and *Hardcore Unlawful Assembly* compilations. Unfortunately, it also comes with the slogan "Privately owed [sic] international Jew banks finance both sides in a war, making a killing from military spending" on the cover. The legacy of G.I.S.M. and Saveki/SKV as provocateurs, anti-war propagandists, purveyors of random violence and creators of spectacle could fill a whole column, and this new descent into hoary antisemitism is a grim and disappointing addition to it. The rest of the CD art is plastered with similar entry-level conspiracy theory nonsense, as if Saveki just discovered *Infowars* last week and can't wait to show off his newfound secret knowledge of the way the world really works. For fuck's sake, the CD tray has a fucking "let's find Masonic symbols on a dollar bill" graphic. It's so over-the-top and I am almost tempted to interpret it as a parody of the conspiratorial mindset, but it's depressingly easy to believe that this is a sincerely hateful message from an aging and increasingly paranoid lifelong weirdo. I don't say this often (don't know if I've ever said it at all) but this is a case where you really should just download or otherwise steal this shit. One member embracing hurtful, stupid ideas in 2015 can't erase the impact or quality of the work this band did 30 years ago, and these remasters are very, very much worth hearing, I just can't condone supporting SKV and his new agenda with your dollars (and in retrospect, I wish I hadn't done it myself).

On the positive side, I got to see D.O.A. last night and it was an absolute blast. The local bands killed it—it was my first chance to finally see ISOTOPE and they were blazing, '90s Japanese hardcore worship done better than the vast majority of bands that have attempted the style, especially the epic "Classical Mess" (which opens their demo). RULETA RUSA never disappoint; Jose is and has been for years a consummate performer, and the material was fantastic. I fucked up in 2013 by not including their *Aqui No Es* LP on my top 10, as it's easily one of the best Bay Area punk records of the '00s. To be perfectly honest, I kinda went to see the opening bands

and ended up sticking around to watch D.O.A., and I'm sure fucking glad I did. To watch Joey Shithead perform in 2015 is to see a master at work. Humble as always, still political, still angry and incredibly engaging in performing a mix of classics like "I Hate You", new material and covers. The sing-along cover of the SUBHUMANS' "Fuck You" nearly brought the house down. It was a kick in the ass, a shot in the arm and a dose of hope that I think everyone there needed.

Thanks as always for reading, and mega-thanks to everyone who organized, played or attended (or in some cases, all three!) a gig for the Maximum Day of Gigs. You can reach me at agunderwood@gmail.com or c/o *MRR*.



"Margaret Atwood once wrote that wanting to meet a writer because you loved his book is like enjoying some pâté and wanting to meet the duck. But when I think about it, there is a part of me that wants to meet a duck…"
—Sam Lipsyte, on meeting Michel Houellebecq

Got not time for the cool shit these days—not playing music, not doing the fanzine, not helping at the infoshop, not hanging out, lost half of my mates anyway, basically because of being a careless asshole, etc. Spending a grotesque amount of time with the elderly—20 hours a week working on story structure engineering with a group of 40, 50, and even 70 something years old people, going insane because of it, most humbling experience of my life—realizing that shit's actually hard and that for once, I gotta *listen to others* or else I'm fucked. Then working 37 hours with my 57 years old co-worker printing, binding, stapling and folding shit for both social workers and policemen, and making up for the latter by printing anti-cop propaganda for free during downtime. It's like in that Zounds song, *"If you got a job, you can be an agent, you can work for revolution, in your place of employment"*… Subvert…Subvert, y'know…Taking care of my karma, oh mama I don't wanna rot in hell…It's like Vonnegut said, "Bad chemicals and bad ideas were the Yin and Yang of madness," except I'd add bad karma in there, pretty sure he said something about that too, or maybe I'm making it up… Plus believing in bullshit, poor life choices, it all adds up and amounts to… Nothing?

Yeah, that's what I think—meeting your idols is a bad idea, which basically means the whole punk rock concept isn't the best idea. I've met a few of mine, was disappointed half of the time, awkward the other half. I always think of this whenever I meet someone who's like, "Hey, I dig your zine/ column/ band/ whatever"…I always think, "God, man, so now you must be really disappointed, yeah?" It's funny how writing "Look, I'm *not* a cool person" will make some readers think you must be lying. Maybe that's what they call the magic of writing? Anyway, what I want is for you to read the words—this is what I wanna share, but I don't want you to know about my haircut or who I'm going out with or what I'm gonna do in the summer (kinda wish I knew myself, though), and it's odd to think that it's already been a decade that we've been living in the era where most people seem to want other people, strangers, to know all of this stuff. Man, privacy? Not rated at all, these days…Endless tangents, ok, stay focused, my friend…Will you fire me for this? Well, you got a point here…It's a music mag, I know… And it's been 524 words already and I've only mentioned these Zounds lyrics, so…

My initial idea, before getting lost in the valley of darkness of my word processor, was to talk about that time I met a famous American punk rocker (like, say, Dexter Holland) and he asked me what my favorite French punk band was. Of course I mentioned Camera Silens for good measure—I wish I could have said Heimatlos for street cred but I'm not a fan and, unfortunately for me, I'm a rather honest person—and then Les Calamités and Stalag. So later we listened to Stalag and the guy wasn't impressed, but here's the deal—just because I write about punk doesn't mean I know something about *your* tastes, plus without wanting to sound like a dick I don't think you can get what I get outta the Stalag 7" if you don't understand French and if you haven't spent your youth being lied to, threatened, cheated and deceived…The production's perfect, sure, and you could probably dig "Date limite de vente" straight away (but don't call it "New Wave" or I'll shit on your studded leather, yeah?) but it's the flipside, "Secrets", man…Hafta say it's one of my ten favorite French songs ever, and I don't mean "punk songs," I just mean "songs", and I can't even understand why, and it's strange, and it's the power of music, and if I listen to that song with ya I'll probably feel embarrassed that you don't get it, because it's not a song that's got "raw power" or "balls" or "snot" or "the energy of youth" and it's not "a big piss-off to the musick biz" either, it's not "weird," it's not "rocking," it's just… It's Stalag, man. It's all about the words, the way you don't really understand what he's on about, even if you're French, but you can't help feeling like he's talking to your inner brat, the one that felt so cheated by the adult world that he decided to shave his head and drink everything that was liquid in the home pharmacy and then fuck off in the streets and steal money and spraypaint walls and fight the squares and make some noise in dark… Illegal…Against…Everything, man, every detail in the song's beautiful and dark, and the way the guy (he became a novel writer, by the way…Another one I don't wanna meet…) is phrasing his shit is what it's all about.

Anyway, the point of this mess is to tell you about a band called Warnoar from Leipzig, Germany. Yeah, I know—*Germany?* Well, it seems that two people in the band are French, including the singer, and he sings in French—thank Allah—and something about the tone of his voice + delivery + lyrics keeps bringing me back to what I love about the vocals on that Stalag 7", except the music is an updated version of '80s French punk filtered through the last fifteen years of retro bands showing how to make good use of an electric guitar without making it sound like nu-metal or metalcore or hard rock, without distorting, without emphasizing the balls but not forgetting them either…Different kinda balls, not the same old ones…I have no idea what Warnoar means, but I do know they've just released a tape I've blasted a lot of times, and I hafta say the opener "J'me mets des claques" makes 2015 a better year and this week a better week. Like "Secrets" by Stalag, it's specific enough that you feel the pain of being an obsessive psycho punching himself in the face so as to not punch others, but vague enough that it leaves space for you and your own failures to fit in there as well. And I'm sure you could dig it, maybe for different reasons—maybe you'll like it because it reminds you of a mix of Stalag *and* the Vicious, or Lexomyl *and* the Observers, or…Sure, I personally think the Vicious is a terrible, terrible band, and Observers had like, four or five songs that were untouchable and the rest was pure filler, but you don't agree, and we can drink a pint together all the same.

Other recent releases I'll try to write about in the coming month or two—Zone Infinie album (record of the year, no arguing), Diktat demo (raw punk *had to* be sung in French like this, thank you Diktat), maybe Kriegksade 7"…And, while definitely not French, I should probably write a long-ass digression of some kind about both the Soma Coma and Dawn Of Humans albums at some point, just because they will be cool soundtracks to get lost for an hour in the valley of darkness of the word processor and forget about bad karma, bad chemistry, and bad ideas. This and the new French edition of the Pertti Kurikan Nimipäivät 7" of course, but can I mention it in MRR now that they've released a record on no less than Sony Music?

Now *that* is a real question.

i don't think that i need to sit here with you fucking dildos any more

by Imogen Binnie

We tell a story in our culture about how being trans is all about this mystical butterfly chrysalis physical transformation that's beautiful and also kind of melancholy, but that story is bullshit. I mean it's not like that stuff is made-up, exactly. But focusing on the physical "transformation" is actually a really weird thing to do. See, we live in this toxic garbage culture, and there are a lot of facets to toxic garbage culture: racism, classism, ablism, sexism, all that stuff. They're like a wad of fuckin gum stuck to the bottom of a table with a bunch of hair mashed into it: you can't really separate the individual parts out from each other. Like if somehow you got rid of sexism but not racism, where would black women be? Still catching shit, is where. Nobody's free 'til we're all free. You know this.

Anyway, one of the hairs in that gumball is cisnormativity: the pervasive idea in this culture that trans people aren't real, or don't matter, or are a joke, or that we deserve our own marginalization, or just that our stories aren't worth telling. Maybe you have heard of heteronormativity? It's kinda like that. And one of the ways cisnormativity plays out is that if you ever hear a story about trans people that's not straight-up hateful, it's almost always the butterfly thing. The physical transition. But here's the thing: over time, I think most trans people go through a way more important transition than that one, where our mindset moves *from* normative ideas about what trans people's lives are and can be *to* one in which trans people's lives—in all their complexity and shame and frustration and defense mechanisms and loss and perspective, no matter how incomprehensible they might be through a cis-supremacist lens—are understood and experienced in our blood and bones as fucking valid. The more important transition is the one that starts at "what I've been told about trans people is true" and never really ends, because this stuff runs deep, but goes toward "whoa, the stories our cultural tells us about trans people are Fucking Absurd."

Listen.

In 2006, I was the Fucking Worst.

I was living in New York and trying really hard to have radical politics and to Give A Fuck About Shit and, like, I rode a bike and wore a denim jacket, but I'd also chain up my bike outside Bluestockings and then go inside and be afraid to talk to anybody. I'd been out as trans for a couple years but I still pretty much sucked at it because when you come from a place of relative privilege—I'm white and able bodied and grew up middle class; there are a lot more—it's pretty hard to get your head around the actual dynamics of oppression. I read *Pitchfork* and had opinions about their reviews and I thought that *my* white face in Bed-Stuy was different from other white faces in Bed-Stuy, like it was somehow a non-gentrifying white face because I worked in a bookstore and didn't have any money and was a queer weirdo.

The Worst.

Except: do you know about strap-on.org? It's not around anymore but when they clone a cyborg Howard Zinn to make a People's History Of Giving A Fuck About Shit Wiki, I hope I'm still alive so I can read the page about it. It never really blew up outside the circle of people who were there, but it was really important to us. It was a message board that grew out of the old Chainsaw Records message board in the late nineties, although by the time I got there in the early oughties it wasn't about music as much as it was about furious and hurt people hashing out the dynamics of oppression. There was a trans forum and there was a people of color forum and there was other stuff and everybody was always mad. But like. All the things the kids yell at each other on Tumblr now? Trans Men, Genderqueerness, and Patriarchy: A Transfeminist Perspective, that kinda stuff? We'd been having those conversations on strap-on.org since like 2002.

Whatever. This isn't a story about the internet. It's a story about Camp Trans.

The Michigan Womyn's Music Festival had been going on since the time when spelling women "womyn" seemed like an important way to stick it to patriarchy, and in 1991 they kicked out a trans woman named Nancy Burkholder for being trans. Suddenly trans women were explicitly not invited to this huge, sort of important music festival. Maybe you've heard this story before? Michfest was this thing that feminists and lesbians and lesbian feminists would go to for a week every year and have tons of sex and feel hella healed and then they'd come home to the lesbian bars and potlucks and burlesque shows or chainsaw juggling competitions or wherever it is that lesbians go to, and they'd bring their Michfest Spiritual Female Energy back with them. (Even if they were trans guys.) And when the official Policy became "trans women are not women," then that sort of implicitly became the policy of a lot of feminist organizations.

Imagine being a trans woman in an abusive relationship and trying to find shelter when the people who run the shelter believe that you should be morally mandated out of existence.

It's insidious. I don't even know how to describe the experience where a couple times a year for the last decade or decade and a half I've had to deal with either a friend dating a festie and feeling fucked up about it or meeting somebody at school, hitting it off, getting high with them, and then finding out they're a festie. And I don't know how to articulate how exhausting it's been to have new idiots trot out old, predictable justifications for The Policy every summer, demanding that you hold space for them to make the same disingenuous arguments that people have been making to you every year since forever. It was just the worst. It was one of the reasons I broke up with the queer community like half a decade ago: somebody was always defending a festie.

Anyway, some radical queers started Camp Trans to protest The Policy. It happened for a few years in the nineties, faded out for a while, then came back. Leadership changed hands a lot. In 2006, seven people from strap-on.org—mostly trans women—took over leadership at Camp Trans and I was like, fuck it, they have free vegan food there? All I need to do is bring a tent? I'm in. I found a ride on craigslist, scored some mushrooms from the drummer of my band, and went to fucking Michigan.

Look: that first year at Camp Trans made the rest of my life possible.

It was amazing, even though I have never been much of a camper, but more importantly there were *hell of crusty trans women in denim vests with bandanas around their necks and like fucked up dogs and stupid tattoos or whatever.* I don't think I'd ever seen trans women making music about being trans in a way that didn't feel like it was for cis people before, but suddenly I was seeing Dalice Malice singing angry songs about being treated like shit by cis dykes for being trans. While I was on mushrooms!

And the thing was, because it was a space organized specifically around the exclusion of trans women from queer spaces, it wasn't the kind of General Queer Liberation that every other queer thing was. (Uh, and still is.) And here's a thing you might not know: because we live in a culture where patriarchy is so pervasive that we can never really purge it from ourselves—all we can do is try and keep an eye out for it and squash it when we see it, it's a hair in the fucking gum—it has been my experience that any space that isn't explicitly focused on women ends up centering people who aren't women, or at least pushing women aside, usually along predictable lines of oppression: the least privileged people usually get pushed aside the hardest. It's what happened at Michfest, right? Trans women got pushed out because cis women could push us out. And even Camp Trans was hella white. Let's be real about that.

Trans women had been making radical

inquiries into the dynamics of our own oppression for forever, of course—I was already sort of obsessed with Anne Tagonist and Sybil Lamb—but *Whipping Girl* hadn't come out yet. The word "cis" wasn't really in use, which meant there wasn't a value-neutral way to talk about trans people and non-trans people. I don't know—it's probably a whole other column to talk about what it was like to be trans in 2006. My point is just that I, personally, was particularly bad at it. I was The Worst. My analysis was hella ciscentric.

And Camp Trans was the first time I was able at all to think about how badly cisnormativity had fucked me up! You know? We didn't have that language yet but we were flopping the vermiform bodies of our theoretical frameworks sloppily and indirectly toward it. I had never been in a space that felt safe enough to be vulnerable about trans stuff in that way before and I want to write you a hundred thousand words about it but even that wouldn't be enough to articulate it properly. Also, I *was* drunk or high on mushrooms for a lot of it.

Anyway, Lisa Vogel, the boss of Michfest, announced a month or two ago that this year is going to be the last one, and all I really feel about it is Sorta Fucked Up. The goal of Camp Trans was always to change The Policy, not to get Michfest to close. And while they didn't mention The Policy in their press release, it's literally the only thing about Michfest that anybody who hasn't drunk their Kool-Aid ever talks about, if they even talk about Michfest. They could have changed the policy but they decided to end the whole thing instead. Way to pick a hill to die on and then fucking die on it, Michfest.

I keep catching myself digging around in my heart for forgiveness and I have to stop myself. I'm not here to forgive wrong decisions.

So hey Michfest: thanks for being a huge, obviously wrong thing for me to radicalize against when I was at my most immature and clueless. Camp Trans was the place I started to understand in my body that it wasn't me who was fucked up as much as it was my culture. Understanding that led to seeing what a wad of gum with hair in it our culture is and I am way less fucked up now than I used to be and that rules.

So hey Michfest! See you in hell. Thanks for Camp Trans.

ENDNOTES:

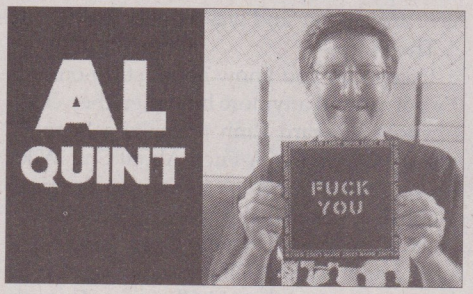
1) Police are still killing black people in America and not getting in trouble for it.

2) I met my girlfriend at Camp Trans 2006. We're still together. She rules.

3) I heard Sadie's going to be writing a monthly column here now, too? Sick! I'm gonna talk to Grace and the ghost of Tim Yo about changing the name of the magazine to *Trans Women Hate You Monthly*.

4) Dalice Malice is still around. She plays acoustic guitars. She's the only person who's allowed to play acoustic guitars, as far as I'm concerned.

5) Speaking of Sadie, between the G.L.O.S.S. demo and the Downtown Boys LP, I think we've accomplished everything we needed to accomplish in punk this year. And we're only halfway through it! Clap it in, y'all. We did it. Let's all go on a cruise or something. I bet Fat Mike knows a guy.



WATCH OUT FOR THE RABID CAT

In the past few days, I've been having online discussions about the greatness of the Tulsa, OK band NOTA (aka NONE OF THE ABOVE) and Austin band the OFFENDERS. I'm sure many people reading this know these bands quite well but they don't always get the same notice that many of the so-called "classic" bands of the era get. Austin? Home of the BIG BOYS, DICKS, and MDC (originally known as the STAINS), and the OFFENDERS sometimes get lost in the shuffle. Oklahoma? There was hardcore in Oklahoma? Actually, there was and NOTA were kings of the hill. An old *MRR* scene report once said that Tulsa is dead and NOTA are standing in the ruins.

Those two bands have something in common—they both had records released on the Austin label Rabid Cat, started by Stacey Cloud and Laura Croteau in 1984 and lasting until 1988. The label's first release, in fact, was the "I Hate Myself/Bad Times" 7" by the OFFENDERS, which followed up their shit-hot *We Must Rebel* album, released on MDC's R Radical label. Their second album *Endless Struggle* followed in 1985. The OFFENDERS were an off-the-rails, pulverizing band with a blistering guitar sound from Tony Johnson and some of the sickest bass-playing in hardcore from Mikey Donaldson—check out his four string wizardry that starts the title track for *We Must Rebel*. This was Reagan-era hardcore, sun-baked by the Texas heat. *We Must Rebel* is a non-stop powerhouse explosion of battering-ram hardcore and, while *Endless Struggle* was a bit more produced-sounding, it was just as powerful. I was lucky enough to see them twice in the space of a few weeks in 1985—once with DIE KREUZEN in Providence and again with CORROSION OF CONFORMITY and a few others at a church in Cambridge, including local thrash metallers EXECUTIONER. I'll never forget that show because EXECUTIONER's fog machine malfunctioned. I was outside and the doors were opened and smoke came billowing out. Luckily, after the fire department came and left, the show continued and the OFFENDERS destroyed. So did CORROSION OF CONFORMITY, for that matter—it was the *Animosity* lineup.

Tony and Mikey have both passed on. Tony was a Civil War buff and actually had his ashes shot out of a cannon after he passed away. His politics had taken a hard turn to the right but that doesn't negate his searing legacy on these recordings. There have been various collections over the years. The best was the double LP on Southern Lord that includes both albums and the "I Hate Myself" 7". There was also a solid CD compilation on Kangaroo, *Wanted By Authority*, that includes all of the above and tacks on an unreleased demo song plus songs by an earlier lineup of the band with a different vocalist that aren't nearly as good.

The original incarnation of NOTA had a number of releases in the '80s, starting with a demo and a live tape, *Live At The Crystal Pistol*, which had a vinyl pressing on Prank Records in the early '00s. Their debut 7" was 1984's "Moscow" EP on Unclean Records which was followed by the *Toy Soldiers* EP and a full-length on Rabid Cat. They had a bare-knuckled thrash sound but on their self-titled full-length, they also threw in some street punk moves with "Frustration" and "Summer of '82." That album is in the top-tier of hardcore albums that absolutely, positively need to be re-released. I had lunch with Laura from Rabid Cat about five years ago in Austin—I wish I could remember the name of the Mexican restaurant we went to because it was some of the best I've ever had—and she said she didn't have the master tapes anymore and the band had the rights to the record. I'm not sure why the band has never reissued it but it's long overdue. In fact, those first two 7"s should be reissued, as well.

Rabid Cat also unleashed the first two records from SCRATCH ACID on the world—the band with David Yow and David Sims, later in the JESUS LIZARD—their self-titled 12" in 1984, following that with their debut full-length *Just Keep Eating* in 1986, before the band moved on to Touch and Go for their swansong 12" *Berserker*. There was most certainly a BIRTHDAY PARTY influence in their approach and Mr. Yow's vocals exhibited a similar unhinged intensity as Nick Cave's. And their cover of "Damned For All Time" from *Jesus Christ Superstar*, off the LP, is a nearly-surreal treat and a perennial play on Sonic Overload around Easter. The album sounded a bit tamer compared to the 12"—the latter has some of their most-enduring material, such as the wanton strut of "Greatest Gift" and nightmarish tumult of

"She Said" and "Cannibal." Touch and Go put out a CD anthology of all three records called *The Greatest Gift* but these should definitely be reissued on vinyl.

STUFF YOU CAN PROBABLY STILL GET

Once again, a short section although I did finally get my ass in gear and post a new Suburban Voice blog and there will probably be another entry or two by the time you read this, packed with all kinds of reviews.

Sorry State Records have a trio of solid new releases, starting with BROKEN PRAYER's second long player, *Misanthropocentric AKA Droid's Blood*. As with their first album, BROKEN PRAYER throws some SCREAMERS-inspired synth wash and melody lines into a chaotic hardcore sound. While it's pretty relentless a good amount of the time, powered with some drill-press guitar mangling, it doesn't all sound the same. There are varying moods and shadings. "Colors," for instance, has one of those earworm synth-pop hooks, while "Good Dudes" rides along on an ominous bass-line. "Blood Suckers" starts with vocalist Scott Plant braying along with a clattering din of drums and synth and when he shouts, "*This world is a piece of shit,*" you're goddamned fucking right I can relate to that sentiment, as I'm sure many of you can as well. Is this the way to cope with it? Beats any other method. Comes with a lyric booklet so you can read along and admire the offbeat artwork while your senses are being pummeled. Misanthropy you can believe in.

GAY KISS's *Preservation Measures* is the sound of pure pain. I'm not sure if the term "mysterious guy hardcore" is still in use or obsolete but if that describes painful and dark howlings and a stomping, menacing sound with frayed elements, this fits the bill. Sonic squalls of feedback accompanying soul-rending vocals and some twists 'n turns—there are breaks in some of the songs where the crush gives way to frenzied sonic mangling. That occurs on opening track "Failed City" and they're just getting started. Speed does figure into some of the compositions but the main emphasis is on a pounding effect and there are also some tribal drum touches, especially on closing song "Relent." The aural equivalent of a nightmare.

Finally, DARK AGES' latest *Vapors* is another strong effort from this Kansas City band. The opening title track is a mid-tempo stunner with a stick-in-ear melody line created by stinging guitar and thick basslines. I hear a whiff of DC emo in that song and a few others. On the faster, frenzied hardcore songs, they remind me of another band from that mid '80s period, ARTICLES OF FAITH, who used hardcore as a jumping-off point but there was always more at work and that's the case with this album. (Sorry State, sorrystaterecords.com)

UK label Static Shock have a couple of new releases of note. PERSPEX FLESH'S new six song 12" "Ordered Image" follows up this UK band's self-titled 2014 full-length. A powerful and dramatic sound incorporating anarcho-punk à la RUDIMENTARY PENI cross-pollinated with KILLING JOKE and adding the occasional hardcore infusion. Dark and haunting throughout, balancing aggressiveness with nuance and texture, accompanied by soul-ripping vocals.

ULTRA VIOLENT's 1983 *Crime For Revenge* 7" EP, originally on Riot City, has long been on the necessary-reissue list and Static Shock have bestowed a repress upon us. While ULTRA VIOLENT had the classic UK82 sound, there were hardcore leanings, as well. There's a reason that "Dead Generation" showed up on one of those *Killed By Hardcore* anthologies and that's where I heard this band for the first time. Two fast ones and the more brooding "Where Angels Dare Not Tread" make this a must-have. Vocalist Adie was in a later lineup of ENGLISH DOGS. (Static Shock, staticshockrecords.com)

SLUGGA's first 7", on Total Punk, is only two songs and rather pricey. That's all they had? Anyway, I don't feel ripped off because the two songs, "Parasite" and "Shaved Heads," are killer. Snarlin' and mean with a mid-tempo pound, snotty vocals and pretty catchy. Please, sirs, may I have some more? (Total Punk, floridasdying.com)

On the demo front, PHANTOM RIDES is a Boston three-piece with Terry and Melissa from FOREIGN OBJECTS and Chris from CONVERSIONS (and Terry was also in that band). Both ladies contribute vocals and harmonies. While there are some poppier touches for "Way Out," Phantom Rides still have an energetic punk/post-punk sound accompanying the melodic properties and "Social Climbers" is particularly driving. Good start, hope to hear more. (phantomrides.bandcamp.com)

CHELLE LABARGE (1966-2015)

People I consider real friends—not acquaintances but friends—are few and far between. Someone you can depend on, someone you feel comfortable telling anything, someone who you want to be around all the time and have a blast hanging out with. I lost one of those friends a few months ago. Chelle was a wonderful friend. She was from the Albany, NY area and had been involved in the music scene there since the '80s. I met her on MySpace around ten years ago and the person I corresponded with on the computer quickly became a fast real-life friend, from when I visited her for the first time. I remember that first visit well—jumping about ten feet when her dog Rollins started snarling at me as I walked through the door. There was never a more perfect name for a dog. And we had a blast at the 9 SHOCKS TERROR show that I'd come out for, at Valentine's, a club where she'd been a regular for years. When we outside talking between sets, she pointed out a vacant diner next to the club and said she'd thought about taking it over and opening her own club. I think she would have done a great job with it.

We connected on just about every level, from music to sports to politics. Her knowledge about any topic we'd discuss ran deep. When it came to music, she really knew her shit and liked almost everything, although her two favorite bands were the REPLACEMENTS and the NEIGHBORHOODS. Our friendship was about a lot more than just those superficial elements, though. It was a general way of looking at the world, reinforced with a sardonic and often sick sense of humor. Chelle didn't suffer fools gladly and I'm glad she didn't consider me too foolish to suffer.

She'd worked in human services so she and Ellen had that in common. Chelle became as much of a friend to her as she was to me. She came to visit us a number of times over the years but the last time was in 2012 because shortly after that was when she was first diagnosed with cancer. She always seemed to be suffering from one illness or another and I wonder if it was late in being diagnosed. That doesn't matter now, of course. Chelle would occasionally update everyone about her progress, about her treatment but she still kept it fairly close to the vest—like she did with a lot of her private life—and when I didn't hear from her as much in recent months and saw that she wasn't on Facebook as often (she was as addicted to it as I am), I grew concerned and that was confirmed when a friend of hers told me that the cancer had spread to her whole body and the diagnosis was terminal. She lasted about a week after that and passed away on April 19.

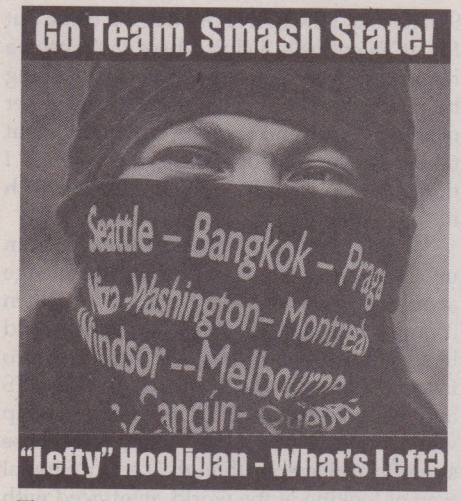
Ellen and I are beyond heartbroken. It wasn't as much of a shock as it was when our friend Jane was killed on one of the planes on 9/11. We knew that Chelle didn't have a lot of time left but that didn't make it easier.

I might have said it in another column so forgive me if I'm being repetitive but I find the whole "everything happens for a reason" trope to be complete and utter bullshit. There is no reason for my friend to have gone through the ordeal she did and then pass away at 48. None whatsoever.

RIP Chelle...you really were one of a kind and someone whose friendship I'll always treasure.

Also, RIP Paul Hohman aka Paul Abuse, from Baltimore—occasional letter-writer to *MRR* and one of my pen pals.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, subvox82@gmail.com, sonicoverload.net, subvox.blogspot.com



Thus saith the LORD of hosts, I remember [that] which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid [wait] for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

Samuel 15: 2-3 (King James Version)

Who still talks nowadays of the extermination of the Armenians?

Adolf Hitler

The death of one man is a tragedy, the death of millions is a statistic.

attributed to Josef Stalin

Last column, I took anarchism to task and concluded that it is ineffectual in practice. Hell, I called anarchism a joke. But what about anarchism's chief rival on the Left? Time was, Marxist-Leninist one-party totalitarian regimes ruled over a fifth of the world's land surface, governing around a third of humanity. Communism has fallen on hard times since those dizzying heights in 1985, yet there are still those who would revive Leninism's lost fortunes, with many more nostalgic for the "good old days" of Stalinist dictatorships. So, let's delve into one of the more prominent aspects of the Marxist-Leninist Left, that being mass murder.

Talking about mass murder is a tricky business. After all, who's hands aren't steeped in blood. Several years ago, France and Turkey exchanged words in a diplomatic row in which the French insisted that Turkey take responsibility for the slaughter of approximately 1.5 million Armenians in 1915, with the Turks responding that France had butchered perhaps 1.5 Algerians during the Algerian colonial war from 1954 to 1962. Claims and counterclaims flew back and forth as to who did what, when, and how, and as to whether one incident of mass murder could be compared to the other. What I'm prepared to do is far more foolish, but potentially more interesting, in that I plan to set up a ranking for mass murder, starting with Leninism's crimes.

A note first on terminology. Mass murder and mass killing are the general words for a host of terms with more specific meanings. Genocide means the elimination of a race, ethnocide of an ethnic group, and classicide of a social class. Democide means the intentional killing of large numbers of unarmed people, and politicide the extermination of people based on their political beliefs or the deliberate destruction of a political movement. Femicide or gynocide refers to the massacre of women, and fratricide of family members killing each other, which is often used as a synonym for civil war. Finally, ecocide refers to the wanton destruction of an ecology or natural environment. All are perpetrated primarily, but not exclusively, by governments. Humans have become so expert at slaughter that there is a need to specify the kind of slaughter.

Now, let's consider history's real mass murderers, a variety of totalitarian regimes all from the 20th century. For sources, I will be using *Democide: Nazi Genocide and Mass Murder* by R.J. Rummel, 1992, and *The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression* by Laffont, Courtois, Werth, Panné, Paczkowski, Bartosek, Margolin, 1999. And, to further the thesis I'm arguing, I will consistently cite mortality figures in the mid range.

I'll begin with worldwide Marxist-Leninist communism. Through "bloody terrorism, deadly purges, lethal gulags and forced labor, fatal deportations, man-made famines, extrajudicial executions and show trials, and genocide," *all* Marxist-Leninist regimes since 1917 have butchered around 110 million people. This breaks down for the major players to 62 million for the old USSR, 40 million for China, 2 million for Cambodia, 1.6 million apiece for North Korea and Vietnam, and 1 million for the former Yugoslavia, covering in total eastern Europe and most of the Asian land mass, as well as significant portions of Africa. Count in another 30 million for aggressive wars, civil and guerrilla wars, insurrections and uprisings, and the dimensions of this "red holocaust" are complete.

But wait, this is superseded by the "brown holocaust" perpetrated by Nazi Germany, which murdered outright roughly 20,946,000 people from 1933 to 1945. That includes some 5,291,000 Jews, 258,000 Gypsies, 10,547,000 Slavs, 220,000 homosexuals, 173,500 handicapped Germans, and assorted millions of French, Dutch, Serbs, Slovenes, Czechs, and other European nationals. This was accomplished "[b]y genocide, the murder of hostages, reprisal raids, forced labor, 'euthanasia,' starvation, exposure, medical experiments, and terror bombing, and in the concentration and death camps." Add that to the approximately 20 to 30,000,000 slaughtered by the Nazi's militarily, and that's a figure of over 40-50 million human beings obliterated in something like 12 years across continental Europe (this excludes *all* other fascist regimes; Mussolini's Italy, Franco's Spain, Hirohito's Japan, etc.).

To emphasize how the Nazi "brown holocaust" qualitatively surpassed the Communist "red holocaust," another quote from R.J. Rummel is in order. With respect to mass murder alone: [a]*nnually* [...] *the Nazis killed six to seven people out of every hundred in occupied Europe. The odds of a European dying under Nazi occupation were about one in fifteen.* [...] *Moreover, even though the Nazis hardly matched the democide of the Soviets and Communist Chinese* [...] *they proportionally killed more.* [...] *The annual odds of being killed by the Nazis during their occupation were almost two-and-a-half times that of Soviet citizens being slain by their government since 1917; over nine times that for Chinese living in Communist China after 1949. In competition for who can murder proportionally the most human beings, the Japanese militarists come closest. The annual odds of being killed by the Japanese during their occupation of China, Korea, Indonesia, Burma, Indochina, and elsewhere in Asia was one in 101. Given the years and population available to this gang of megamurderers, the Nazis have been the most lethal murderers; and Japanese militarists next deadliest.*

Much the same point is made by Paul Preston in his massive tome *The Spanish Holocaust: Inquisition and Extermination in Twentieth-Century Spain* (2011). Without discounting, downplaying, or apologizing for either the calculated CP-instigated Red Terror or the more spontaneous anarchist-inspired massacres of capitalists and clergy in the Republican zone, Preston contends that around 50,000 Spaniards were slaughtered by Republican forces, as compared to 150,000 Spaniards massacred by Franco's rebel forces throughout Spain, leading him to conclude that Franco's atrocities during and after the Civil War amounted to nothing less than a holocaust, "a carefully planned operation to eliminate ... 'those who do not think as we do'," a mass murder of Spaniards unprecedented in Spanish history.

In contrast, let's try and calculate this country's genocidal/democidal burden, an extremely difficult task for several reasons. First, the native Americans. It's impossible to know how many Indians lived in what would become the territorial US of A prior to colonization, and thus it becomes just as impossible to come up with a number for those outright murdered by colonial and national Americans. Even if we take the maximum figure of 112 million natives residing across both North and South America prior to 1492, only some 6 million remained alive in the western hemisphere by 1650. Upwards of 90% of the native population on this continent died of European diseases introduced unintentionally after 1492, well before the first English colonists set foot in what would become the United States. And

this does not account for native Americans killed in military action or massacred by white American settlers. The black population can be calculated with greater precision: about 645,000 Africans were imported as slaves to America, and that population had grown to 4 million by 1860. But figuring how many black American slaves died from outright murder or were worked to an early grave through forced labor, again, is impossible to accomplish with any accuracy. For the sake of argument, I propose using a figure of 1.5 million, which is incredibly high.

Now, let's assume that every war Americans ever fought, as colonials and nationals, was imperialist in nature. That amounts to some 26 more or less official wars, and well over 200 unofficial interventions, in which around 1,340,000 Americans died, including the 625,000 who perished during the US Civil War. We didn't get going with our military killing machine until we started targeting Asians (WW2—2 million Japanese; Korea—1 million North Koreans, 500,000 Chinese; Vietnam—1 million Vietnamese). Combining these numbers with other enemy casualties, we come up with around 8 million dead due to American military imperialism. Now, consider the costs of American capitalism, in workplace casualties, workers killed by Pinkertons and police, industrial accidents, overwork, etc., and put that figure at another 1.5 millions, again super inflated. Let's put America's overall genocide/democide of 11 million killed over some 400 years across the territorial United States, western Europe, and select regions of the Third World. This is an insanely hyperbolic description of American mass murder. To make the point this column is striving for, let's double the figures for people of color killed and death by capitalism to 3 million each as a kind of "liberal white male guilt" gratuity, and round the total American genocide figure to an even 15 million slaughtered over 4 centuries over the same area described above. As a budding leftist in the 1960s, I believed that a wildly exaggerated number like 15 million was quite reasonable.

I'm sure I've opened myself up to criticism from those pomo Leftists (the anti-racist, anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, anti-classist, anti-ageist, anti-ableist bastard children of the New Left and French philosophy) who would contend that, because I'm white, male, well-educated, and middle class, I passed—I avoided experiencing America's full genocidal/gynocidal wrath. But when compared to the blood-soaked history of Nazi Germany or Leninist communism, America's crimes, no matter how much I intentionally exaggerate them, simply cannot compare.

To conclude, Nazi Germany ranks at the top of the list for murdering people, followed closely by the rest of fascism. Leninism worldwide is actually only middling with respect to massacre. And the USA is in a paltry third place.

There are advantages to living in a liberal Western democracy.

(Copy editing by K Raketz.)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.

You know what, I'm just feeling kind of weird because I'm getting laid off from this job that I don't really give a shit about but I've been there for six years and they're replacing with an intern and they offered to hire me as the intern so I would be doing the same work for a demotion and a pay cut and I refused and they were all acting like they were doing something nice for me but it's just insulting and like fuck them and I'm sitting at work and I keep having these moments where I feel stressed because there's no way I'm going to finish all of my work by my last day of work and then I wonder why I care and then I leave and I get on the train and I'm alone and I take my wig off and a couple stops later the head of environmental gets on and we just stare at each other like the way you stare at someone when you're trying to figure out if they are who you think they are and he has a good reason to be giving me this stare but I don't, it's not like he looks familiar but completely different somehow, I'm just shocked, I guess, to see him. I try to just stare at my book. Last week at my other job a day after I realized I was losing my other job my other boss told me that I need to work faster and that as of now she's "not getting her money's worth" as if I were a product or some shit, just like a thing or something, but to her I guess I am.

I can't remember who I was talking to but they were saying that in some other time and place bosses would just be the people that started wars and shit like total megalomaniacs but instead they'll just treat you like a commodity while you try to make an e-mail about some dumbshit sale on ugly jewelry and then wonder why you're not as good as they are at using some fifteen-year-old computer program that they've been using for fifteen years. But to step back for a second, I've had this thing that I do that I've been doing for like six years and it's just going to end. I don't expect any more or any less, it's just fucking weird. All the things I have left, no matter how awful, I've always been sad to leave. I don't think I've ever really had a purely "fuck that" exit. But what happened is even though I've been there for six years I'm technically temporary and our union was saying it's exploitive to use temp workers like that and I fully agree, so they're hiring permanent people but those jobs are full-time and *fuck that* so now they want me to be an intern and *fuck that*.

The higher ups are acting like the union is stealing our jobs and putting them in this tough position BUT BUT using temps the way they do is fucked up and I'm glad the union is making them knock it the fuck off. I just lose my job in the rough and tumble. I just get unemployment in the rough and tumble (art grant). I'm losing my job because of the union but it's fair, it's good. But also, funny thing on that note, the union rep was always calling me asking me to testify against the city about the exploitation of temp workers and I kept it vague because I keep it vague, but I was saying that being temp meant I could leave for two months at a time and nobody gave a shit and he asked one of my coworkers why I had a habit of leaving town for a month at a time and my coworker told my union rep that I was "in bands or something." And I already knew the union rep was a punk (hi, Ben) but then he found me out and now I call him to update him on what my bosses are doing and we end up talking about bands (we don't really like the same stuff).

But before I found out about losing my job I went on an east coast tour, doing this free jazz thing, this art thing, guitar/saxophone, very free, very untrained. The tour was incredibly fun and weird but theoretically (financially, attendance wise) kind of a total flop. It's weird because it seemed like the way people asked how the tour was going seemed to be in kind of a "are people coming to shows/are you making money/are you selling stuff" sort of way which we weren't and I don't particularly care about that and I'm pretty sure the people along the way didn't really care either. It's a weird place to be when the kid who set the show up is profusely apologizing about the fact that only seven and a half people showed up and it's just like, "More than last night!" and then they're all, "Sorry your tour is going bad" but I was having fun, I was on a road trip with my best friend and I got to see some buddies and meet some new buddies and play guitar every night and sometimes someone would throw us some gas money. It kind of ruled. There were a couple shows with a big crowd but for the most part it was the other bands plus maybe two or three others witnessing the jammalamma. Everyone was

super nice and we were definitely neck deep in deep freaks; we only really cleared the room once. I think it was partially because they had the techno guy play before us. We shredded, everyone went outside to smoke, and then no one would make eye contact with us the rest of the night. But in the span of two weeks between New England and Florida that only happened once.

I was thinking about alt people (people who are basically square but since wearing thrift store clothes and making your own bacon infused beer or some shit is popular sometimes a square looks like a clean expensive punk) and I was watching this free jazz ensemble and we had been talking that day about the elitism that exists in free jazz. We're both untrained and basically present ourselves as a punk band. We present ourselves as a band but also have very distinct aesthetic and play punk shows a lot and are nice but definitely scrappy and very not pro. In Florida this freak that does multi-phonic covers of Disney songs asked if we had ever gone by our last names because this is a convention of free jazz and yadda yadda. We often get the blow off or condescension from free jazz players. Our overall aesthetic and the art and the zines and paintings and drawings and jams and shows and fliers all exist on the same plane, everything is held at the same level of importance and sometimes an album is music and sometimes its not. We were at this show packed to the brim with old people. I looked at every elderly woman in the room and wished to be friends with her but there is this ensemble playing and I'm watching this kind of tame bullshit and getting too drunk and I focus on the man's shoes and I hate his shoes.

Earlier we were in a crowded bar sitting at a table and this couple across from us were both looking at their phones and not even in like a "Sorry, I have to check something really quick" way but just looking at them. The man's phone started to die and he looked forlorn and the woman pulled out some kind of portable charging station thing and they talked about how handy it was and that they were so glad to have it. The man went back to staring at his phone and the woman watched him briefly, seeming to want to hang out but not saying anything, picked at her fingernails, shrugged and returned to her phone. We're outside at this bar in a back patio, a cool breeze blows occasionally, the sun is shining. The sun is blaring and it's putting this phone couple in a position of shading and squinting at their devices. Are they having fun? Are they working? Are there things they need to be doing on their phones? I made some bullshit excuse to scoot down the bench so I wouldn't be face to face with them while I ate a burger. But I was at this show on the verge of blacking out staring at this guy's shoes while his tonality was perfect and thinking about what my friend describes as alt people and I don't think this guy fits that because that mainly refers to people who maybe look kind of freaky but are actually just squares that maybe fell into a thrift store or something

But this shoe guy is doing freaky stuff in a bland way and I still don't like it. The world is a turd and I'm a turd in it.

One of the rules of this column is I will write about whatever music I receive from a punk band. Luckily, I got the Mystic Inane *Ode To Joy* test press from their singer Jonah. What a nice person! Surprise, surprise, it's an amazing record, from the folded paper cover that depicts drawn, naked, middle-aged men who are playing volleyball in front of a mansion, to the music itself that, again, manages to combine all sort of sounds, paces, ideas and charms of sub-genres of punk and hardcore within one and a half minute songs. The title song starts out with a dynamic, robust minimal beat pounded by the drums and in parallel with the guitars' distinguishable credo, manifested with spilling out its bucketful of wormlike little notes. All around the surface of the rhythm, a terrific disharmony happens. Then these two components merge, and without giving up their own characteristics, Mystic Inane succeeds where average punk tends to fall into mediocrity. This is what great in Mystic Inane—they play for the punks who are bored of those other punks who have forgotten how great punk is. They play for themselves since there is a detectable will in between the notes to distill the fundamental punk idea and toss it into the form of punk songs. It's no deconstruction of anything that is bad because even though they're alienated, Mystic Inane's music is a reflection on genre slaved hardcore punk, those types where the form dictates the songs. That is boring, when nothing is sticking out among the leveled lines and unwritten codes.

Punk is great because within its environment everyone is gifted with the opportunity to succeed and it is other subcultures' failure thanks to their arrogance that they are unable to create such infrastructure within their scenes, where anyone could achieve what they want. What we want is free! But it's a very fragile position to base everything you do either on talent or luck or both and nothing else. I'm always bummed when I ask bands about their predated visions before their first ever practice and probably out of being shy they always reply as if anything that is great in their band is owed to their mutual unconsciousness because after all they only wanted to play music and thought nothing special about it. But, for fuck sake, even bands who have no idea how to play their instruments have the idea to play music and most of the time they have a way to solve their lack of musical education by using tactics to sound original, fun, frightening and not just a bad sketch of something. The lack of educational knowledge could be balanced with enthusiasm thus great punk is smart and brave. It's smart enough to know its limits and brave enough to do even though there are known handicaps. So it could limit itself and it will be great because the inner force of the band will spread-eagle those limits or it could be totally mad and laugh at any limits. But punk needs limits because it's a counter culture as much as every culture is that is not serving an order but being confused by the confusion of the world. It is also great when you know a lot more than what you seem to do because then you put this knowledge in between the panels of your creation. After all, this is what differentiates art from being fucking dumb and hard-working. If you are talented, you can be lucky even without knowledge of what you do. If you are talented and have knowledge, you will be great. If you have knowledge, you might not need talent. If you are not talented and have no knowledge and are still doing it at one point you will be really sad. Read a fucking book, listen to something new, burn a cop car.

Anyways here is an interview I did with Shiva about Deformity and things:

Why and how did Deformity form?

Same reason any ol' punk band forms, man. We were all high school kids from different places and few other friends who'd hang out all the time, we needed something to do when we realized we didn't have enough beer an' weed to blow our minds out, so we made loud music to do it. We got a little more productive later, but never much more, so we broke up at the end of last year. Now it's Kaleidoscope.

Of what are you the Deformity?

I got bug eyes and my hands sweat.

Your sound bears the idea that you, the players are deeply in love with a lot of music. It sounds like you listen to more music than what could be captured in your actual songs. Among the influences is the libido of rock and roll, that hard to describe charm which is the core force of your music. What do you want to hear in great music? What grabs your attention in other's music and what is that component in music that you want to communicate through Deformity?

Hell yeah, man, music's my first and closest love. I like melodic hooks that get stuck in your head and seem like they could be

infinitely expanded; I like the sound of voices or instruments straining to convey the most outta one little note or phrase; I like music that takes a fantasy or a nightmare and puts on a show with it, owns it, makes it completely palpable that comes out of anything, so I'll listen to anything. This might be a non-answer, but I just look for soul, for maximum feeling outta music, and that's what I wanted to communicate in the band. I wanted to paint my face with the dread I was feeling and show it to people to see if they felt similar.

Really unique music like yours tends to come from distant and disconnected places. Where there is no given form, sound of the scene/city. Where people are left to be whatever they want to be. It's like they are not hearing the actual music but hearing of the music and they play it how they imagined it. But Deformity hails from New York which is the center of the world. Do you have to lock yourself in to be free in that environment? Is it harder to be original and stand out from such a vivid scene?

Well, two of us are from an hour outside of NYC proper, and throughout the time Deformity was writing music, we were based out of there. That was its own form of isolation. That and being a few or more years younger than most of the people involved with punk in the city. I'd go out to these shows and be inspired by these bands who were just *doing* it, letting loose, going wild. When we really started getting going it was us doing the same with our own experiences. The three of us have been best friends growing up for years, we had our own chemistry between us and our own thing to express. I don't think you gotta lock yourself in to be free, I think you just gotta feed off the people you're involved with, reciprocate, and let it be your outlet. Otherwise it's useless, to you and to anybody who happens to come across it.

Do you think there is still a need for progressive originality in punk? Should bands try to invent new sounds or is it established enough that originality appears in reconstructing already existing ideas and sounds? I ask that because in a way Deformity is a unique band but if I break it down and think it through you sound like Japanese hardcore mixed with mutant American hardcore through garage sound from a collapsing basement.

I like all those things, but I don't think any of us were thinking about any of that when we were playing. I think its cool that it hits your mind that way though. I don't think there's a "need" for anything in punk, punk is a pretty mixed bag. People do what they like and take pleasure in what others do as they please. The word "progressive" has a nasty ring to it though, I think the whole idea of setting out to push some abstract thing forward is pretty wrongheaded.

In the majority's mind, New York is the capital of hardcore. But all of the largely known bands hailing from there act like dads. Either the Republican, Catholic Dad who tells you not to drink and be nice to your friends or the dead beat grown up jock Dad who only tells tales about how much more powerful, better, and stronger he is than everyone else and teaches you how to fight people who are weaker than you or stab people who disappoint you in the back. Since these bands tend to play for actual old folks a new scene is blooming in New York, behaving like kids left alone for a weekend, home alone style with more taste to do chaos. How do you relate to your city's musical scene, present and past?

I'm really into what's currently been going on. You know the bands. I'm listening to the new Dawn of Humans LP as I type this, it's great. Joe (Deformity bassist) and I just recorded a tape for Nandas, they're my favorite new band. New York's got a pretty rich musical history, I like a lot of it, if that's what you mean by relate. Miles Davis was here a while, James Brown – *Live at the Apollo* (I'd say that's *from* here), Velvet Underground, Suicide, mid '70s proto/art/punk shit, the fuckin' *Bad Brains*, Reagan Youth, Urban Waste, Cro-Mags – *Before the Quarrel*, early '90s rap, Perdition... As far as that neo-conservative big-white-man side of things—"NYHC"—goes, I don't care for it.

In the past two or three years you have only released two 7" that had three songs each. Is there something beyond this very filtered and selected way of releasing your music? I hate to wander over to my turntable to always replay your 7" when some days it's the only thing I want to listen to.

There's other stuff out there, a peppering of mediocre tapes from 2009-2011, then a couple of botched recordings, and another demo tape that came out in 2013, which is probably the best representation of us. That is still floating around, we dubbed a bunch and then Toxic State pressed it as a pro-tape. It's all floating around on the internet, and it's 2015, so unless you got much bigger problems that'd prevent you from giving two shits about tracking down our music, I'm sure you can find it.

You have a fanzine yourself. I didn't have the chance to read any of the issues—is there any relation between how you write music and how you write texts? Is the mindset you use for editing also used for forming a song?

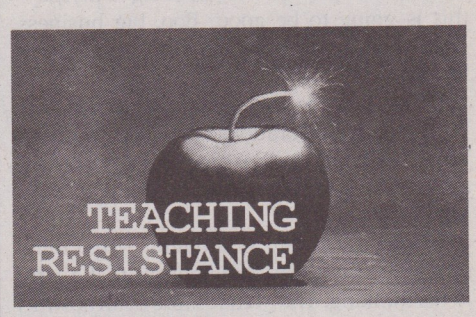
Nah, not at all. I stopped writing a zine almost three years ago, and that was the time when I've made most of the music I've been proud of. So maybe there's a negative relationship there? Nah, not that either.

Are you more of a music maker or listener? How do you think the two look at each other?

Both. Both help me make sense of the world. I'm not sure about the second part, if you're asking what I think of music critics, I like ones that write well, or at least with sincerity instead of pretentiousness.

What's the best way to make egg?

Over easy—but that's hard as hell and I always fuck it up, so I'll say as an omelet, with mushrooms, green chilies, shallots, and cilantro. Hits the spot.



Though the institutions of education are historically problematic and often oppressive, students who have experienced them as "outsiders" (including many punks) understand the importance of learning from teachers who have developed radical notions of what education is and how it works. The Teaching Resistance column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education.

This month 's column is about what teachers can do to help create a student-centered classroom—an educational environment which expressly validates students' own experiences and knowledge, encourages critical analysis, and helps them teach each other rather than simply telling them what to think. A setting where the teacher acts more as a mentor and coach rather than an endlessly lecturing "fountain of knowledge". This column 's author is Laura A. Zink, who has been teaching English for nine years. Currently, she teaches at a community college in the East Bay and writes short fiction. Laura can be reached directly at fightwriterzink@gmail.com.

In a Manner Unbecoming of "The Man"

Many semesters ago, I was teaching a unit on education in one of my English composition classes. In the essay we were discussing, the author argued that a student's socio-economic class, the growing demand by employers for graduate degrees, and the current shifts in federal financial aid were recreating and widening the educational and economic gap between the haves and the have-nots.

I think some of the author's statistics hit a little too close to home for the students. As we started to discuss the institutions and forces contributing to some of these disparities, the room got quiet. The students bowed their

heads, gazing at their textbooks with blank and distant stares. The only sound in the classroom came from the back. A young man rapped his thumbs against the edges of his desk like a drum. Barely peeking up from under his baseball cap, he said:

"So *The Man* is keeping us down."

I stood there gripping my textbook, the cockles of my nerdy little subversive heart heating to a boil. I asked him to clarify what he meant by "The Man." This was an English class, right? So define your terms. Who *is* "The Man" exactly? And while I am trying to reframe his opinion, I am thinking to myself—this is going to be good. Boo, big business, right? Boo, corrupt politicians. C'mon, dude! Say it!

"'The Man' is the government," he said. "Cops and corporations. Schools, too." He lifted his head and paused. Looking at me straight on, he said, "And *you*. Like, *you're* The Man."

Wrong answer, I thought. My mind scrambled for a way to demonstrate the error in his thinking. The Man is more of an abstract idea than a person, so I cannot be "The Man." I don't fit the profile. I am not even *a* man, for starters. I am not on the speed dial of any government officials or CEOs or lobbyists who are seeking my ideas about managing the country or any business organization. I am a vulnerable, part-time, at-will employee of the community college system; my position subject to the varying needs of the college on a semester-to-semester basis. I am not rich. If I counted the number of hours I work against my salary, I am a low-wage worker at best. I am *not* The Man! I am not, not, not The Man!

Overwhelmed with emotions and opinions, I looked down at my textbook, searching as if I would find some kind of answer in there. I had to bat away this ridiculous idea. I just needed to make sure that the way I did it wasn't too obvious.

"Well," I said. "Let's go back to the text. Who does the author view as "The Man"?"

It was a loaded question. That young man knew it. They all knew it. Nowhere in the essay did the author blame instructors for the disenfranchisement of students. For the rest of the class, the students repeated the ideas from the textbook and expressed none of their own. And after class, I tried to laugh off that student's opinion as some kind of passive-aggressive fiddle faddle. *I ain't The Man. Pssht. Whatever, dude.*

The young man did have a point though. That day, my actions supported my authority at the expense of his. When he had an opinion that I didn't like, I viewed it as an attack and tried to discredit it. My chosen tactic was to redirect the conversation away from his opinion, and then, worse still, replace his idea in favor of the "authoritative" ones in our textbook. Perhaps worst of all, I did all of this because I wanted to push my opinion on my students. It didn't matter that the ideas I was aiming for were "revolutionary" or "subversive." I wanted them to see things *my* way. In a lot of ways, I *was* acting like The Man.

As much as I could try to rationalize that I was the exception—because of my point of view, or my politics, or my identity, or whatever excuse I could conjure to privilege my ideas at the expense of theirs—the students do feel the imbalance of power in the classroom. For many of them, this kind of power dynamic is reflected in almost every other area of their lives: boss-worker, police-civilian, court-accused. I am not suggesting that the instructor-student dynamic is identical to these others. What I am saying is that to many students, the instructor of a class is yet another authority, and again, they are not. While the instructor doesn't have the power to fire them or arrest them or lock them up, they do have a certain power—the power to tell them what to think. Left unchecked, an instructor could be the thought police. The Man of the mind, so to speak.

Granted, as far as the course content is concerned, the instructor is the expert in the class. They damn well better be. They have spent years working to gain mastery over the content, concepts, and nuances of their discipline. Because of this, it is their job to teach those specific skills. In almost everything outside of this, the students have more to contribute than the instructor does. The instructor is one person with one point of view, and in my classes there are anywhere from thirty to forty students, each with an individual point of view. The students are the critical mass. My opinions do not help students voice their own ideas, nor discover how they came to believe what they do, nor understand the implications of their thinking and beliefs. In a classroom context, my opinions on a topic can only suppress theirs. And as the class gatekeeper, as soon as I voice my opinion, it gets interpreted as part of the course content and transforms into gospel truth.

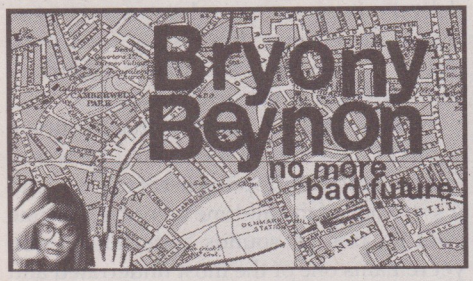
Once I really considered what this student had said, I realized that I needed to make some major changes. As much as I was assigning group work and discussing texts and asking them questions, my class was functionally teacher-centered. I needed to adopt methods that emphasized and encouraged student autonomy, and hopefully, inspire students to question authority outside of the classroom. Here are some of the things I have done to restructure my classes into a student-centered environment:

* Recognize the similarities. While there are times when we alternate responsibilities and workload, we are all working to make the class a success. Every rule, every activity, and every assignment reflects a two-way exchange. For example, deadlines apply to me in the same way that deadlines apply to students—no late work from students and a quick turn-around from me. These mutual responsibilities can be outlined in the syllabus. They are policies for the entire community, instructor and student alike.
* Be transparent. I make sure to tell the students explicitly what I am trying to accomplish with each activity. I am not going to waste their time staging a performance designed to trick them into thinking I am something that I am not. I am not the Wizard of Oz. Instead, I try to demystify the classroom process, and in doing so, demonstrate to the students their critical role in the learning process and, in turn, the success of the class.
* Admit mistakes. I am not all knowing and all-powerful. Sometimes, I do not know the answer to a particular question. Sometimes, I make a mistake. A less honest thing to do in a circumstance like this is try to hide it, or worse, throw it back at the class and disguise my own learning opportunity as a learning opportunity for *them*. Instead, I admit it, and I share what I intend to do about it. This way, I am being open about my limitations and honest about my mistakes, just as I expect them to be open and honest about theirs.
* Focusing on real questions. I don't play that "guess what's in my head" game anymore. The students need to question things to figure out what they think, not what I think.
* Have students take over the class. After they get the swing of things, I give them the reins. At the end of a unit or as a culminating activity, I have students develop curriculum in class and use that curriculum as the basis for the next class. I have students run discussions, too. The best learning experiences tend to happen when students have a genuine voice and a genuine stake in both the product and the process of their learning.

Of course, these practices are not one-size-fits-all methods for refocusing all classes in all circumstances into student-centered ones. I can only speak to my experiences. What I want to emphasize here is the importance of avoiding a hierarchical structure that privileges instructor ideas over those of the students. The classroom is not a pulpit. It is not a political convention. When faced with a room full of people with unique life experiences and points of view, the most revolutionary thing I can do is to get off the soapbox, shut the hell up, and listen. I feel more confident about my classes when I am working towards developing a critical mass of independent thinkers, not an army of clones.

As mentioned earlier, this column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education; particularly compulsory- and community-based education. If you are a teacher (anywhere in the world) for students of primary or secondary school ages

(K-12), community colleges, or alternative learning arrangements such as collectivist free schools, and you want to submit an idea for a column, please write an email to teachingresistance@gmail.com.



This month the project I've been part of for the last four years, DIY Space For London, took receipt of a set of keys to a 3000 square foot warehouse in South East London. While trying to get to grips with all the planning challenges that are suddenly in focus, I've been trying to think big about what we're going to achieve and not get too bogged down in the vastness of the work that has to be done! One of the coolest things about punk is the sense of shared purpose and aligned goals you can have with someone you've never met before, thousands of miles from where you are, making their world a little bit less shit by creating shared spaces that thrive of collaboration and people power in the face of a world that says the only way is division and competition. It's become crystal clear these last few weeks that whether its punk or the left, wherever we ring fence and we gate-keep, we fail. The most solid foundations are on common ground. Brian from the Black Sheep, in Springfield, Illinois, got in touch with some answers to my questions about running a DIY all ages space in the Midwest.

When did The Black Sheep first open?
Black Sheep opened in 2005 by a group of four people looking to start an all ages show space. By the end of the year all but one of those owners were committed to keeping the space going. Kevin Bradford had been sticking to it from the very start up until recently. I was not involved in the opening, since I was just 15 years old at the time, and had just started to going to shows. The space is also next door to Skank Skates, which started in 1988 and was also housing punk shows before Black Sheep came along.

What was the process like for actually securing space and what are the financial pressures?
From what I understand the first few years were very shaky—there was at least one point where the city shut us down for not being up to code and a lot of construction and changes had to be done. Staying open has always been a challenge even as our space carries on in our tenth year—right now we are trying to make things work with our insurance cost tripling after one company dropped us for finding photos of crowdsurfing/moshing online, then we had to pick up another company and file as "high risk." Running on a standard of $5 shows to split between touring bands and the venue running costs and not selling drinks is incredibly tough. More often than not those of us who run the venue are having to shell out from our own pockets to cover expenses here and there. Recently we have been pushing to launch a new non-for-profit organization that will be more focused on restoring the old buildings that make up our block and hopefully help things overall. From what I understand filing for that alone is going to take over half a year.

Being part of a whole "DIY" block sounds like you have really built a community, how has this happened?
There definitely is a huge community aspect to our setup, and to me that mainly has to do with encouraging others to get involved in whatever way they see fit. It's great seeing those who are not booking shows or playing in bands also getting involved housing bands, bringing food to potlucks, making zines, or volunteering at the record store. We have this nice lady Apryl who is also a preschool teacher who loves to bring lots of vegan/vegetarian meals for bands and show goers. We also have a lot of high school aged kids going to shows here, Springfield is definitely not a college town, so this is the introduction to any sort of music scene for them. We think it is pretty important to encourage whatever new ideas or creativity that they might bring.

Who's involved on a day-to-day basis and how do you split tasks and make decisions?
For show booking, one or two of us runs the main email, but anyone is welcome to set up their own shows and we encourage a lot of younger bands to do so. Some of us have pretty big tasks, like I am in charge of organizing our big summer fest, Dumb Fest, as well as organization for Black Sheep and Dumb Records. Brandon Carnes runs South Town Studio where he is constantly recording bands. Brandon also lives in the studio which doubles as an apartment, and I live above the record store so organization roles are easy for us since we are always around. Clare Frachey is going to be the one taking on the creating of the new non-for-profit organization. We try to hold meetings at least once a month where we encourage everyone to come out so we can discuss new ideas. These have been great in the past and have lead to new projects like the construction of a new stage, Dumb Fest, and the creation of our record store. The skate park and skate shop also have separate owners and are run more separately from the businesses relating to music.

What're the best and worst/most challenging things about working collectively?
We never really get to the point to where we are butting heads or disagreeing over anything. If anything, I would say the biggest challenge is constantly pushing to get more people involved in running things. Usually the core group of business owners for the venue, record store, and studio are always too busy to take on anything new and it is hard getting new people to take initiative in new projects.

What other spaces are you been inspired by?
As far as spaces like this that have existed in the past in Springfield, the last all ages space was a place called the Asylum and was around 1997-1999 as far as I know. Some of the original founders of Black Sheep may have been trying to match what The Asylum was in some aspects, but now we are to the point where we have been going for so long with our space and we have tried so many different things that we know what works best for us based on our own venue's past experiences. The opening of our record store was much inspired by Error Records, which is a music/venue combination in Urbana, Illinois except their setup is inside a mini-mall type area downtown and close to a college campus. Nathan Landolt who runs Error Records really encouraged us to open up our own Dumb Records and helped get us started.

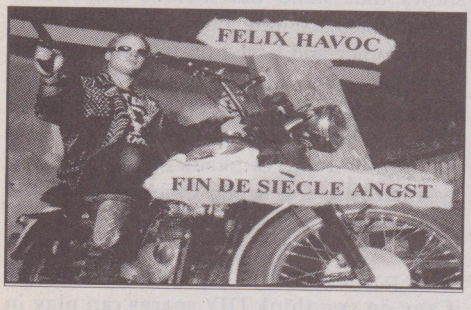
Best show or event so far?
Kevin would say in the ten years he had been running the venue his favorite show was when Ian MacKaye came with The Evens in 2007. In more recent years for me some shows that stand out include Una Bèstia Incontrolable coming here with Iron Lung last summer and based on the show calling Springfield "the capital of punk." Both of the Dumb Fests we have put on in 2013 and 2014 were also unreal, especially seeing Gas Rag play on the ramp of Skank Skates followed by a surprise Cal & the Calories set in the basement of the record store.

What part of town is the space in, and role if any do you think DIY spaces can play in gentrification and displacement, if such a thing is an issue in Springfield? How if at all have you tried to counter this?
Springfield is pretty unique in that it is not at all like bigger, more populated cities such as Chicago or St. Louis. The issue with gentrification is the money that follows the "hip" crowd, but Springfield is a bit backwards in that regard. Without a constant ebb and flow of a large university or large city, there isn't a lot of young wealth. Springfield is also notorious for dumping money into the specific parts for specific

interest groups, but none of these are ever for the "arts." Displacement is an obvious concern for many cities though. Old, historic neighborhoods similar to ours are uniquely fruitfully and intrinsically "interesting." That makes for excellent venue spaces for both punk establishments *and* Chipotles. In our case the issue of displacement is more of a concern when talking about upcoming construction of a high-speed rail just a block down the street from where we are located. The city has basically already seized up some property closer to where construction has began so a lot of families/individuals that own property don't stand a chance, and it is a matter of time before construction for that begins down the road from us.

What kind of lifespan do you see it having? We've never looked too far into the future of the lifespan of our space and group of businesses, and with this type of thing everything is constantly changing so you really can't. There has never been a five year plan or anything like that, and I have never heard of any spaces like ours continuing for as long as we have. With that being said though I would like to think that since we have made it a whole ten years and have gotten so much community support especially recently that there would be some sort of outcry and drive to keep going if anything were to happen that would seriously threaten our space. I would also like to think that I am committed to trying to keep the space around for as long as I possibly can during my time in Springfield.

Check out Black Sheep's website at blacksheepspringfield.com and hit them up for a show on your next tour.



I am sitting at my desk surrounded by records, in fact. These records have been in storage for the last year while I renovated my new house. Tonight is my first night sitting down with records and a retord player since this time last year. In the past year, I listened to a handful of new records, and streamed a lot of music on Spotify. As a result, I dug deep into a lot of genres I never got too into, just to broaden my horizons. But after all that dabbling and experimenting, I am surrounded, at last, by my own record collection, so to celebrate taking records out of storage I am taking some jams out at random, playing them and telling you, the reader, all about it.

AC/DC – *Powerage* LP. OK, I told you I was streaming for a year right? AC/DC is not on Spotify. So, the first record out of the box and on the record player was AC/DC's *Powerage* from that boxset with the original Australian mixes. When I was a kid I listened to my parents' LED ZEPPELIN, DOORS, and HENDRIX records. But the first bands I really got into on my own were BLACK SABBATH, VAN HALEN, and AC/DC. I saw AC/DC in 1981 at the Capital Centre in DC (where *Heavy Metal Parking Lot* was filmed some years later) and it was a pivotal event in my life. I saw BLACK SABBATH at the same venue just a few weeks later. I will always come back to this band. AC/DC has all the raw power and drive that a rock band should have. While *Back in Black* and *Highway to Hell* have probably sold ten million more copies than this LP, it's the one I always reach for first. "Raw Electrifying Power" says the sticker on the sleeve—this is a masterful mix of bluesy jams, hard rock ragers and Bon Scott's classic double entendre and gritty working class realism. My top pick is the pounding blooze jam, "Down Payment Blues," followed by the balls out rager "Kicked in the Teeth Again." I know there was a ton of great punk being made in 1978 that I could be listening to instead of this album, but I am not.

STOOGES – *Fun House* LP. Man, this LP just shreds. So raw, visceral and brutal, and *soo* ahead of its time for being from 1970. The STOOGES are such a top band for me, raw, brutal, wild, raging, and this is my favorite material. The guitar is presaging punk and metal, but still rooted in the blues/garage/psych school of rock. And Iggy is just howling and screaming, so ill. Such a fucking dominant and powerful record—and did I mention it's from 1970! I think the prevailing opinion is that it took another five or six years for people to even *get* the STOOGES. Well we get it now, sick!

PROLETARIAT – *Soma Holiday* LP. Here's another record I always come back to. I wrote a long column about this band and this LP in particular when I first started writing for *Maximum Rocknroll*—hard to believe that was almost twenty years ago now. This is a really unique sounding record. This band had a driving sound that drew on post-punk like GANG OF FOUR and PIL, but were still fast and powerful and angry enough to be purely a hardcore band. And I have always felt, lyrically, this is one of the very best hardcore LPs. I remember reading the lyrics over and over and thinking rather deeply about the topics addressed, then looking around my setting (Washington, DC in the '80s) and really thinking these guys were some of the most perceptive minds in hardcore. Some of these songs seem like they are slow and droning, but they are building with a real power and energy, and the vocal delivery is so angry and venomous—you realize these songs don't really need to be fast to be powerful, and that is a mark of some skillfully constructed hardcore.

NOTA – LP. I will forever be the champion of this LP. Like the PROLETARIAT LP above, this one made my Top Ten list of the '80s, and it's still one of my all-time favorites. As time goes by, this LP sounds better and better, yet remains one of the most underrated and under-appreciated of '80s hardcore LPs, as every other record has been re-issued. Jeff, send me the tapes! I will do it! NOTA as we all know, would be household instead of obscure if they had hailed from Los Angeles or New York City instead of Tulsa. Like early NEGATIVE APPROACH, NOTA got the perfect mix of '80s American hardcore with UK punk. The result is some extremely catchy songs with a lot of power and energy. Some of these riffs just grab you and don't let you go, and then some of the songs are sing-along anthems that give the UK bands a run for the money.

The guitar work on this is so awesome ,with wild solos and searing riffs. They had great in-your-face hardcore punk lyrics right from the streets. I first heard this band on *Maximum Rocknroll*'s *Welcome to 1984* LP, but didn't seek out more until a few years later. I can still remember riding to the liquor store in the back of a friend's car and hearing "Police Front" come on a mixtape and being blown away. I was rapt in the back seat like "Who *is* this band?!?!" Sadly, the driver could not answer me, as it was her brother's tape he had left in her car. I had to wait a few days to get the answer: NOTA. I tracked down the LP and 7"s as quickly as these things could be done in 1987. This LP blew me away, and I still can't get enough of it: catchy, powerful, a total banger. I love that there are different tempos on this LP from punk to thrash, but every song is perfect, really, an all-killer, no-filler record. I remember in the days before you could instantly listen to every band ever online, I was always carrying a cassette of this LP in my pocket to try to spread the faith. I want to re-issue this record if it's the last record I ever press.

FUNKADELIC – *Maggot Brain* LP. George Clinton was highly regarded in the area where I grew up. That song, "Atomic Dog" was played over the PA at my high school almost every day. I have always been pretty into all the '70s P-Funk jams. That said, Clinton had a way of being prolific with PARLIAMENT and FUNKADELIC and spreading the most killer material over a lot of releases, with a lot of lesser tracks filling

them out. This is probably the most solid LP in Clinton's catalog and rather unique sounding at that. This line up fell apart after this record and one can only imagine how much more killer FUNKADELIC could have been if this line up had continued. Eddie Hazel lays down some *sick* guitar licks on this LP and it's much closer to heavy psychedelic rock than funk or soul, like the rest of Clinton's work. The album cover artwork is very cool, especially the band photo on the inner cover, dudes look so fucking cool. It has a few weaker tracks, but "Maggot Brain," "Super Stupid," and "Hit It and Quit It" are so ill they cancel out the trippier jams.

Here's my one and only piece of advice for this month: always trust your ears!

I just got back from a north European tour with my band, and I must say that it totally restored my faith in punk music. Touring is not a fun thing to do. You're stuck in a van for most of your days, talking with the same faces all the time. It tends to get hard to stand up with your bandmates for such a long time. But overall, you'll get home with so many mind-blowing memories that it is worth all the pain.

We started the tour in Hannover, Germany, where we played at a local venue, Stumpf. The place was great and the show was really cool. Only some elements of the drum kit and vocals were going through the PA, and the sound was really good. Sadly, the opening act had to cancel for medical reasons. We got to sleep at our dear host, Hendrik's place and in the morning he cooked us an amazing vegan breakfast that blew our minds and stomachs. It definitely restored our health for the rest of the tour.

Then we headed to a place named Moloch for a punk festival, which was located in an industrial part of Hamburg, Germany. This place was great, yet huge for the crowd it drew, but it was cool nonetheless. The sound guy was bite of a pain, but we sorted everything the right way, and all the instruments were mic'ed to the PA. We were all a little impressed to play a big stage with a real live sound set up, but we did well, and got used to it through the show.

The next day we drove to Copenhagen, Denmark, to play at the not-so-new Ungdomshuset, Dortheavej 61. If you ask me, Ungdomshuset is my definition of what "punk" is and always should be. This place is awesome. The people and the food are amazing, and it holds some of my favorite memories from my entire life, ever since I went to the K-Town Hardcore fest in 2014, when I watched HERÄTYS play a reunion show and talked with Jenny from NEIGHBORHOOD BRATS. Both are still very highly ranked in my brain. Everything here is cool and punk to the bone. If you have never been there, then you should go. I think I could just live there for the rest of my life. Our host, Jonas, was very kind and it was a pleasure to meet him and talk with him. We played a really amazing show with WARBEAST, a local punk thrash crossover band with hints of MIDNIGHT, and THE WAR GOES ON, with ex-members of NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, which should release a new record soon on Adult Crash Records.

I was really bummed to leave Ungdomshuset in the morning, but the crew wanted to visit Christiania, the famous spot where you can't run and can't take pictures, but can meet a lot of pushers, literally lie in the weed and smoke in complete freedom.

Then we headed to Malmö, Sweden, and I was really thrilled to play there. Patricia from BEYOND PINK is the coolest punk in town. She set us up a last-minute gig with two excellent bands from her city, BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL and SVART STÄDHJÄLP. Both bands were really great, but SVART STÄDHJÄLP was, in my humble opinion, the best band we shared a gig with on the whole tour. Considering they have a couple of records available, you should give them a listen. These punks are a bunch of really nice people and they know how to play some fast and pissed punk tunes. We played at a small but amazing venue, Norra Grängesbergsgatan 26 ,which was sort of a huge living room, but full of bike parts and furniture everywhere. This place was really cool.

Thanks to our host, Daniel, we slept in a giant apartment where a lot of punk people from Malmö were living together before driving to Oslo, Norway. We got to Anne-Gaelle's flat, who set up the show for that night. She usually book gigs at the famous punk venue, The Blitz, which we visited before leaving Oslo the next day, but this time she thought that Club 37 would be more appropriate. Anne-Gaelle is amazing, as is her small family (Hi Igor!). She cooked us some delicious food before the gig, and then got in the van with us to drive to the venue. We were all really psyched to play such a small basement along with URBANOIA. These guys were ace, and you should also give them a listen, because they killed it that night. We had a great show, but the place was so small that we had some trouble putting all the amps and drums together with the PA, straight on the floor, without all the instruments cancelling each other's frequencies, or the PA shooting loudly into our ears. We slept at the venue, which was a big punk house, and then in the morning, we roamed through the streets of Oslo. We saw the church that is pictured on the famous MAYHEM record, and also took pictures in front of what was then Euronymous' record store.

Oslo was sick, but we had a long drive to Stockholm, Sweden. Bajsverket, the venue, was an old water recycling factory or something in that vein. It's the local spot for practicing and having fun for the new young and active scene emerging in Stockholm. POWERFACE played their first gig, and they were great. They had a Nintendo 64 at the venue, and I couldn't help but play some of the video games. When we played there the kids just got crazy and jumped everywhere. This show was killer. Since you couldn't go inside the venue with your shoes, you had to play in bare feet. I removed my socks and played in flip-flops, Burning Spirits style.

We slept on the ground of Bajsverket until we packed our shit in the morning and drove to the center of Stockholm to visit some record stores. We took some to-go vegetarian Thai food that was delicious, and right after we finished our plates, we roamed around the city.

Uppsala, Sweden, was next and only a short drive away from Stockholm. We got to the venue and I must say that Ungdomens Hus is a really nice punk spot. We shared the gig with RATS OF REALITY, a local band, and Portland's prodigies, LONG KNIFE, who started their huge European tour on that same day. We probably played one of our best gigs, and our cover of NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS drove everybody mental, to the point where even the bass player of LONG KNIFE came to sing with us. It was epic! Of course, LONG KNIFE kicked some butt with their POISON IDEA-fueled punk. A big shot-out goes to their drummer who is a beast. If you haven't seen them live, you should, at least to see the drummer do his thing.

Sadly, we couldn't stay after the show, because we had to drive to Bremen, Germany, a very long and painful thirteen-hour drive. We drove six hours through the night, crashed at some friends' flat in Copenhagen to sleep three hours or less, and then drove the remaining time to the venue. G18 is the kind of punk spot I really like, and the team that organized and took care of the show was amazing. Our dear host, Franz, who runs the amazing label Sabotage Records took really great care of us, along with his three other friends. The gig was great, but the crowd was

a bit shy. Anyway, we slept in an amazing flat, full of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN records and memorabilia everywhere, and that's my jam. We took our time waking up, and our adorable host cooked us some pancakes and delicious food. It was heaven.

We ended our tour at the Pits in Kortrijk, Belgium, and damn how I love this place. It was the third time we played there and I felt honored to play at the Pits considering how many excellent bands have played there since it was created so long ago. Our show was sick and tight, and I was really happy to see my friend Rodolphe who I missed a lot. After the show, we talked for some time about our favorite punk records from last year and then we drove to Lille to sleep at Jeremy's place. Jeremy had set up the show at the Pits, and he is a close friend of the band. He also runs the really cool label Build Me A Bomb Records that you have to check out. He threw a small party where I "drank way too much but don't regret a thing," I guess you see what I'm talking about….

Anyway, early in the morning, we packed our stuff, and drove straight to the practice space to drop off our gear. We all went in different directions with mixed feelings of both relief and sadness. I got home happy with all these amazing memories that restored my faith in the worldwide punk scene. If you've been wondering what punk is like in northern Europe, well, rest assured that, even if all the cities are different from one another, they are all alive and seriously kicking butt. Because punk is not a trend, it's a mindset.

instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com

I've spent way too much time trying to figure out how to introduce myself and preface this, my first column for *MRR*, without it just sounding like an online dating profile or something, so with that caveat…Hi, my name is Erika Elizabeth. I live in Portland, Oregon, where some of the things that I do include working as an administrative assistant at an art college (the majority of this column wound up being written during my lunch breaks there, so shout out to them for that one), unsuccessfully trying to start bands inspired by PYLON (I play bass; any takers?) and putting together a radio show/podcast where I channel my obsessions with DIY basement pop, sassy girl groups, garage rock stompers, off-kilter post-punk, and hyperactive jangle into 90-minute bursts. In general, I think this column is mostly going to function as a written counterpart to the latter, where I'll be just as likely to use this space to talk about just-released musical artifacts from contemporary underground noisemakers as I am to discuss a bunch of bands from the middle of nowhere who only released one single in 1983. Futures and pasts.

On the subject of pasts, one ongoing project that I'd been threatening to dive into for awhile was a sort of research and critical analysis-oriented examination of female-fronted punk and post-punk bands from the '70s and '80s that I felt had been unjustly excluded from a lot of the narratives of the genre, and I finally pulled together an initial installment for the second issue of a great music zine called *Dynamite Hemorrhage* that my pal Jay just published a few months ago. Fixating on forgotten femme-punk is kind of my thing, so trying to narrow down that first piece into something manageable was an exercise in restraint—I had scraps of paper all over the place with scrawled-out notes listing bands whose histories I wanted to dig up and underrated records that I wanted to lose my shit over in print, and they've only multiplied in the time since I wrote up those first dozen profiles, with an endless number of ridiculously obscure limited-run records or painfully short-lived musical girl gangs out there, waiting to be rediscovered.

One of those lost bands led by unsung women that I've only recently stumbled upon is the co-ed quintet DISTURBED FURNITURE, whose lone recorded output consists of a 1981 single ("Information/Alors Allez") on what I'm assuming is the self-released label Disturbed Records, featuring two killer tracks of arty, angular New York noise very closely aligned in spirit with the spiky sounds of Rough Trade-style early '80s UK feminist post-punk. A-side "Information" is all scratchy guitar and danceable bass throb bringing to mind DELTA 5 and the AU PAIRS, or maybe a little closer to home, the heavily rhythmic sneer of BUSH TETRAS, with defiant female vocals chanting *"no information / only frustration."* They take a stab at jagged New Wave on the flip with "Alors Allez," featuring lyrics sung alternately in French and English backed by some seriously seasick synth that's not quite dissonant enough to be a textbook product of the whole Downtown 81 No Wave scene, but it's close. The real tragedy is that what little contextual information on the band I was able to track down in the digital realm was mostly limited to a one-line mention in a 1990 zine interview with lead guitarist Phil Shoenfelt, who dismissed DISTURBED FURNITURE as nothing more than "a crap single on a crap label." C'mon, Phil! I'd put this one up there with any of the aforementioned post-punk godmothers who have already fought their way into the canon. The boys just don't understand, maybe.

Blurring the line between futures and pasts are the SUBURBAN HOMES from West Sussex, UK, the brainchild of one Paul Messis who has been releasing records under his own name for the past few years with a preternatural ability for recreating the sort of raw, primitive '60s garage-psych sounds that have been lovingly preserved by countless compilation series in the *Teenage Shutdown/New England Teen Scene/Garage Punk Unknowns* vein. After confidently conquering the late '60s, Paul has apparently decided to try his hand at the late '70s/early '80s, and his first release under the SUBURBAN HOMES name (a three-song single on Market Square Recordings) is an almost unnervingly dead-on take on shambling and snotty KBD punk minimalism. There's two no-fi thrashers in the form of "Suburban Home" and "Pseudo-Intellectuals" that tackle the requisite and period-perfect subject matter of middle class boredom and alienation like SWELL MAPS at their most linear, while "DIY" borrows its blueprint from a similar distinctly English messthetic, rewriting the DESPERATE BICYCLES 1977 rallying cry of "it was easy, it was cheap, go and do it!" into a declaration that *"it's easier than 1-2-3 / it's easier than A-B-C / you can do it yourself,"* complete with a delightfully amateurish TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-inspired neo-mod guitar solo thrown into the middle. I still can't fully wrap my head around the fact that this single came out in late 2014 and not, say, squarely in 1980, bridging the gap between *A Trip to Marineville* and *...And Don't the Kids Just Love It*. Just so we're clear, that's a very good thing. (Market Square Recordings; marketsquarerecordings.blogspot.co.uk / marketsquarerecordings.bandcamp.com)

Reasons that it's still cool to have pen pals in 2015: a demo tape arrived in my mailbox courtesy of my friend Shivaun in Minneapolis (hey, Shivaun!), who had mentioned in one of her previous letters a local Twin Cities band called URANIUM CLUB who were working a majorly mutated post-punk angle (I'm pretty sure the word "DEVO" was mentioned), which was just about all of the background necessary to convince me that I needed to get my hands on this shit immediately. If I didn't already know

that they were Minneapolitans, and if their demo title didn't also give away their home-base, I would have automatically pegged URANIUM CLUB as a bunch of Australians after listening to *The Minneapolis Uranium Club Band Performs Human Exploration*, given how neatly they fit into the nervous, DEVO-descended jerking-back-and-forth aesthetic of AUSMUTEANTS or TOTAL CONTROL, occasionally smudged with a few grimy garage fingerprints ("Rafter Man" might be the best EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING song that EDDY CURRENT never wrote). The whole tape is categorically great, but when they work themselves into a totally wired frenzy of neurotically yelped vocals, slashing guitar and post-punk bass rumble on "The Collector" and "Black Semen," they're particularly unfuckwithable. They also seem to have little-to-no internet presence, so your best bet to track down a copy might be to hook up with your own pen pal in Minneapolis.

My love for the FALL is no secret (see column title), and there're more than a few moments on the first proper release (a self-titled cassette) from Australia's the SHIFTERS that suggest, at least as far as I can tell, that they too might be more than a little familiar with the work of Mark E. Smith and company. The deadpan male/female vocal pairing and minimalist rhythmic repetition, repetition, repetition in "Benedictine Man" and "Creggan Shops" sound like they've been traced from the blueprints of the FALL's' early, scrappy glory days (*Live at the Witch Trials* through *Hex Enduction Hour*, if you're keeping score), with all of that band's tightly-wound paranoia, if slightly less of a sense of imminent and inevitable volatile self-destruction. But then the SHIFTERS are equally capable of fractured, low-fidelity pop sprawl, like the seven minutes of "The American Attitude to Law," with its creaky violin warble and VELVET UNDERGROUND-meets-the CLEAN drone, or "Colour Me In," where they take some further cues from the scrappy, rough and tumble sounds of the early-to-mid '80s Flying Nun Records catalog. The tape came out in February on the Comfort 35 label out of Melbourne, who limit all of their releases to a mere 35 copies, which unfortunately means that it's already long sold-out in a physical format (note to Comfort 35: y'all are killing me here), but it's still available digitally and maybe if we're lucky, some sort of re-press/re-release will be on the horizon. Powers that be, make it happen. (Comfort 35; comfort35.bandcamp.com/album/the-shifters)

***

And so it begins! All thanks go to Grace for being so enthusiastically supportive in bringing me into the MRR *columnist fold. Send me letters and music! Let's talk! Analog: Erika Elizabeth / 2545 E. Burnside Street #203 / Portland, OR 97214 / USA; digital: ripitupstartagain@gmail.com. For extra credit, you can also listen to my radio show at expresswaytoyrskull.com.*

"Every Thursday evening the wallys watch the box,
Settle down in a rainbow gown, and watch Top of the Pops.
It's full of modern music; they call it New Romance,
The eternal Jimmy Savile in tartan plastic pants,
And then there's Tony Blackburn, the middle-class, middle-aged git,
He's the one who rigs the charts to keep oi! oi! off your set.
And his poxy little dance groups dance to Spandu crap.
It's a brave new world for a disco girl south of the Watford Gap..."
—Mick Turpin, "Top of the Pops

"Is this what your father fought for?
Many men died in the revolutionary war,
We fly the flag of the old country,
We still shout 'Don't Tread on Me!'"
—Offensive Weapon, "Legion of '76"

"I'm living in my own private Altamont.
I'm in the front row."
—Jed Whitey, "(I'm Living in) My Own Private Altamont"

When I First Put This Uniform On

Willkommen! Bienvenue! Welcome! C'mon in! This month we got some doozies. Some good, some better. Nothing really bad has come thru our doors this month. I guess we could *always* review "good" stuff. Not like anyone is making me write this thing, ya know? It's no surprise there's a dearth of run-of-the-mill Oi!, skinhead, street punk, buttfuck music out there, so why spend any of my time talking about boring bands instead of showcasing the interesting? It comes down to something simple: it's easier and more fun sometimes to review a shitty record. Or more rightly, records that I and the Gang don't enjoy. Cuz what the fuck is good and bad? You might love JENNY WOO or RUDE PRIDE or OLD FIRM CASUALS. I can't stand that bishbosh, but who the fuck are we right? March on, Youngblood. Onto some shit...

The Gang and I slogged thru a dickload of soaking rain to go see VIOLENT REACTION and ARMS RACE play at Gooski's Penalty Box. It was sick. ARMS RACE's lead singer (and VIOLENT REACTION's drummer) is one of the most intense dudes I've seen prowl around behind a microphone. Both bands (HOUNDS OF HATE were there too!) kept people stomping across the floor and sent whole sides of the room to the ground with their face-ripping breakdowns. Great energy and solids sets by all bands. ARMS RACE have 4 new songs out on a tour tape, *New Nonsense 2015*, you can hear it at armsraceuk.bandcamp.com. You know who these bands are, correct? NWOBHC with Oi! riffs. No booze, tons of 'tude. On yer bike!

First up for recorded music this month is the debut from the SULTANS from Dublin, with their LP titled "Wobbly Oi!" out on Primator Crew. My first thought upon hearing this record was: A sugar Oi! sound coming from a non-VANILLA MUFFINS/FRANKIE FLAME affiliated outfit?! Crayzay! But it's not crazy, it's the tits. You could say this is an Irish band, but that's not really the truth. The SULATANS are comprised of two Frenchmen and a Hungarian, all living in Dublin when they formed. The French dudes are/were in HARDXTIMES and DEATHXSQUAD and the Hungarian hombre was in a band called DERKOVBOIS (Oi!). The tone of *Wobbly Oi!* is light and poppy. Sugar-Oi! isn't a real subgenre, but if it were I'd say it was more in line with the pathetique bands of the '80s. Its juvenile punk based in the street... Or maybe the gutter. Read the lyrics from the song, "Sultans Oi! Oi! Oi!": *"We're the sons of the oriental fire/The inarets of ours just growing high and higher We like to live and other silly things/ We're stronger than the emperor we're cooler than the kings/No one can stop us no more/Sultans!"* Minarets, huh? Vocals are in French, Hungarian and English. Sometimes all three in one song. If you dig TOY DOLLS, the GONADS, HOUNDS & HARLOTS, the GUTTERSNIPES, VANILLA MUFFINS, or Oi! that doesn't take itself too seriously this is a record you should track down. Try here: primatorcrew.com

BISHOPS GREEN made many a punk and skin's top-ten list of 2014 for the album, *Pressure*. I hated on the band at first. I didn't get the hype. Michael Jordan complex n'at. They weren't *that* good. I thought Greg Huff, the vocalist for BISHOPS GREEN, hit the mark with his previous band, ALTERNATE ACTION. And I was still smarting from their demise. Turns out *Pressure* is a great album and deserves all the accolades it received. Great news for fans is that BISHOPS GREEN newest album *A Chance to Change* (Rebellion / Longshot Music / Pirates Press) surpasses

their *Pressure* LP entirely. Without a doubt one of the draw of BISHOPS GREEN is the lyrics and subject matter of the songs. There are no songs on this album about bar fights or one-sided nationalism. Not one song is about beer. Intelligent lyrics abound! Read this shit from the song "Government Lies": *"You tell us lies and change the rules/We can see it and we won't be fooled/Corporate greed and government lies/We'll do what it takes to reverse the tide/Take what you want, push our rights aside/Break rules for yourself/Rules for yourself!"* Political distrust, paranoia and longing run high on the album. *A Chance to Change* is an apt title. It's a dark record with parcels of hope interspersed, like rays of sun peaking behind the gray. Self-knowledge is useless without action and BISHOPS GREEN seems to understand that action begins in your own brain. From "Caged": *"Caged we stand on a grave of dreams/Shadows, fears, a nightmare scream/Death will come for you!/ ll day, all night, in darkness no light/You're trapped in a cage your mind has made."* A fucking paradox! Get your copy, either CD or LP, at Rebellionshop.com. And while you're there pick up the repress of the LANCASTERS (Greg and Orv's band pre-B.G.), *Alexander & Gore*. *"From the East Side, to the West Side, we're marching thru the streets! C'mon boys, whatta you gonna do?!"* Fuckin oi!

Barcelona's SECRET ARMY started off as a mostly straightforward Rock'n'Oi! band in 2004. Their self-titled debut from 2006 was full of swagger and rock'n'roll solos similar to the likes of STREET DOGS or ULTIMO ASALTO (who they share a drummer with). Over time SECRET ARMY's sound has moved towards a more melodic HUDSON FALCONS style of streetpunk informed by SPRINGSTEEN by way of newer RANCID. On the new album, *Ravaged* (Contra Records & Longshot Music, duh) their sounds is further from Oi! and street punk than ever. This ain't really a bad thing. Rubén, the singer, belts out sincere, mayhap poetic lyrics that make me think of BILLY BRAGG or AVAIL circa *Over the James*. Actually, the first time the Gang listened to this we put on AVAIL right after and the sounds complimented each other. *Ravaged* is obviously a record with a ton of heart that comes from personal experience. From the song, "Defeat the Death": *"For all my friends who got lost in the storm/And the ones who still around trying not to fall/It has been a fucked up year/A friend just died other went to jail/Others are hustling to make ends meet/Where unemployment spreads like a fucking disease/ Madrid, Madrid big city of dreams/A kick in the head and slash on the chin/Every day is a struggle there's no place for the weak/My crew will never die it will never be beat/Defeat the death!"* Get this shit to prove you're not a total blockhead. Even skinheads gotta cry right?

But wait, don't get lonely now, dry your whining eyes! From the street of Faro, Portugal come ASAS DA VINGANÇA (Wings of Vengeance), three ultras playing brick'n'mortar oi! In 2013 they released a (limited to 200 copies) self-titled EP. This year they have bestowed on us, (thru This Means War Records) another limited (again, 200 copies) two-song 7". You get "Botas Gastas" backed with "Classe Criminal." "Botas Gastas" starts off with the sound of marching boots. A cliché intro for an Oi! band, but not one I get tired of! The song kicks right into gear with a nice ringing guitar tone and martial drums typical of this style of Oi! The vocals are delivered with a gravel rasp that fits with the bouncing back-alley beat. Toe tappin Oi! goodness right here! On the flip with "Classe Criminal" you get the sounds of *sirenes de polícia* screaming thru the streets and a slower more menacing jam. The content of "Classe Criminal" seems to be about going to the *futebol* and running into trouble no matter what. Also some of the lyrics translate to being banned from bars and drinking in the street. Sounds about right! Add in a dirty guitar solo and some soccer chants and this shit is golden! Also, their drummer is the singer for FACÇÃO OPPOSTA. So that's cool. Get a copy here: Asasdavingana.bandcamp.com

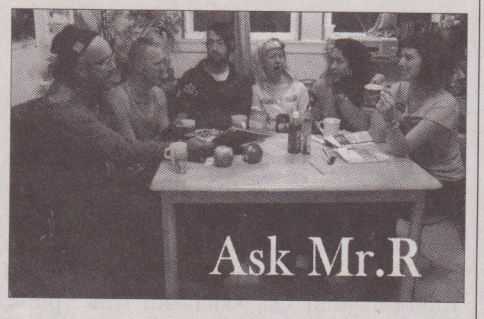
That's all for this month. Go hug a friend you bums!

ENDNOTES:

1) I've never heard of your band. Help me grow as a human. Hit me up at AmericanBootGang@Gmail.com.

2) More shit I don't get: WILDHONEY... Like, why? I've listened to it like fifteen times and...Oh, I get it. It's the same reason I still listen to the SMITHS. Right? I don't know. I take it back, I don't get it.

3) Go Pirates.



I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, and we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an opinion column, though. (...And if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by the subtle differences between the 'punks' and the 'punx.'")

Text a question to 510-585-HELP (510-585-4357)! Apparently, you can also call that number and leave a message, like a weirdo. Send an email if you're living in the early 2000s, askmrr@mail.com. Also, in case you were wondering, it's my birthday tomorrow, and I know it'll be long passed by the time you're reading this, but please still send me a birthday mix tape. I definitely could throw a birthday party so that people would feel obligated to bring them to me in person, but I don't want to go to all the trouble of the throwing, the promoting and the cleaning. Instead, I'm asking you guys to mail them in to me. I promise that they will become treasured, listened-to objects. Or is this too close to me crowd funding? Does this put Maximum Rocknroll *into too much of a Kickstarter-style situation? Feel free to decide that I don't deserve mixtapes. Teach me a lesson for my birthday.*

Dear Mr.R,

Is this for advice or just a letter? I don't know. It started as a question, but like all questions asked in public, I mostly just wanted everyone to hear me say what I think. How come punkstuff.com sells/ advertises "girl shirts"? If you are going to be a sexist capitalist pig, don't promote it in *Maximum Rocknroll*. Also peace punk, AKA the anti-"girl shirt" movement, owns stencil font so stop using it.

This seems functional as a question for this column or for *Maximum Rocknroll*, as a whole, the difference being that I have absolutely no knowledge or feedback regarding actual magazine policy. Asking me this question is like sitting around with your friends supposing about how bears manage to poop when they're hibernating, whereas sending a letter to the letters section / the knowledgeable coordinators is like just asking Wikipedia and moving on with your life. Of course, I have plenty of "feels like" opinions on this so I am glad to be the one to field it. The short answer seems to be that selling punk *stuff* doesn't actually make you political, conscious, or a punk. If it did, we probably would've had to let Target in like five years ago when they were selling those pyramid studded belts and matching earrings and things. Maybe it's because I'm not at the same sorts of shows I was at twenty years ago, or maybe it's that as punks we're trying to be more aware of what we put out in society, but, either way, I feel lucky to not see those "girl" shirts on merch tables as frequently as I was towards the end of the '90s. For a while it seemed as though 50%-60% of bands were selling them at shows compared to almost never which is how frequently I see them now.

But really, the idea of them wasn't all that bad, right? It's a good thing to take different bodies into consideration when

you're making merch. Contrary to what a lot of bands seem to think, there are more body types than just large, regular t-shirt bodies. Some bands don't print for more sizes/body variations because they say people don't tend to buy that stuff. I always assume that's just perpetuated by the assumption. Like if you aren't used to being able to locate your size at the merch table, you stop looking for your size at the merch table. When the variant/fitted shirts you have available are 1) called "girl" or "baby doll", and 2) only come in actual baby/doll sizes (no offense to these bodies), it feels less thoughtful and inclusive, and more like pushing women into the same old female body stereotypes they've always being expected to fit. Of course in non-punk universe these shirts were already called "baby doll", so I don't think bands or websites are completely at fault for calling them the same. I do think they are at fault for choosing to be complacent and typical in their continued labeling. A lot of people believe that taking each other's feelings into consideration isn't punk, and a lot of people just don't think about issues that affect people other than themselves, and I'm not exactly sure where punkstuff.com lies, but I do know that everyone who's ever drawn an anarchy sign on a spiral notebook is pretty sure they have the right to stencil font. Take back Comic Sans, I don't think anyone is using it.

Dear Mr.R,

What if (as an old man) I'm just not punk enough?

I just want to take the opportunity, underneath this clearly fake question, to remind people that there isn't going to be a punk quiz, so they can stop studying so hard for it. Participate in the scene when applicable, keep reading *Maximum Rocknroll*, and try not to be a dick. You don't have to have a back patch or know everything about international hardcore in order to maintain a radical state of mind! In the event that this is a real question though, thanks for being an old man who is interested in self-improvement. It is far more common for people to assume that they themselves are the yardstick of what is punk, than to openly question their measurements. Obviously fake question though, right? Eh?

I'm serious about those mixtapes. Also, calling all questions! Save the Ask Mr.R phone number to your phone, and have a number to text when you're feeling awkward and alone at a party! I want to build up this backlog of questions, so ask me anything. Text questions to 510-585-HELP. Send long-winded emails to askmrr@mail.com.

This is part two of three of a tour diary I wrote when I jumped in the van for a week with SEX DWARF, when I was in the US last year.

MINNEAPOLIS (Friday, November 14, 2014)

I was standing behind the merch table in Minneapolis and trying to take notes about the trip so far. The first thing that came out was "Fuck, I am so high and it is awesome," a sentence that basically summed up that week on tour for me. I gave up writing almost instantly because Kid, who was behind the table with me, kept flicking my pen when I tried. More beer was needed.

When we finally got into this city at 9:30 p.m., the streets were blanketed in white snow, a usual winter sight for the three other nationalities traveling in the van—Sweden, USA and Canada—except myself, coming from a sunburnt Australia. I thoroughly enjoyed this new experience and as soon as we stopped, I jumped out and started stomping around in it, throwing snow at all the guys. They were less than impressed. We went into the house we were staying at, unpacked our sleeping gear, ate some amazing vegan chili provided by the host, and drove over to the show at a house a few blocks away. The show was down in a basement again. Walking in the front door, there were already people in the lounge room but the show hadn't started yet. After checking out the house, Per pointed out that he felt like we were at a house party of teenagers whose parents who had gone away for the weekend. It was a bit of a token suburban deal and not a dumpy punk house (the better kind of house). We unloaded gear and I got stuck with a merch box too big for me to carry. I called out for help; but before anyone could come over, I dropped it. Foat walked past and pushed me into an icy front lawn. I was so high that one moment I was standing, the next I was crashing into hard snow and couldn't help but laugh. It felt like the guys were coming around to having me filling in the last seat of their van and I was glad they were OK with me crashing the party.

Merch was set up in the small dining room on ground level. The basement was split up into three rooms, so where the bands were actually playing was absolutely tiny, fitting about 30 crammed in people. There was a bar that was in a smaller room still, decorated with flashy bits of junk and dimly lit. The last room was storage. I ended up missing all three supports, KONTRASEKT, VERMINOZE and GEIGER COUNTER. I saw a bit of the GEIGER COUNTER but the sound was so blown-out that I wandered back upstairs after a song or two and hung out selling merch, chatting to punks and other randoms floating around, dealing with being super high and wishing I was more drunk. SEX DWARF was great, everyone in the room was involved in the mosh, swaying back and forth and falling over each other. The other guys on tour put the show on par with their Boston show, which apparently had been their best one so far. People stuck around for a while afterward to drink, and so did we.

We finally loaded out around 3 a.m.. Everyone was in the van waiting for me and Kid who were checking the house one last time to see if we'd forgotten anything. I got to the van door and this old guy that had been hanging around the show was sitting in my seat. Nobody else seemed to notice. I asked everyone if this guy was coming with us, but no one paid any attention to the question. Kid told me to get in the van. Not putting it past Jimmy to invite this guy to the party and still uncertain about the new member to this already full van, I asked Jimmy directly if this guy was coming with us. Suddenly everyone snapped out of their drunk and high stupor, turning around and realizing this guy was sitting in the back of the van—including Michel, who the guy was sitting right next to and hadn't said anything. I thought I was going crazy. The guy realized he was sprung, jumped out of the van and disappeared down the road. It was bizarre.

The party continued back at the house we were staying at. The records on the turntable and dance party banter was as loud as the bright light they were under, which was shining through into the room that people that wanted to sleep (me, because I'm lame) were in. We only ended up getting between four hours of sleep (the Swedes) and half an hour of sleep (Jimmy) before having to wake up for a thirteen hour drive back past Chicago and to Detroit.

DETROIT (Saturday, November 15, 2014)

I don't know what Fredde ate (oh yeah, truck stop food) but every now and then he'd drop a silent but deadly. Everyone would complain loudly and the front windows would go down to let the freezing outside air clear out the dense stink. I'd sit there and laugh, just like when Foat and Jimmy complained when we'd stop into truck stops for a five-minute break to use the toilet and grab more coffee, but Nikke took a super long time leisurely using the free wi-fi. It took twelve hours to drive from Minneapolis to Detroit. Adding an hour for

time difference, we arrived in that barren city at 11 p.m. The streets were wide and deserted, and held an eerie vibe. We parked outside the venue and hesitated before opening the van doors to suss the area. I made a beeline for the liquor store across the road. The show entry was in the alley behind a shop front, the gig area in the large back room. Down in the basement was where people lived. When I walked in I was asked to pay, but I said I was selling merch for SEX DWARF. The lady on the door replied with "Fuck you," slapping me on the back in a friendly way. It was confusingly threatening yet reassuring.

It was dim and hazy on the inside. We had arrived just in time for the first band, the CABBAGEHEADS. No other way to describe them than straight-up fuzzy pogo punk. Fast, noisy, simple, and a lot of fun. The band was set up on stage while the singer moved around in the front. The drummer was really tight but looked relaxed—apparently she is in a few other bands. After their set I picked up a 7" and t-shirt, then set up for SEX DWARF along the back with the rest of the merch, next to a distro. People were really supportive at this show, more than the others, and actually bought a decent amount of merch. FINAL ASSAULT followed, and the last local support was SCUM. I enjoyed both but can't give much more individual and in-depth reviews... because I was drunk...and baked. SCUM had the singer of CABBAGEHEADS in it playing bass, and every couple of songs he would swap with the singer. The crowd got into every band and was a mismatch of raw punk, misfits, weirdos, and loners. It really seemed like an insular community that supported each other and thrived within themselves in this city on the outskirts of the country. The crowd went hardest for Sex Dwarf, people pushing and falling into the merch tables. Per goes hard every show and, for someone pushing 50, he fucking kills it every time and puts on a great performance—as do the younger members! Also, props to them for being able to do that on a tour that had shows booked every night.

The venue had recently hosted a Halloween event and left some of the decorations up. Per picked up a tombstone that said "RIP Kawakami. Long Live Raw Punx" on it and everyone started cheering or bowing. By far the best show I'd seen on the trip, although to be fair they were all pretty decent. After the show we packed up, went downstairs, and the lady living there made us all delicious tacos. Kid and I were super high and attempted to play a game of pool, in which we spent a long amount of time trying and failing to sink balls. The Swedes sat on couches beside the table looking bored, being punished watching us being completely useless. After the food, general consensus was that we drive back to Cleveland to sleep, then head to Pittsburgh for the next show in the morning. Jimmy was the begrudging designated driver. We took off and smoked a bunch of weed, spotting a drunk driver weaving in and out of lanes on the freeway, which was kinda scary. We were kept awake by Foat telling us hilarious stories, then dozed off—including Foat who fell asleep standing up in the van's door way—to wake up back at Kid's house in Cleveland, where I found some carpet for further zzzz's.

Third and final installment in next month's issue...

Lame is Punk!
by Neve Be[astly]

Shelton, WA. Hypatia-In-The-Woods. Holly House.

It is really cool to tell a group of 70-somethings over dinner that your column is or was called "Lame is Punk!" They were really excited that I am reclaiming the word, and bringing awareness around it. That like "lame" actually describes a body. This was the board of Hypatia-In-The-Woods, a residence and resource center for women in the arts. Truly sweet people. One of them, (who tells me you have to change people's names or else they will get upset, I'll call her "Holland") really didn't like the word crip, which disability justice radicals are fond of. If I have any talent, it's to convey the lovability of almost anything, and so I held the words in front of her in my cupped hands like a bird, stunned and ruffling its feathers. And told her that in holding the ugly names we have been called, some people find and create love. There were a lot of soft wet eyes all around the table and this was enough. Talking about how a lot of punks and radicals love ugly, wicked, nasty and rough was for another dinner, another night.

As I write this I am currently in the middle of spending the most time alone I think I ever have in my life. Over the past year, a lot of times, I have gotten close. Weeks and months on end with no power chair and hardly any social life, living in houses with rickety metal flights of stairs with roommates who had jobs, eight-hour graveyard shifts at the shelter. But the truth is, since birth, I have never gone to sleep and woken up in a house with no one else in it. I have never locked all the doors, pulled all the blinds, checked the thermostat, and made tea for one. I have technically been an artist and residence on a two-week residency for over a week now, and this is only the third day that I've written something. I have been too wracked with anxiety, pain, personal quandary and a whopping quarter-life crisis to have the gall to write about myself any more than I have to. My partner was also here on and off for a few days. Instead of enjoying a peaceful, romantic time in the woods with him, for the majority of his stay I used him as a sounding board for how fucking weird it is to be a disabled person alone in the woods; how maybe I can't do anything myself, or maybe I can and I'm woefully behind; and what should I already know how to cook that I don't. What if I'm going to let everyone down? Or what if my book is boring and no one wants to hear me talk anymore? (I'll bet he didn't!) I wasn't even alone yet when I was freaking out about being alone.

No matter what age you do it for the first time, spending time surviving and making it work in a house by yourself is terrifying. If you claim you were never scared you're lying or you are very, very privileged. My mom told me that when she got her first apartment that she lived in as the only adult, I was four. She was so scared to go to sleep every night. Every window and shadow felt like a threat. My sweet mama! I was an insomniac child, too. I felt under siege from nightmares, which didn't help my mother's perception of our situation. It doesn't matter what you are afraid of, it holds weight. The fear can be "scorching", my mom said. I am afraid of humiliation, pain, the lid of something heavy falling on my fragile foot, ghosts, my own stormy self-talk, serial killers, zombies, bears...Not so much bears. I just listed them because I am in the woods and feel like I should be afraid of animals, but I am not. This little house in the Shelton woods, with its ramp, warm-toned lamps and card table that I can put the electric burners on so I can cook, is very patient with me. It is my second full day and night here, completely on my own, and I feel safe. Or as safe as I usually do.

This past winter, I embarked on interviewing Sean Gray and writing an article based on our conversation. I knew we would have a lot to talk about, both being disabled punks who blog about venue accessibility, caring about good music and who gets to see it. I never expected that we would talk for two and a half hours, or that our conversation would bring up so much for me emotionally. Being real for the first time publicly about some of the shittier aspects of being a disabled punk, about the able-ism we've put up with, about the ways we thought we had to rough it to be accepted, was like a hot-handed, hot-

mouthed creature carved for itself a healthy heaping of my heart so big it lasted the winter. It's still working on the leftovers into spring. The part that hurts is the hope we have. Hope glitters, it rocks, and it cuts too. Hope is sharp. Sean and I still have hope for punks showing up for each other. I believe that punk culture is ripe for disability justice, especially if you believe that anarchism and punk go together. Communalism and mutual aid. Assessing and understanding our own, and one another's, needs. Working like all fuck to meet them and to make each other's lives sweeter, no matter what capitalism says about the worth or the cost. To continually expand what "each other" means. Who is the "we" that you see?

I still believe in mutual aid, in living communally and collectively in a way that meets everyone's differing, if sometimes conflicting, needs. What I didn't realize about all my years living with my mother, then on college campuses, then on the road always with other people, and in punk houses with other people, was that though I was getting most of my immediate needs met, I never really had room to assess what my needs might be if there wasn't another person around. It never occurred to me that I might be a person who enjoys alone time, privacy, breathing room, or space. When you live in partially inaccessible places as a disabled person, having a day to yourself where you make completely spontaneous decisions in or out of the house, isn't the same kind option that it is for a person who can meet their own access needs readily and without support. The solution is that no one works at wage slavery jobs where you can't make your own hours and we all set up systems of care in which we can be there for each other when we need each other. I also think accessible modifications on homes need to be more fucking common and a priority for creating shared-homes.

I have been feeling uncertain about the worthwhileness of my life lately. Since cost of living increases in horrifying ways, the amount that my friends have to work and hustle increases, and the more opportunities I have to examine what is and is not an accessible job for me increases too. When I left a non-profit job in which my coworkers alienated and degraded me for my visible disability and perceived access needs, I felt bad about myself and unproductive. As a crazy friend of mine says, wonderful weirdos like us, with no preset or normatively laid out life paths, are bound to have existential doom crises because the world wants us to feel small and hate ourselves. People who really shouldn't be working six to eight hour shifts for the sake of their own bodies are doing that to make enough money to live, to survive, to feel okay and feel like they are not wasting their time or taking up too much space. I do feel like I am wasting time and taking up too much space, but also I have been asleep on a pink cloud in which I pretend I am not disabled or even human for several hundred months. And here I am, descending, and trying to use a stove.

Accessibility Shout-out: Life Changing Ministry! West Oakland, CA

I go here a lot and recently had the warm as fuck experience of showing up to a show alone and not feeling left out in the cold. It's a smooth ground level with a spacious one-room interior. Brown punk babes abound! A variety of people play here and I wouldn't say it's brown and black punk dominated, and this show definitely was. Beast Nest, Bedroom Witch, Soft Drink, and Wizard Apprentice all blew my mind with their artistry. Beast Nest obviously killed it with their rich and tapestried queer sound landscapes and a very tasty dance accompaniment from Zander Brown. Wizard Apprentice is also now using light and color in complex ways, while the lyrics just get deeper and deeper. I cried, okay? New to me were Soft Drink, who is like an extremely eloquent dark wavy Björk baby, and Bedroom Witch, who actually succeeds at being a "multimedia" solo performer. I could not be prouder of punks making hot and meditative noise (Black Spirituals). I'm glad performance art isn't dead. The bathroom is shallow and you have to finagle a 25-inch wide wheelchair to face the toilet. However, the toilet is close to the door so I definitely didn't have to get out and crawl or be lifted in. Not extremely ideal, but it wasn't a peeing outside situation for me. There is a narrow corridor next to the stage leading to the bathroom, so if punks don't move out of the way it can be stressful to get past the stage to bathroom. The outdoor smoking area in back has a step to get out to it. Smoking is cool but also not always worth it, you know?

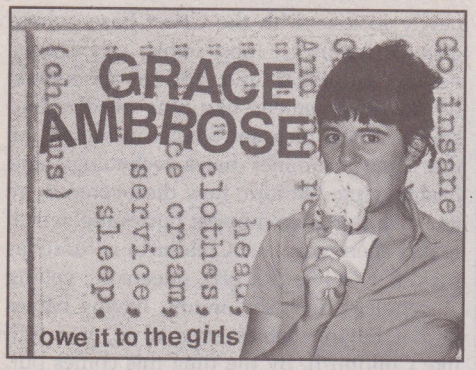
Repair Revolution! 2437 6th Ave S, Seattle, WA

I saw Mombutt, the Ghost Ease, and Childbirth here. I'd like to personally thank Slaven for putting on this exciting new queer punk show series, and Eli, Becky, and all the other folks, who generously hosted and cleared out a fucking huge auto body shop for an inviting, spacious, twinkly punk show. The bathroom has a really steep decline to get to it, and there are not grab rails to my memory, but I felt really good there and could get in and out of both the building and the area where the show was with ease. It's easy to feel like you are at the show without being squished up at the front. Unfortunately, I missed Mombutt, but I'm newly in love with the Ghost Ease, whose queer, feminist, post-punk, shoegazey, novice astrologer and prison abolitionist lyrical music smells like pine needles and smoke. Their pleasant bassist informed me that their drummer hates technology and hashtagging. On tour, they discovered there are such things as muppet burlesque, which makes them nervous. Childbirth is funny as fuck. If you like riot grrl, queercore, yelling at people, drugs, sex, moms, having babies or not having babies ever at all, you will like Childbirth. By the time this comes out, My Parade, Diversions and probably loads of other fun shit will have happened at Repair Revolution already. So go! Someone also talked to me about wanting to submit accessibility info to stuff after reading my article. That link is itvaccessible.com, and you are also welcome to facebook Sean Gray or Neve Mazique with more questions. My friend, Dorian, is also bottom-lining a similar project based in Seattle with my partner, Tony. I can direct you to either of them if you want to get involved.

Inaccessibility Shout-out: Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave,. Seattle

This is complex feedback because I love, love, love the lineups that have been happening here. Lots of queer, throwback, throaty and deeply felt swagger sweet nonsense. I don't know if you are as excited as I am by Agatha members' new project, Zone Out, but they want to sound like Bush. They definitely sound like they belong on a '90s teenagers-having-feelings (and sex) movie soundtrack in the best way. Diversions was also on point. There are some Mia Zapata-inspired vocals happening and I couldn't be happier. Turn them up! Wison, to be truly frank, floored me. I was so somatically and mentally bewildered by how many times I felt like I knew generally what genre of music was happening and then I was mistaken. It's like X-Ray Spex and Talking Heads had a freaky, jazz-trained baby who was in love with Selena. Despite the long flight of steps leading down into the venue, the venue itself is all easy to na] vigate and the bathroom is accessible. The staff is pretty consensual and communicative in how they offer assistance, which is rare. Not great on other sensory levels. Very dark. Low ceilings. Smoke machines. The owners claim they are putting in an elevator soon, so I hope if queer radical acts keep performing there we will hold them to that. I don't want to bring money there with that hope (because it's expensive to put in an elevator) and then have it turn out to not be a priority. I want to encourage Kremwerk to publicize the elevator plan!

You can tell me I'm lame or offer condolences at foxlovesriver@gmail.com. If you're not afraid of porn or feelings, visit lyricsealsucks.tumblr.com.



"Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex."
— Valerie Solanas, "SCUM Manifesto"

"We are fed up and bored with what feels possible and we are determined to expand the possible. We are hysterical."
— E. Conner and Beck Levy, "Your Options Are Limitless: A Polemic"

10 p.m. on Sunday night and I just got home from a weekend of working at the record store in Oakland. Fourteen hours to turn this column around and finally call this issue of the magazine done before starting the whole process over again.

I had an abstractly shitty weekend, capped by a very raw conversation with someone very important to me, so I was feeling pretty miserable and sorry for myself on the bike ride to BART. The long journey back across the Bay always adds insult to injury, especially when you've been crying. Walking down to catch the train, I had to pass through a group of men, who immediately began running commentary on my hair, my outfit, my ass, and my smile (or rather, the lack thereof). I told them to fuck off, as I am wont to do and kept walking down the platform.

I spent the next ten minutes trying to tune out their conversation about me. Most women I know have acquired this skill out of necessity. A male stranger has provided unsolicited commentary on my appearance or behavior nearly every time I have taken public transportation for the past ten or so years of my life. According to this group I was fat, a lesbian, a "three," a bitch, crazy; the list goes on. They conscripted some older men (who hadn't even been there when I arrived) to join in and sent them on recon missions down the platform to look me up and down, ask me why I hated them, and provide running commentary about what I was doing. (Sitting on a bench, waiting for the train, minding my own fucking business.) They started calling me the exorcist (?) while playing the theme from *Friday the 13th* in tandem on their iPhone speakers (!) and screaming, "Freddy, Freddy!" (What?!). They warned families, "Don't go sit over there, there's a crazy woman, she's really deranged, be careful." All because I didn't crack a smile for a stranger.

The main guy was walking up to every other person waiting for the train and asking them what they thought of me, then telling me to take pills and walk off the platform. I told him to leave me alone, I ignored him, I relocated. When he approached me for a fourth time I went ballistic. I completely flipped. I flipped out at all of the men who were harassing me and then I flipped out at all of the men who had stood next to them watching them do it and not saying a word. And then the train pulled up and I got on it and I burst into tears.

Public transportation is a consistent site of harassment. It's a strange paradox. Oftentimes I feel safe enough on it to respond aggressively, because there are so many other people around me. But shouldn't all of those people say something too? I had to physically throw a man off of me on the night bus in London once, then scream at him to pick himself up, go sit in the back of the bus, and not to look at me ever again. When I walked off at my stop, the driver told me, "Good on you." I told him to fuck off and help out the next time. One night on the way home from a Mets game, on a 7 train so crowded you could barely move, the entire car was subjected to an absolutely vile, degrading, misogynistic conversation among a group of men about women they'd fucked. One of them started reading the badges on my jean jacket out loud and when I turned my back on him, he asked why I wouldn't talk to him.

"Because I don't know you and I—and the rest of the women on this train—certainly don't appreciate the conversation you've subjected us to for the past twenty minutes." This launched another ten minutes of vile, degrading, misogynistic conversation, only this time it was all about me. The train car was still packed, but in between their barbs, you could hear a pin drop. I got off the train with my friend Nathan and two older men, Phillies fans like myself, who asked me, once the doors closed behind us, "Are you alright?" I told them to fuck off too.

My friends E. Conner and Beck Levy wrote a poem recently. Maybe you saw it. Shit was all over the place on my social media. It is called "Your Options Are Limitless: A Polemic" and it was published by *The Media* (fvckthemedia.com/issue57/poetry). It was borne out of rape culture and the patriarchy, but the timing of its publication was sparked by the presence of rape apologists on a bill at 924 Gilman. I wrote a brief contextualization of the piece on the *Maximum* site; you can read it here: maximumrocknroll.com/maximum-rocknroll-the-media-your-options.

You might find yourself in a situation where you are playing or attending a show with a performer who is known to be an abuser, assaulter, apologist, or enabler. The poem E and Beck wrote gives you a list of potential responses. Some are difficult, some take no effort at all. Some are bold and radical, others are the too-frequent inadequate responses we've all become accustomed to. Read the list. See what appeals to you. Adopt the suggestions that work for you. Eliminate the strategies that don't. Think about why they make you uncomfortable. Add to the list. Print out the list. Put your Kinkos scam to good use and make 20,000 copies of the list and leave a trail of them behind wherever you go. The list applies to places beyond the show space—it applies to the BART train and the grocery store and the street corner. Internalize the list, live the list, do fucking anything that isn't just sitting on your ass.

A big fuck you to every man who has ever watched other men treat women like shit, who has ever made space for other men who treat women like shit, who has ever made an excuse for other men who treat women like shit. You're the problem, too.

ENDNOTES:

1) We're still looking for another coordinator to live the chaos with me and Eli at *MRR* HQ. Punk rock fame and glory and the sick satisfaction of balancing the budget in Quickbooks. Write in for an application: mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

2) I wrote this on the *MRR* website: "Most days it feels like it is impossible to keep track of the list of bad dudes. It is a frightening thought. In response, we choose to foreground bands, labels, and communities that inspire us, people who are actively working to dismantle structures of oppression with their music, art, and very existence." Amplifying the voices of people who inspire us is an important thing to do, but so is keeping tracking of the bad dudes. If someone in the punk scene is a piece of shit garbage human sexual assaulter and you think I should know so that we don't accidentally amplify *their* voice in this magazine, send me an email: grace@maximumrocknroll.com. Discretion 100% guaranteed.

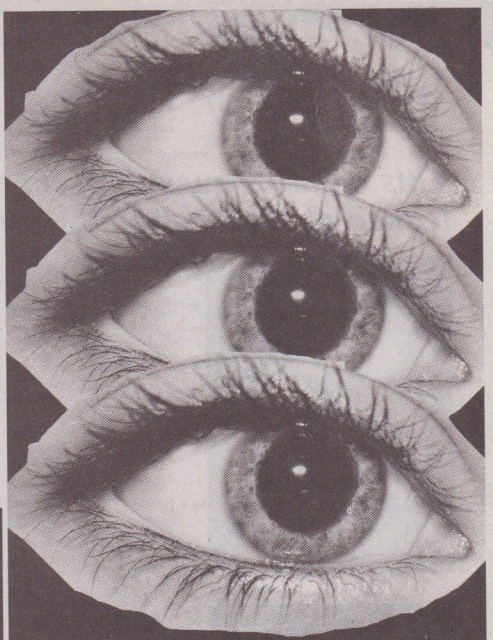
3) I was gonna write this column about Gilman and Green Day and my last column but that got derailed. Three things:

A) I am bummed that the club didn't write into the magazine about it, despite several back-and-forths that I had about my column with members online. 21st century changing discourse, I guess.

B) "Show up to a meeting or shut up" as an across the board reaction to criticism is a pretty dangerous response to fall back on, don't you think? As a contributor-driven publication, I understand frustrations with outside criticism of facets of an organization that people have the capability to change themselves, but repeated so often it rings pretty hollow. If you are complaining about the kinds of bands, musically, that get booked at Gilman, yeah, turn up to a meeting or shut up. But what about when people are asking the club to deal with allegations of sexual assault? In regards to the show that prompted the polemic, a member of Gilman leadership acknowledged that the club was not going to take steps to address the concerns and suggested that the band in question would want to involve their "representation/counsel" and "cease and desist letters for defamation and libel" in response to the allegations. 924 Gilman joins the ranks of regular 'ol rock clubs worldwide. Green Day playing there was corny; that response is fucked up.

C) Green Day played another benefit recently, also in the Bay Area. It raised six million dollars. The Gilman show raised $15,000. That's more money than I'll make this year, but in the scheme of their capital-generating potential (the ultimate goal, *right*?), I think the numbers speak for themselves.

4) I have a new band, we played our first show with Nots on their recent West Coast tour. I somehow survived playing guitar in front of other humans and somehow am looking forward to doing so again.



MAXIMUM
rocknroll
radio,zine,label
since 1977
STAY PUNK!!!
maximumrocknroll.com

VINYL PRESSING

100 7"s - Color Vinyl *$619*
500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$748*
500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$1303*
500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$1253*

100 7"s - Black Vinyl *$523* *
500 7"s - Black Vinyl *$648* *
500 7"s - As few as 100 of Each Color Vinyl *$763* *

* Same as above, except one Color Center Labels

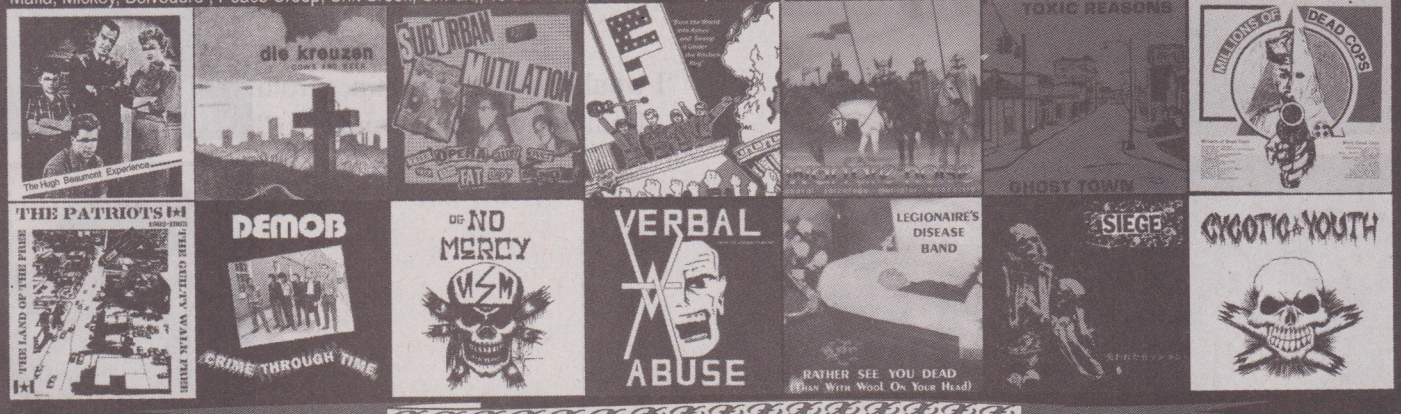
Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

Digital Downloads!!! 500 Codes = $25 Creation: $35

LUCKY

VINYL, CD, LACQUER MASTERING & RESTORATION

Get a Reference Lacquer, so you know how your music will sound on vinyl, before you pay for Metal Plates and Test Presses! Recent Jobs include: Dot Wiggin Band, Cretin Stompers, Toys That Kill, Grabass Charlestons, Muhammadali, Pangea, Creepoid, Mac Blackout, The Hot Toddies, Now In 3D, School Jerks, Night Birds, The Rockers, The Finders, Adelitas , The Limit, The Bomb!, Thee Chemicals, The Steve Adamyk Band, Red Dons, The White Wires, Guantanamo Baywatch, Mind Spiders, Ch13, The Frantix, Crusaders Of Love, The Hookers, The Vaccines, Tion, Arnocore, God Equals Genocide, The Pilfers, Edna's Goldfish, Low Culture, Crusades, Autonomy, Suburban Lengends, Star Fucking Hipsters, Buried At Birth, Needful Things, Aberrant, Mellow Harsher, Strong Intention, The Briefs, Panzer Bastard, Revilers, Hell Bastard, Rive City Extension, Sundowners, Infamous Jake & The Pinstripe Mafia, Mickey, Belvedere , Peace Creep, Shit Creek, UnFun,, To Be Hated, Anal Warhead, Noise By Numbers, No Paws, S.O.S., Kevin Seconds, Stillborn (N.Y.H.C.), Agent 86,

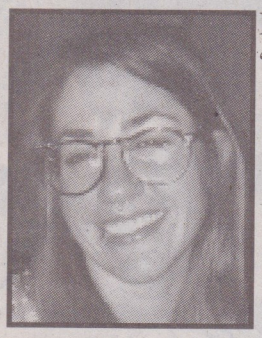


Orders@luckylacquers.com (206) 497-3006 **www.luckylacquers.com** 6907 University Ave #224 Middleton, Wi 53562

MRR asks you!

WHATS THE SCOOP?

This month's question: what band do you want to perform at your funeral? (asked at the unofficial New York's alright afterparty at Superchief Gallery)



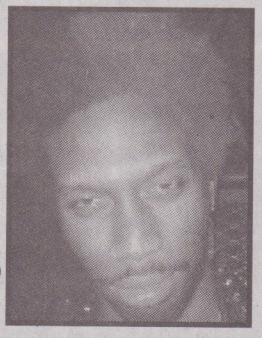
Morgan, 24
"New York Dolls!"

Bill, 26
"I'd want AC/DC to play my funeral!"

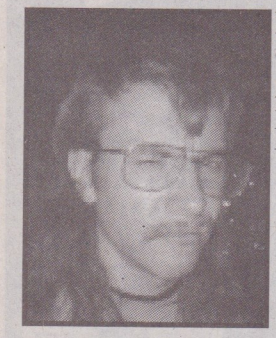
Rapunzel, 28
"I'd want the Jesus and Mary Chain for like forever."

Cherene, 28
"Souls of Mischief and Discharge."

Chino Chang, 12
"Hmm. Afrika Bambaataa! Looking for a perfect beat."

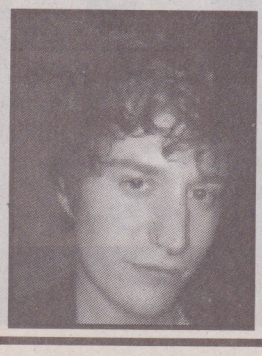


Rick James, 69
"Spice Girls."



Matt, 24
"Uhh, what band I would want at my funeral? For sure Metallica. But only Metallica from 1986."

Nick (and friends), 33
"I would want the drummer from Radiohead to do a drum solo."



Stephen, 24
"Rolling Stones."

Molly, 22
"X."

WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
info@iloveimprint.com

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
YOU CAN CALL US: 941.484.5151

JUST ADD VINYL

7" Folders starting @ $95
Pockets starting @ $225

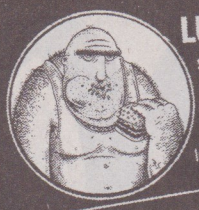
10" Jackets starting @ $550

12" Jackets starting @ $450

FULL COLOR CENTER LABELS $150 with any jacket or insert order
1,000 quantity (includes 25% overs)

- FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE, JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY
- KNOWLEDGABLE ART DEPARTMENT WILL ENSURE YOUR ART IS READY TO GO
- DIGITAL PROOFS OFTEN DELIVERED VIA EMAIL SAME DAY
- IF YOU FIND A BETTER PRICE, WE WILL WORK TO MATCH THAT PRICE

MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR BAND AND RECORD LABEL, SINCE 1994.



LUMMOX RECORDS
STOP GO DESTROY TAPES • MAGICK HERMIT RECORDS OF THE MOUNTAIN • OLD GOAT
4123 BROADWAY 441
OAKLAND CA 94611 USA
lummoxrecords.com
lummoxrecords.bandcamp.com

HAZZARD'S CURE

"THE UGLY SOUTH" TOUR 2015

4/17: Oakland, CA
4/18: Goleta, CA
4/19: Palm Desert, CA
4/20: Scottsdale, AZ
4/21: El Paso, TX
4/22: San Antonio, TX
4/23: Austin, TX
4/24: Dallas, TX
4/25: Houston, TX
4/26: New Orleans, LA
4/28: Fort Worth, TX
4/29: Albuquerque, NM
4/30: Tempe, AZ
5/1: San Diego, CA
5/2: Los Angeles, CA

For tour updates and details visit hazzardscure.net

BUY
HAZZARD'S CURE
THE UGLY
12" EP
...and much more!
at lummoxrecords.com

PDX LEATHER

studded Leather BELTS
Cone Belts
wallets / Key chains /
Bondage / cuffs / ect.
supplies
studs / cones / spikes

Find us @
ETSY.com/shop/PDXleather
or on
Facebook / instagram
PDXLEATHER

ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE

OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303

www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

THE PAGANS

"started playing punk rock before anyone was sure what it was (or what to call it)"

MIKE HUDSON & THE PAGANS

HOLLYWOOD HIGH

LP out now on

ruin discos

LONDON SCENE

by Joe Briggs

Photos provided by Sean Haughton and Jack Pitt

BANDS

London is a big old beast, a sprawling mess of villages and towns slowly stitched together as it spread out, paving over rivers, digging down into the muck with its tangled mess of tunnels. London's punk scene is similar, extensive and fractured, its rude health matched by its tangled unwieldiness. The bands I love the most are usually the weirder, slightly off-kilter hardcore and punk bands, which often share members but always feel distinct from one another. You can easily go to shows and hear three to five bands that sound completely different from one another.

You can't go wrong with NO's frenetic modern hardcore punk, drawing from all sorts of greats. They are one of the most captivating live bands in London, not through any gimmicks (nothing against gimmicks), just from the sheer vigor with which each member goes at their instrument. SNOB's RUDIMENTARY PENI-influenced hardcore gets better every time I see them, as does BONA HC's fierce queercore. There's SPLIT VEINS, reverb-heavy metallic hardcore from ex-NAILBITER members. There are plenty of killer feminist hardcore bands like the furiously taut PETROL GIRLS and primordial Greek-language punk EFIALTIS, sharing members with hard-as-nails sludgy/stompy DREGS. There are two-piece noise mongers HUNGER; TROPICAL NIGHTMARE's relentless throbbing psychedelic Brazilian hardcore; the bad boy noise rock hardcore of the LOWEST FORM, who put out their first LP *Negative Ecstasy* on Iron Lung Records last year; primitive hardcore CULT SYNDROME; and Scandinavian-style rippers SLUR. There's CIANURO, razor wire noisy punk featuring members of NO, synthpunks RETROFUTURE, and FRAU, another band that is one of London's very best, broken, searing and incisive, bouncing and scything, breaking the genre apart with each splintered punk scream, hitting the USA for the first time this summer. Punk is their boyfriend.

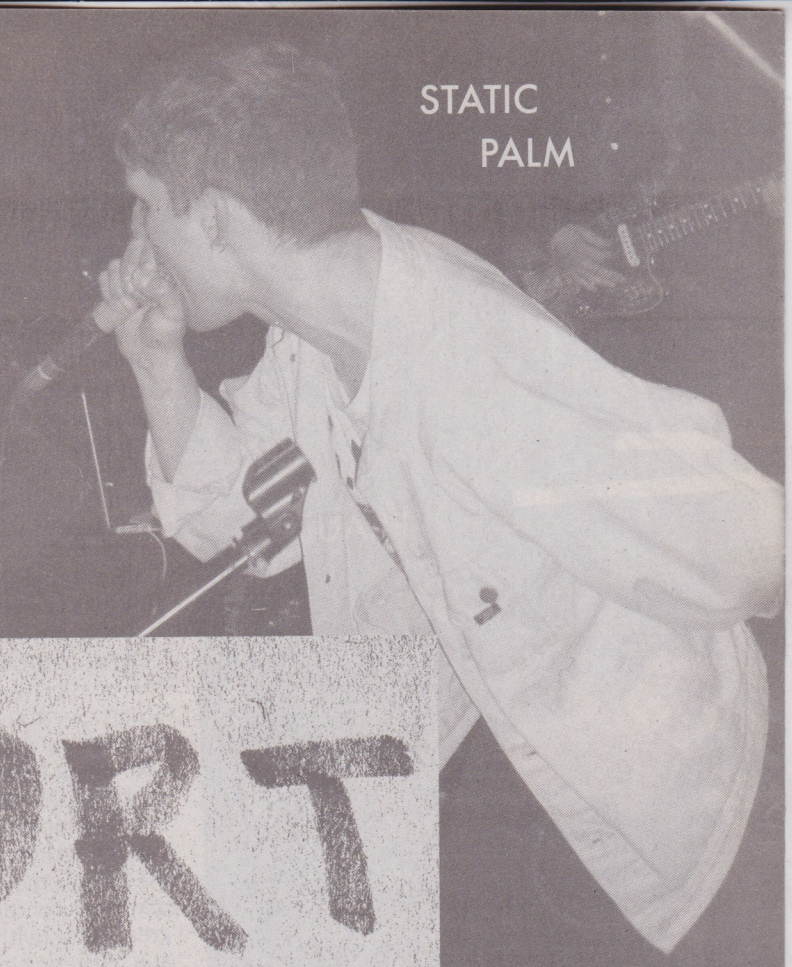
FRAU share members with GOOD THROB who make self-proclaimed Bad Punk, livid and lithe, capable of rolling in a dozen different directions at once but remaining danceable and destructive. With all their members playing in about eight other bands each, they tear up venues all over London and the world, going from strength to strength with each new song. *Fuck Off* was one of 2014's very best LPs and their new banger "The Queen Sucks Nazi Cock" is the truth.

There's the tearing straight-down-the-line political hardcore punk of bands like DEFCON ZERO, PERMA WAR, MEINHOF and the K.A.D.T. (Killer Airborne Disease Transmitters). ARMS RACE, repping the NWOBHC (New Wave of British Hardcore) with their Oi!-inflected hardcore punk, have just been on their first US tour, beating down doors with songs like "Mongrel Crew" and "Kill the Bill." MANKIND and STREET BEEF are two more hardnosed London hardcore punk bands ripping it up.

PRIMETIME

There's thrashier stuff like the urgently political HELLO BASTARDS, the catchy and obnoxious NOISE COMPLAINT, the monstrous SEWER TRENCH, BLEACH, and FLOWERS OF FLESH AND FLOOD. There are post-hardcore bands like the COP and their even noisier side-project LIKE HELL, the frantic SCREEN WIVES, and the bloodied-up drone punk of MAJOR MALFUNCTION.

At the more extreme end of the scale are bands like ARMOUR OF CONTEMPT playing solid grind/powerviolence and sludge/powerviolence band ISOLATION TANK, who recently put out a split with fellow brutal sludgesters ART OF BURNING WATER. There's also NEMBUTAL, powerviolence from ex-members of noise punks I LIKE BUGS, DISCULPE's hard raw punk, the chaotic precision of OBLIVIONIZED, the grooved out metallic hardcore of NO REST, the unbridled rage of ITHACA, and plenty of crust bands like ABORICIDIO or AGNOSY. There's heavy doom/crust two-piece SLOW PLAGUE and the burning filth-core of DYSTERIA. There's the whole LBU/Rucktion Records scene with loads of real heavy



STATIC PALM

REPORT

hardcore and metalcore bands like KNUCKLEDUST, BUN DEM OUT, TIRADE, and TEMPERS FRAY. They've been going strong for years and still put on multiple shows per month.

Towards the less harsh end of the scale there's a thriving poppier punk scene, with bands like utterly relentless tourers WONK UNIT who meld a literate combination of pop punk, folk, and more into keenly felt songs of the reality of manual labor and surreal heartache. They have their own mini-festival they run every summer, Wonkfest. Lookout-style buzz-pop GRISWALDS from Orpington are hitting their twentieth year, and their 2014 LP *Beyond the Television Scream* offers fourteen more cuts of super speed songs of pulpy enthusiasm. Also doing that classic style are female-fronted pop punk trio WERECATS, the UNRELEASABLES, ELECTRIC COCKS, DEAD ANYWAYS, ex-Winnebago Deal power poppers LOS PEPES, the acoustic SAD & FRENCH, sugar sweet JUNIOR VICE PRESIDENT, and the peppy PAPERJETS. Then there's the ZATOPEKS, bastard sons of Buddy Holly who have been around for over a decade now mixing up early rock and roll, gentle folk, and pop punk with songs about Russian literature, Sophie Scholl, and romance on public transport, sporting the best monobrows this side of Anthony Davis.

ISOLATION TANK

The gruff punk/Fest-core style is well represented by bands like PACER, who've been knocking around a while but really put it all together on their 2014 album *Mechanical*, the scrappier EXHAUSTS, soaring Bronxian rocking and rolling hardcore punk LIGAMENTS BRIGANTES, the bummed out pop punk ROLE MODELS, folk-laced indie punk GREAT CYNICS, BRITISHTEETH, DISSOCIATES, the mid-tempo bluster of FED ON FAMINE, the more emo-ish LOSING SLEEP, mid-tempo emotional singalong merchants APOLOGIES I HAVE NONE, the WEEZER-y WACO, and the wry and melodic BOTTLER (self-proclaimed ex-members of the bands you never knew). Skate punk is represented by the shout-along Epifat-esque RESUSCITATORS, similarly catchy MEDUSA, the gravel-throated ROCCO LAMPONES, and slurring STINGIN' NETTLES.

There's a healthy amount of garage punk that you can often find on display at the regular Garageland and Some Weird Sin club nights. There's ATOMIC SUPLEX's jet-powered rock and roll (seriously, their lead singer spends the whole set in a fighter pilot helmet), the more psych-y MUERTOS, the denim jacket girls in a leather jacket world MAJORETTES, the thrumming VIRVON VARVON, the super snotty GAGGERS and their Spits-y side project STALIN VIDEO, the un-Googleable MICHAEL JACKSON, surf-influenced VOODOO BINMEN, DEADBEAT, RICKY C QUARTET, SCRAPS, LOBOTOMITES, and ROADSIDE KILLERS.

FRAU

NO

Ever since the CLASH covered "Police and Thieves," London has been home to bands pushing together punk with reggae and ska influences, and there are plenty of dubsters and skankers continuing that tradition. BOGUS GASMAN, the Rancid-esque SHOT!, HEADJAM, riotous JAKAL, psychobilly-influenced the LYCHEN, AND NOW WE'RE EVEN, MINDFRAME and the SKINTS all dig out some version of party-against-the-power vibe.

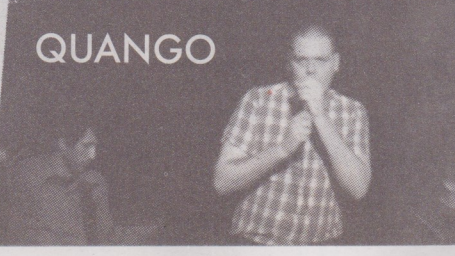
Doyens of the London punk scene HARD SKIN remain in full force, with a new EP *Do You Like Hospital Food?* turning up at the end of 2014. They still churn out classics, popping up every few months to give "All Coppers Are Cunts" a good airing and spend half the set mocking the crusties down in front. One of the joys of watching them the last couple years was the chance that one of the guest vocalists from *Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear?* would pop up on stage with them. Seeing Miki Berenyi shouting "Eat my arse!" or Debbie Smith sing "Sausage Man" was a special delight.

I believe there's a fairly active Oi! Scene, though I don't know too much about it. While there are some decent bands like rough London Oi! CROWN COURT drawing on the likes of 999 or CHELSEA for tunes about the tube and other London bothers, and properly anthemic left wingers BOTTLEJOB, there's always the possibility of running into someone with a leg tattoo which reads "Ian Stuart: See You in Valhalla," (or more frequently, the kind of person who refuses to condemn far right politics out of some craven stab at "unity") which is always something to be avoided. Oi! Oi! the Shop in the bowels of Camden Market is probably the best place to go for Oi!, showcasing a wide range of Oi! records, books (generally of the self-mythologizing ghostwritten criminal autobiography variety), skinhead clothes, and memorabilia. A bunch of the older bands like INFA RIOT, the BUSINESS, and the COCKNEY REJECTS are still kicking around playing the occasional gig. COCKNEY REJECTS in particular still do put on a pretty great show, with a fantastically active front man shadowboxing the whole set and delivering excitable beyond parody East End stage banter. Their last album featured an admirable attempt to connect with the current culture of their environs, featuring as it did a young East London rapper. Unfortunately, it was pretty much as cringeworthy as that sounds.

Like the city itself, punk in London is constant struggle with its own history, as gleaming new monuments to late capitalism squat uncomfortably beside Victorian townhouses, brutalist post-war tower blocks, Gothic churches, and Art Deco shopping parades. London's current punk and hardcore scenes exist simultaneously as an ever-spinning merry-go-round of older bands, dedicated lifers, and let's-get-the-band-back-together reunion acts (most of the bands definitely couldn't be considered cash-ins when there's so little cash to be made) playing the back room of pubs on any given Friday night.

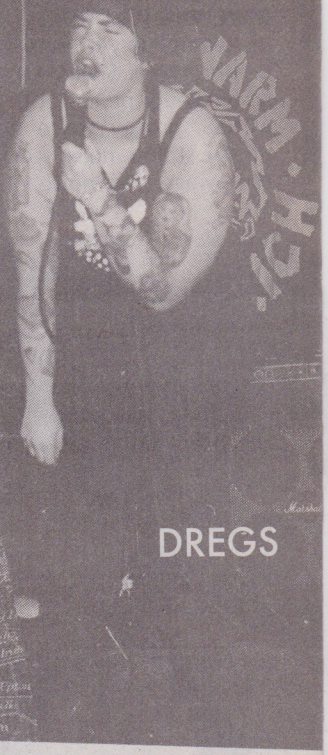
There are also newer bands featuring older punks, like BERMONDSEY JOYRIDERS featuring members of CHELSEA, the CRUNCH featuring Terry Chimes of the CLASH and Mick Geggus of COCKNEY REJECTS, and the MUTANTS featuring Rat Scabies of the DAMNED. While most of the time these bands aren't amazing, it's still cool to see people who've made music their life still doing it for fun after all these years. Of the older bands, HAGAR THE WOMB, LOST CHERREES, SNUFF, DECADENT FEW, the RESTARTS, COCK SPARRER, PART 1 and dozens more play, some regularly, some just once or twice a year (coordinating babysitters is a tricky business). While of course it can be fun to go see the older bands for an intoxicating nostalgia trip, the assumption among too many people that these represent some kind of "realer" punk is tiresome, but it is behind these boring media narratives that punk has lived and thrived ever since

TRASHKIT



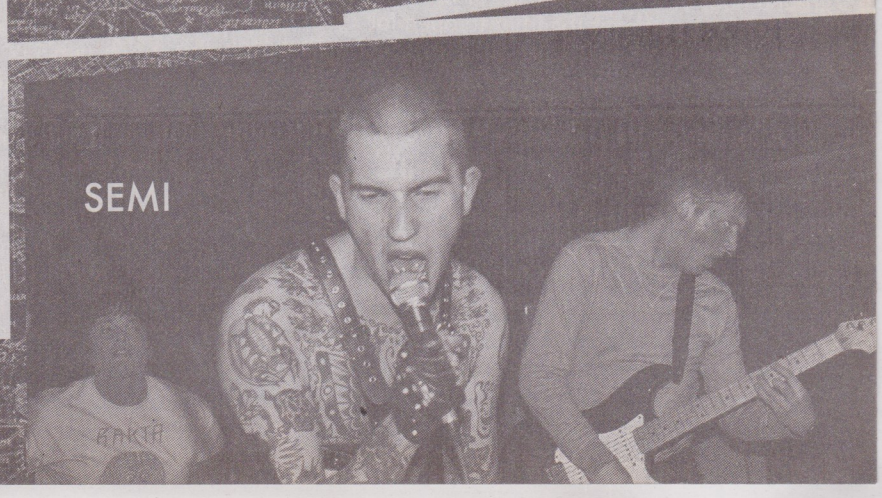
QUANGO

it fell out of the public consciousness as the brand new beat, the snarling threat to society. Go see those bands if you want, though you've probably got at best a 50-50 chance of a band that old falling closer to enjoyable than dire, and it's a bit odd to see MENACE cranking out "GLC" almost 30 fucking years after the actual Greater London Council that the song put on blast disbanded. London is still so full of current poor-hating out-of-touch pricks to be shouting your punk songs about. Jamie Thomson of the blog *Through Being Cool* wrote about the surreal experience of being asked to DJ a gallery opening for an exhibit of old hardcore flyers, playing classic bangers to a crowd of utterly disinterested socialites only there for the booze and the ambience provided by the vague distance-neutered whiff of an underground culture they would never have been caught dead taking part in. A little while ago I was bumming around Soho checking out a few record stores when I spotted a bloke standing outside some kind of obviously-exclusive party and it took me a bit to place him as Glen Matlock, there for an opening of a CLASH-focused pop-up shop. While that was kinda cool to see, I didn't want to hang around with all the middle-aged blokes on the opposite pavement, struggling for a glimpse of Don Letts or Paul Simonon, when up in Archway London/Berlin collaboration the LOVE TRIANGLE were putting out their first LP of irresistible garage power pop after six tapes of dirty scratched-out punk earworms, supported by SHOPPING and their tightly-drawn queer funk punk for dancing the night away. I knew where I'd rather be.



SHOPPING, like the similarly irresistibly danceable TRASH KIT with whom they share members, are a band that could fall under the nebulous banner of post-punk, where many of London's best and most interesting bands lie, from the pulsating punch of VERTICAL SLUMP, trilingual no-wave surf pop AS ONDAS, ROSEANNE BARRR's compelling harsh weirdness, RAVIOLI ME AWAY's jazzy attitude, dissonant weird punk WOOLF making a ferocious racket with a new LP out soon, and go-to-the-bog-and-you'll-literally-miss-'em sets, sample-heavy and spectacularly named GIN AND CRACK ATTACK MACACQUES, surreal bass-driven electro-punk HOTGOTHIC, and the SMEAR doing a scuffed up careening take on the driving post-punk of the SOUND. One fantastic thing about the current scene is that a lot of the bands I've mentioned are either all-female or feature female members, and that's by no means a comprehensive list, as riot grrrls the ETHICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, party punks RABIES BABIES, and many more in every subgenre are carving out a scene for themselves.

There's BIG JOANIE, lo-fi black feminist punk indie band, with their tape *Sistah Punk* out on Tuff Enuff records, part EMILY'S SASSY LIME and part '90s R&B, rejecting both the white male punk orthodoxy and scrubs, hanging out the passenger side of their best friend's ride. PERSONNEL do danceable indie punk, soulful vocals drawing stark sketches of alienated modernity. WOLF GIRL play jangly garage pop, and ACTUAL CRIMES play deadly sharp feminist post-punk. SAUNA YOUTH's inventive and irresistibly smooth punk, as capable of writing a compelling ten minute song as a two minute one, have a new split out with MONOTONY (who I believe are the same members in a different configuration) and their roughly-hewn thumping buzz. SEMI, real eejit noise punk declaring total war on hard-on, are always a great live spectacle, the only band to release their liner notes a year before their music. The new and unstoppable KICHIGAI hit like a bomb at their first show, feel like a bizarro combination of countless different musical styles at once that shouldn't work but they do, theatrical theremin-laced rock'n'roll about weird desires and social alienation. PRIMETIME have a real UK DIY sound, all simplistic rock stomps and an all-time banger of a debut single in "Tied Down." They, like BIG JOANIE, formed at an event a couple years ago called FIRST TIMERS in which people started bands with no prior experience to playing instruments (or at least playing the instrument they played in the band).



There's yet more who don't fit into any of these rough categories: bizarro nineteenth century anarcho-punks THE MEN WHO WILL NOT BE BLAMED FOR NOTHING put the punk in steampunk with songs about and the dangers of onanism, deathrock-ish SHALLOW SANCTION, TAMAN SHUD's weirdo screwed-up psych-rock, discomfiting and dirty MIDNIGHT MINES, proggy space punk MISTER SUSAN, weird electro messy stoner noise KAD, hard-riffing noise rock SKY:LARK, the swaggering noise of the SLY PERSUADERS, the CRISIS-worship of HYGIENE and QUANGO, and the noise pop of PLAYLOUNGE. There are anarcho-punk bands like SLUG, who ride hard for the animal rights direct action and whose singer nicked all his stage presence from WWE wrestlers, straight-up street punk bands like BLATOIDEA, and bleep-blorp robotic synthpunks MISCALCULATIONS. There's something to enjoy everywhere, from transatlantic pogo one-gig wonders NITPICKERS to twenty-piece punk rock ukulele orchestra the PUKES. I could go on.

VENUES

The long-running quest for a true DIY space continues apace and finally seems to be within reach. The DIY Space For London collective has just signed a lease on the ground floor of a warehouse off of Old Kent Road and are getting it together to open for shows soon. Until then, gigs tend to take place in a motley collection of pubs and venues, hired out youth clubs, and even the occasional shed. Last year the Grosvenor, South London's premier punk pub, closed down, the landlord deciding that he couldn't be bothered to deal with the prospect of the residents of the new luxury flats complaining about the legions of punks necking cans of Tyskie (current punk beer of choice) on the street outside, and the 12 Bar was forced to move north from its Central London home to Holloway Road, both victims of London's relentless gentrification.

Some of the bars and pubs include the Macbeth and the Stag's Head in Hoxton, the Windmill in Brixton, the Westbury in Wood Green, the Unicorn, the Black Heart and the Devonshire Arms in Camden, the Shacklewell Arms in Shacklewell, the Intrepid Fox in Archway, Birthdays in Dalston, the Cavendish Arms in Stockwell, and even the Pipeline near Liverpool Street, which is a strange place that feels like a rich person's idea of a punk dive bar. Two of the most active are the cozy Bird's Nest in Deptford, where the Keep It in the Family crew put on a wide-range of free punk gigs featuring local and touring bands and the Montague Arms, ten minutes down the road and with its odd mixture of tacky chintz, mock Tudor architecture, and steampunk decor, looking like a taxidermist's dirigible crashed into in my nan's living room.

Power Lunches in Dalston is a hub of activity, the sort of pokey little hole (sweltering basement with unreliable air conditioning, one toilet cubicle for the whole bar) that everyone gripes and moans about that is also responsible for some of the best shows of the last few years. There are plenty bigger venues dotted around London like the Underworld and the Electric Ballroom in Camden, the Dome in Tufnell Park, and the Borderline in Soho. T-Chances in Tottenham is a large-ish community center where a lot of DIY shows take place. With two rooms, it's a nice size venue for bigger DIY shows, hosting the likes of LOS CRUDOS, S.H.I.T., and SUBHUMANS in recent years. Unfortunately, multiple women have reported problems with creepy staff members.

LABELS & FESTS

With so many bands, there inevitably need to be people putting the stuff out. La Vida Es Un Mus is one of the best punk labels, not just in the UK but in the world, putting out new stuff from the best punk bands all over the globe and reissuing stone cold classics like DISCLOSE and NEOPUNKZ. Close behind are labels like Muscle Horse and Static Shock that also have a murderer's row of bands from the UK and beyond. Quality Control is more hardcore focused. Disconnect Disconnect usually releases more melodic stuff, as does Everything Sucks, which focuses more on pop punk/gruff punk and also does regular club nights. Dirty Water specializes in garage punk. Imminent Destruction distros a lot of great Japanese stuff in addition to UK bands. Milk Records, Wolf Tapes, and Super-Fi all do their own thing, putting out everything from indie pop to hardcore to harsh noise. On the non-music front, Outside World and Carry On Screaming do great punk prints, shirts, patches, badges, and other accessories.

The highlight of last year was Static Shock Weekend, an amazing event that saw the best bands from around London, the UK, and the world converge for four days of absolute punk destruction. There's also Another Winter of Discontent, with focus on older bands, Chimpyfest for grindcore lovers, and Fuk Reddin on the weekend of the huge corporate rock Reading and Leeds festivals.

SHOPS

London's only dedicated punk record shop is All Ages in Camden, which has a wide range of new and used records in all styles, also featuring zines, shirts, tickets, badges, books, and more. With plenty of gig listings in the window, it's a great place to scope out what's going on. Reckless Records, Music and Video Exchange, and Sister Ray in Soho, Music and Video Exchange in Notting Hill, and many more dotted about the capital are all good places to find stuff. Way down in West Wickham, Rollin' Records has a great selection of old punk records, though it's only open three days a week. There are also various stalls dotted about London's numerous markets (such as the one on Camden Lock) which are always good for a spot of crate digging.

ZINES

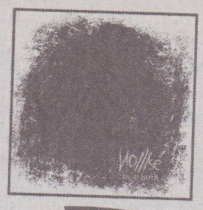
There is a thriving London zine scene, which is often slightly adjacent to the punk scene. There are regular zine fests focusing on queer, feminist, and anarchist issues, with loads of interesting writers and artists putting out their own stuff. In terms of more punk focused stuff London has zines like *The Kids Will Have Their Say*, *Hex TV*, *Read This Outside*, *Cognitive Surplus*, my own humble logorrheic effort *Brutalist Shimmy*, and probably many more, though when picking up the random zine off a distro you never really know exactly where it comes from. Deserving of special mention is the tape zine *Another Subculture*, with a great mixture of interviews and music.

THE LOVE TRIANGLE

EFIALTIS

That's a rough shape of London punk but, like I said, it's so sprawling and diverse I could never hope to cover everything. Sometimes it can be frustrating how a lot of these mini-scenes seem fractured and don't cross over with each other, but it also keeps things interesting. If you want to go see some brain-breaking queer feminist art noise every other weekend, or just want to fuck off to see some '77 band run through its classic singles every six months, there's space for all shades and shapes of punk rock, enough to encourage every form of participation. It's up to you. Half a dozen new bands have probably formed in the time you spent reading this. Shout out to anyone I missed, anyone who comes to shows or buys records or zines, unless you're shit or a wanker.

rvivr
bicker and breathe 12inch



vo///se
lower berth 12inch

caves
leaving 12inch

high dive
europe 12inch

down and outs
lifeline 12inch

caves
betterment 12inch

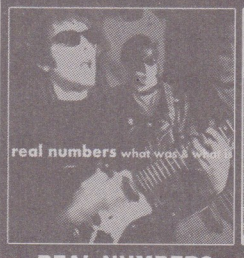
yoyo RECORDS

www.yoyorecords.de
coming soon: more tours, more records

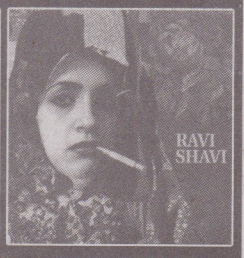
ALMOST READY
TR RECORDS
OUT NOW!

ATLANTIC THRILLS
S/T LP/CD/CS

BUMMERS EVE
Fly On The Wall 7"



REAL NUMBERS
What Was & What Is
CD/CS

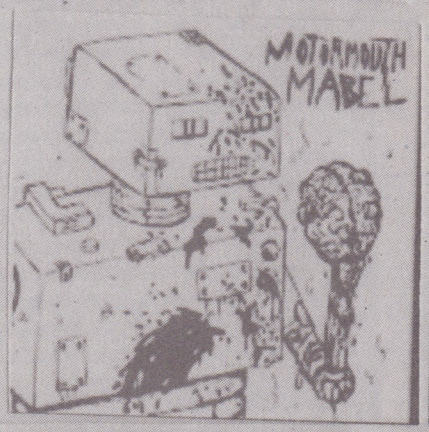


RAVI SHAVI
S/T LP/CD/CS

COMING SOON:
ATLANTIC THRILLS - Bed Bugs 7"
BUMMERS EVE - S/T LP/CD

www.almostreadyrecords.com

TICK TOCK RECORDS PRESENTS



Motormouth Mabel "permanent vacation"
7" Single raw garage punk $7ppd Out Now!!

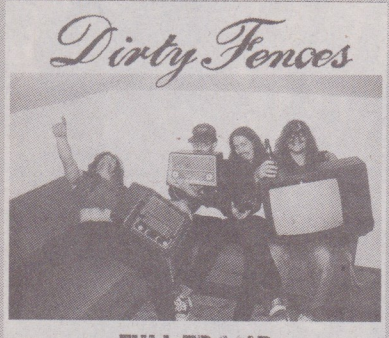
WORTZ
Tape
$5ppd

Coming Soon
The Brothers Doomster
Wounded Tongue

basement brewed thrash

www.ticktockrecords.org

OUT NOW FROM SLOVENLY RECORDINGS

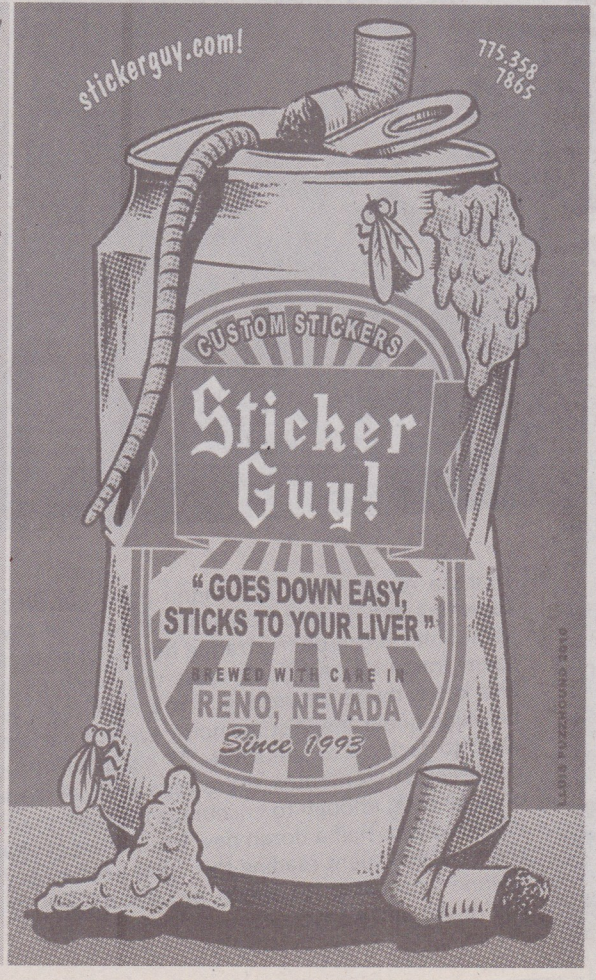


DIRTY FENCES "Full Tramp" LP/CD/CS

OVER 1,000 MORE RADICAL RECORDS IN THE SLOVENLY MAILORDER AT
WWW.SLOVENLY.COM

THE PENETRATORS "She's the Kinda Girl" 7inch

THE RAYDIOS "Brand New Kid" 7inch



Flesh World is that all-too-rare beast: the all San Francisco-based band, living proof that the city's storied creative queer spirit has hung on through bubbles and booms and their attendant bursts and crashes. We talked about the marriage of punk and pop, inspiration, experimentation, and life in this changing city in the back of a tiki bar this past April.

Interview and introduction by Grace Ambrose.
Photos courtesy of Roxanne Clifford and Melissa Farley.

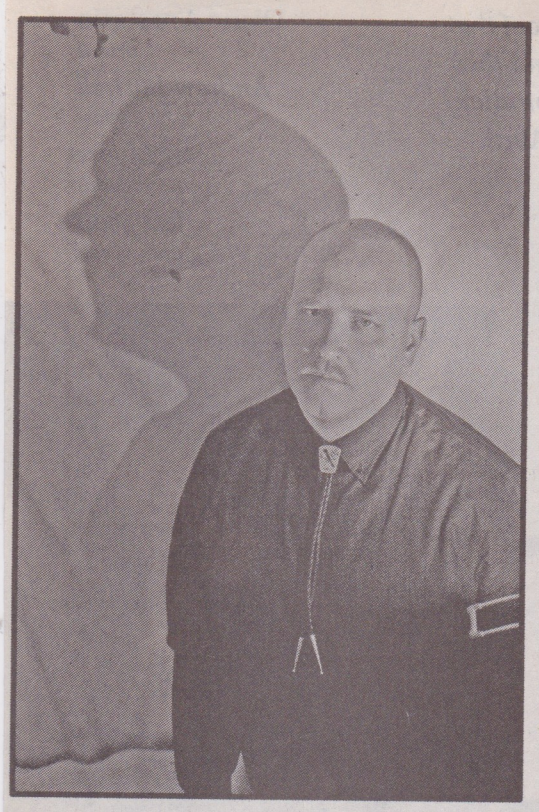
Diane Anastasio
drums
Andrew Luttrell
bass
Scott Moore
guitar
Jess Scott
guitar, vocals

MRR: So I have to tell you, when Flesh World started there were a lot of rumblings on the East Coast. "Did you hear? Diane plays in this new band *and she doesn't use any cymbals.*"
Scott: I wish they could have seen our first practice with Diane, in my tiny bedroom. She had a broken foot, her leg was propped up…
Diane: I had one tom and one snare.
Scott: And we were playing out of tiny amps.
Jess: Scott had this loft. He was sitting up in his bed and I was standing. Diane had one leg up with a tom. It was all that could fit. And then as a group we decided we didn't want cymbals. It made it sound so lean and strong. Now the cymbals are like a treat.
Diane: I had to add them in eventually, I was getting a little bored. Running out of things to do.

MRR: Jess, it started as just you and Scott playing together.
Jess: We started hanging out and talking about how we both really liked Mary Chain. We were like, "That's cool, we should play music together." There are two different Mary Chains though, and we were talking about two different Mary Chains, two pretty different sounds.
Scott: And then we wrote songs that sounded nothing like what we were talking about, which is great, because I don't really want to play in a sound-alike band.
Jess: I don't think anyone would ever draw that conclusion. We did the first four or five songs with just Scott and I and then brought Diane in in the bedroom. The first four or five songs are when you're defining what it's gonna be about. Our friend Chris recorded bass with us as a favor. He liked what we were doing and wanted to support us. We didn't really know what we wanted to do with it.
Scott: We weren't even planning on using the first recording for anything other than demos.
Jess: We didn't know what to expect. Then we kept it.

MRR: It was totally different this time around. The recording process was extremely drawn-out and intentional. You worked with a producer, Don Pyle, which you're very vocal about. It's definitely not a common thing to do in our punk pocket of the world.
Jess: We chose to put the producer thing up front—in the original mock-ups of the record it was huge. It came from a dance music / electronic place. That's the problem with punk right? Everything's either punk or not punk, while there's actually like, a Technicolor world. It was completely without reference to punk.
Scott: Before this band if you would have said to me that I would play on a record with a "producer" I would have been like, "What the fuck are you talking about?"
Jess: So would I…

MRR: Maybe it's just the act of naming it that is surprising.
Scott: Even when we recorded with Brad DerManouelian, who engineered and mixed our first two records and co-engineered the LP with Don Pyle, he would do stuff and we would leave and come back and he would be like, "I did this cool thing at the end," like the end of "A Line In Wet Grass" with that really long drawn-out kind of dubby sounding thing." And we were like, "Oh yeah, I guess that's what a producer does." With Don, we let him take full control at his studio in Toronto and he would send us mixes. He played a major role in this record. Listen to the end of "Here In the Dark," where we gave him a rough idea of what we wanted and he added extra percussion and effects that just sound better than anything we could have hoped for. Don is brilliant.
Jess: There was quite a lag between recording and mixing—three months, four months—which was really good on so many levels. We waited that long because we could only use Don. He did these really rough mixes and it was like dragging the dust cloth off the record, already going from black and white to color. We thought, "We have to wait for him." He's



brilliant and experimental and bold but totally intuitive. You are the most important thing in the process. Talk about Goldilocks, for like four weeks it was me being like "louder, quieter, louder, quieter." He was just insanely patient and nice. He treats us better than we treat each other. I don't know where you get someone who is that talented who is also that kind. Not to say anything about anyone else I've worked with but Don is next level on every level. Someone's personality—not being a dick—is really important to me. As important as the gear.

MRR: You've had a lot of genius co-conspirators in this. Iron Lung and La Vida Es Un Mus are the two labels you've worked with so far. They're two of my favorite labels precisely because they are very diverse in terms of their output—you could never say "this is the Iron Lung sound" or "that sounds like a LVEUM band." Most people in the world would be thrilled to have a record out on either. You have both!

Scott: Dreammakers!

Jess: The level of luck in that is…not luck to do it, luck in that they are both as cool as you would think. You don't really know until you do it. It's hard to find such a happy medium. Someone who can do their job and you can sleep with both eyes shut. That is a very tiny Venn diagram. It's been absolutely smooth. Even Jensen makes us these handmade test presses.

Scott: Personalized test presses with our names on them.

Jess: They want to be doing it for the right reasons.

MRR: I love something I read once that Jess said about Brilliant Colors, that yes, it's pop music, but she won't be satisfied unless there's a toothless maniac for Finnish hardcore singing along in the front row. In many ways, Flesh World seems like the happy marriage of your punk pasts—Scott's hardcore history, Jess and Diane's punk-pop history!

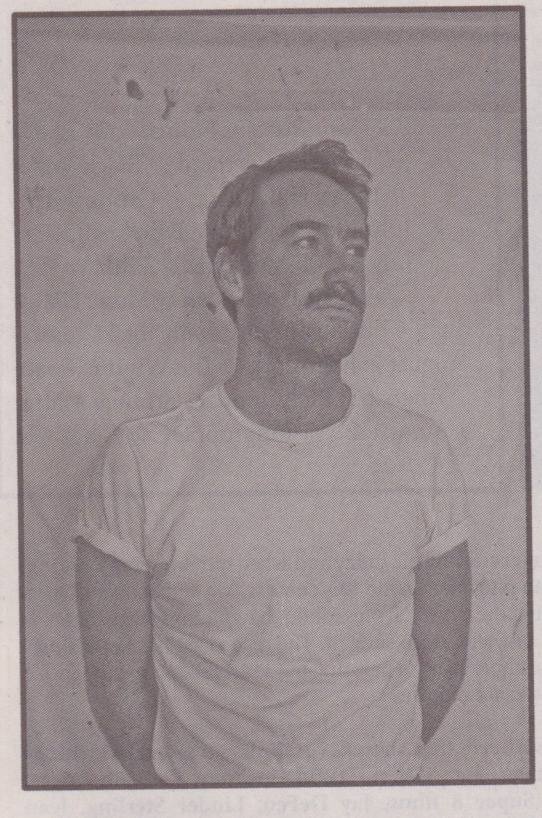
Jess: It seems everything I do fits awkwardly, just in completely different ways, whether it's Brilliant Colors or painting or Flesh World. I think most worthwhile things don't fit, that's why we recognize them as really vital. We talk about influences like Jean Genet and Linder Sterling—it's totally obscure living we now graciously experience historically and I feel really lucky for that. Fuck knows I wouldn't have wanted to be in Genet's prison cell or as ignored and ripped off as Sterling. The only thing that feels like cohesion with our musical environment or pasts, or with these like-minded worlds, is the way we all don't fit. But it's a group effort.

Scott: I feel like the same people from the same community of folks are just as helpful and supportive of Flesh World as they have been for our other bands. Jon and Jensen from Iron Lung are very much our people. I think that I had some preconceived notion that people I knew would hate what I was doing with this band, but it has not been the case. Of course I think that there are some staunch, stick-up-the-butt punks who will hate that we are making videos where you can totally tell that we aren't even playing our guitars and lip-synching along to the music, but you can't please everyone.

MRR: Flesh World has been a space for experimentation in a lot of ways. What was the learning curve like? Jess, when did you fall in love with the 12-string?

Jess: I got a twelve-string about six years ago because I admired the guitar work of Roger McGuinn and Amy Linton. They're the kings. It's a tool for me though, to make songs with Scott that we want to play loudly from second story apartments. It's a vehicle, and that has been running all throughout; [use] whatever gets you to the best thing you can possibly hear. Scott and I come from very different places of playing guitar but I think we both have a similar ideal in this way. I'm really lucky that I'm so un-musical, it means everything needs to be very clear and have a reason and a purpose. Diane has a good impatience and quality control that keeps things up to a certain caliber, too. Scott and I have also both worked on listening and having more control over the sound's impact, Flesh World is constantly like this really wild thing we are trying to peel away so everyone else can hear what we hear. I think in a way that has been really a breakthrough for us artistically compared to other projects.

Scott: I definitely feel that I have been able to experiment and explore more than I do in other bands. I have been asked how this project relates to my other bands, which tend to be more aggressive. It feels both challenging and satisfying to try to convey a different feeling. There is such a wide range of human emotion, that I don't feel the need to limit myself to a singular expression. Prior to starting Flesh World, I had been getting really into synths and electronics and I have been able to incorporate these elements into our music. It is all exciting to me.



MRR: There are moments on the new record where I catch myself thinking, "Is that a synth?"
Scott: There's a little bit.

MRR: Is it ever going to come into your live performance?
Scott: We had talked about it before but…
Jess: It's a supportive instrument.
Scott: I don't think it's something that we'll ever perform with…I can't say never though.
Jess: You asking if there's synth on it, I know you are exaggerating to ask the question, but that's exactly what I wanted. Scott played it like that on purpose—hopefully you can't hear it, it just makes it sound bigger. My favorite part of it is at the beginning of "Just to Tear Me Down." It just really makes it. It's my favorite synth part.
Scott: You can barely hear it. But you know it's there.
Jess: You can't hear the song starting without it.

MRR: Some of my favorite things about the record are things that would be difficult—or impossible!—to replicate in a live setting. I've seen you guys play in a bunch of less than ideal situations. I imagine it takes a lot of strategizing.
Andrew: A lot of strategizing.
Jess: We're working on it. We're working on it. It's a real process in a way, that Diane, Scott, and I have never experienced. You have to work on it. It's just coming from a totally different place. It's definitely not "play as loud and as fast as you can and get it over with, which has pretty much been the M.O. of everything else that we've all done. You know, hurry up and play before the cops come. It takes work. We're not having some Beastie Boys meltdown about reproducing stuff, though. It's a lot to pull off.

A lot of it is Andrew being like, "Get a fucking power strip." Why haven't we had a power strip? There are little things like that. Scott and I, we're not used to playing with five pedals.
Andrew: I played in bands where it didn't sound good for months and then we figured it out. I've played in not punk bands, I guess.
Jess: Andrew knows how to harmonize. *[laughs]* It's just a real learning curve. Part of it is just the schizophrenic nature: we had a band, then we recorded, then I moved away, then we were going to play live and then…

MRR: You left and came back to San Francisco several different times in the past few years. By most accounts, if you don't have a lot of money, San Francisco is a really difficult place to live right now. Why come back?
Scott: Because I'm here.
Jess: Well, that's a big part of it. I was planning on leaving when that first 12-inch came out. I was trying other stuff. I needed to be back here to finish up writing the LP and recording and I was like, actually, Flesh World is the most worthwhile thing I've done in two years. Andrew and I both grew up here and left for LA and came back at the same time. This question is hard—it always comes up. I feel like me and Andrew both try and be pretty positive about the city and didn't really drink the Kool-Aid on other people leaving. I think San Francisco has obviously changed, no one can deny that, but I think you need to live the future. It's always been hard to be an artist or be gay or be interesting anywhere and all you can do is have an honest reflection of that. If we were playing in some saccharine, happy sunshine pop band, that would not be a reflection of the city. All you can do is just still create something more memorable than whatever bullshit's going on, cause no one's gonna care about that.
Diane: It's really easy to talk shit on San Francisco right now and be really negative about it. That's not my vibe. I don't want to feel negative about this place, because I want to come back.
Scott: San Francisco is obviously not an easy place to be. Almost every interviewer asks us about the fallout of the new wave of the tech industry that has made San Francisco such an expensive place to live. It is really hard not to play into the same tired "SF sucks now, let's all move to LA" narrative that was being written in the media regarding a certain subset of the Bay Area music scene a couple of years ago. On the other hand, you see all of your friends being evicted with no other choice but to move away and you really do feel the impact.
Jess: It is annoying, you see people who just moved here complaining about it and you're like "go home."
Andrew: It's ending right now. I'm a barista right now, at a coffee shop in the middle of the tech industry. Three offices have closed and laid-off everyone in the last two weeks.
Scott: I see it too. I work with the public, I cut hair. I see it all the time, people are changing jobs, saying everyone got fired.
Jess: I'm from here, this is the third time I've seen it.
Andrew: She'll ride it out.
Jess: I'm gonna chill, crack open a beer.
Scott: People are always talking about how there's nothing going on here. There are three things every night that I want to do. Maybe you're just really boring and have like one interest…
Jess: It is true if you *only* want to go to a punk show. The world is sad period. Have you been to New York recently? There is a late capitalistic situation going on everywhere.
Scott: It's everywhere
Jess: There's no good soundbite for San Francisco. I think Andrew's right. I would put my money on the worst is over. Martin's leaving though, so the world is ending.

MRR: Okay, okay, so San Francisco isn't as bad as everyone says it is. Where do you take someone who is visiting to show them the parts of the city worth coming back for?
Jess: An SF tour! Geez, this is hard but I would say do a radio show at *MRR*, buy some zines at Goteblüd, get some tunes at Pyramid Records, see the red rock clay of Bernal Hill, go to a Giants game and cruise the industrial Bay access zone down by the ball park, educate yourself at City Lights (they don't care if you stay seven hours in the poetry room and buy nothing!), freeze your ass off at the nude beach. The rest is secret! Just avoid the $9 donuts and you'll be fine.

SUMMER TOUR DATES

June 20: San Francisco @ El Rio
June 26: Portland @ Black Water
June 27: Bellevue @ Ground Zero
July 30: Brooklyn @ Baby's All Right
July 31: Philadelphia @ PhilaMOCA
August 1: Brooklyn @ Music Hall of Williamsburg (with Total Control)
August 2: Baltimore @ The Windup Space
August 3: Richmond @ Strange Matter
August 4: Washington, DC @ Black Cat

Scott: The Columbarium, Marc McCloud's Acid Museum, the secondhand smut shops, pipin' hot Bob's Donuts fresh out of the glazer! See a film at the Castro Theater and get there early to hear the beautiful sounds of the Wurlitzer, go to a drag show at Aunt Charlie's, get high and go dancing…

MRR: Your record is called *The Wild Animals In My Life*. It made me think of that book *Wild Animals I Have Known: Polk Street Diaries and After*, which is a memoir about a pre-AIDs crisis San Francisco. Is there a link?
Jess: No! The title is literally lifted from an old *National Geographic*, as is "A Trip To The Living Ice Age" [a song on the first record]. It was about a zookeeper, with orangutans hanging all over him, but it said something else to me. The similarity is cool too, though.

MRR: You're a very literary band in a lot of ways, which is why, even though my reading of your title was incorrect, it seemed possible! Your aesthetic is very much one that lifts pieces from the world and reframes them. I remember being immediately struck by something on your twelve-inch—you actually cited where you drew the cover image from! In our relentless photocopy culture few bands ever acknowledge their source material.
Jess: In terms of documenting the stuff and what that means—I don't think you can create an aesthetic in an "add water" kind of way, you have to read the book and look at the photography and have an education or an interest in educating yourself. What good does it do to just plop a picture down and expect, I don't know what? It's not to be like "Oh, here's this window into this world," but it is to be like, "Oh, were you curious? Well, we were too." It's also about not not giving people credit.
Scott: The cover of the LP was taken by the pornographer J. Brian. It was taken from a collection of Thank You cards that were basically photographs of his hustlers, his rent boys, with absolutely zero text. We had been rifling through stuff, trying to find an image that we thought fit the record for a long time. During this process I had been reading a biography about a guy named Sam Steward called *The Secret Historian*. He was an English professor, writer, and a tattoo artist who was documenting all of his sexual encounters that became a major part of Kinsey's study of human sexuality. A day or two after we found the photograph I read that J. Brian was providing Sam Steward with hustlers, probably even the one on the cover of our album.

MRR: A real mark of their success is that these images are really powerful on their own, even if you don't know this history. Like adding cymbals, the context is a special treat, but it's not an overly conceptual framework. Jess, you are a visual artists who doesn't bring your art practice into the band.
Jess: This guy was interviewing me today and asked me about my painting. I don't feel like I can plug painting in this context. Me and Scott and have worked on designing the covers. It's less about having a message than it is about creating an aesthetic from scratch. The record art has to be a part of that. We thought about using a painting but I just felt too much like…I might not like that in six months.

MRR: You've developed this shared vocabulary of creative things outside of yourselves. Jean Genet, David Hockney, Kenneth Anger, Bruce LaBruce's Super 8 films, Jay DeFeo, Linder Sterling, Jean Cocteau, Josef K, Cabaret Voltaire, Patrick Cowley, Solid Space, Blitz. These are all things that you count among your touchstones.
Jess: We have a lot of interests outside of music that are similar. Often we're not as interested in talking about the same band as we are in talking about a photographer or a writer.
Scott: It's so hard to say that we're directly influenced by anything.
Jess: Right now I am making my way through the entire Jean Genet catalogue. I feel like I could say that today and in four months, I would be like, what?
Scott: I always say that my favorite book is *Close to the Knives* by David Wojnarowicz. I am not sure if that influences our music, but it had more of an effect on me than any book I have ever read.
Jess: I feel like, especially looking at things for the record, when Scott sees a photograph he knows if I'm going to like it. That's a pretty rare thing to have between two people playing music together.

MRR: Diane and Jess, the two of you have that same thing but on a musical level. The two of you have been in bands together for a really long time—before this it was Index, before that it was the great Brilliant Colors.
Jess: Diane, she's like, when you have a car and it breaks down, and you didn't know how good you have it. That's a really messy analogy. Not that I've really even tried, but I can't imagine doing anything without her. Not that I take her for granted, but it's easy to. Anything I do is going to sound a million times better with Diane.

MRR: She's leaving though! What are you going to do?
Scott: Roland 707.
Jess: Stick a picture of her up above it. Calling all drummers, calling all drummers, start learning your parts now! You can be in the Rolling Stones.

Flesh World's first LP The Wild Animals In My Life *is out now on Iron Lung Records.*

McRaD

Lion Pure 2xLP

Skate Rock Classic

Double LP set featuring Dominant Force 12", Absence of Sanity LP, tracks from Thrasher Skate Rock Vol 2 and more. Guest appearance by HR of Bad Brains

NOT LIKE YOU RECORDS

102 Richmond Ave SE

Albuquerque NM 87106

www.notlikeyourecords.com

LOW THREAT PROFILE "PRODUCT #3" 7"
PHOBIA "GRIND CORE" 7"
MITB "ABUNDANCE OF GUNS" 10"
WEEKEND NACHOS-"STILL" LP
CALLOUS "FUCKING USELESS" 7"
MITB/BIZAAR UPROAR SPLIT 10"
COLD WORLD / HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH LP
NO COMMENT "LIVE ON KXLU 1992" 7"
TO THE POINT "GIVE ME A REASON 7"
BASTARD NOISE / LACK OF INTEREST LP/CD
REPROACH / CITIZENS PATROL 7"
MAN IS THE BASTARD / BLEEDING RECTUM LP
NAUSEA "CONDEMNED TO THE SYSTEM" LP
WEEKEND NACHOS "UNFORGIVABLE" LP
MITB "BACKWARD SPECIES" 7"
LOW THREAT PROFILE "PRODUCT #1" 7"
D.I.S. "BECOMING WRATH" LP
NOISEAR "TURBULENT RESURGENCE" LP
AFGRUND "AGE OF DUMB" LP
MAN IS THE BASTARD/AUNT MARY 10"
FAST ASLEEP LP
BASTARD NOISE "THE PROGRESSION OF SICKNESS" 10"
PHOBIA "REMNANTS OF FILTH" LP
COLD WAR "FAST BERLIN HARDCORE"CD
WEEKEND NACHOS / LACK OF INTEREST 7"
MANPIG "THE GRAND NEGATIVE" LP
HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH "SKULLAVANCHE" LP
SIDE TRACKED / SELF INFLICTED 7"
BRUTAL TRUTH / RUPTURE 7"
NO COMMENT "DOWNSIDED" 7"
EXTORTION "LOOSE SCREWS" 10"
INFEST 12" "NO MANS SLAVE"
SIEGE 12"
THIS COMP KILLS FASCIST VOL.1 AND VOL.2 2X LP
LOW THREAT PROFILE "PRODUCT #2" LP
BASTARD NOISE "SKULLDOZER" LP/CD
MITB "DIYCD" CD MITB "SUM OF THE MEN" CD
CRIPPLE BASTARD"Frammenti Di Vita" LP+7"
HAYMAKER/FUCKED UP 7"
NO COMMENT "COMMON SENSELESS 7"
EXTORTION "DEGENERATE" 12"
BRUTAL TRUTH / SPAZZ 7"
REPROACH "BITTER END" LP
DEEP SIX RECORDS: P.O BOX 6911
BURBANK CA. 91510 U.S.A
7" $8/$15 10"/12" $15/$25 CD $10/$14

KOTM RECORDS 20TH ANNIVERSARY FEST

FRIDAY JULY 31

CRUDOS

INFEST

culture

DONE DYING

GENERACION SUICIDA

MODERN PROBLEMS

ACxDC

COLD SORE

IRON OATH

THE LIGHT

OSS

CITY HUNTER

TERRITORY

AUSENCIA

HUMILIATION

PLUS A SCREENING OF 'DESTROY CLEVELAND'

SATURDAY AUGUST 1

CHOKEHOLD

.groundwork.

TRAPHEM

CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION

VOICE OF REASON

CHEST PAIN

SUFFERING LUNA

TO THE POINT

BLEACH EVERYTHING

SEIZURES

CIVILIZED

UNRESTRAINED

CRIME DESIRE

ELDERS

LAKRA

GATECREEPER

CULTURE SHOCK (CO)

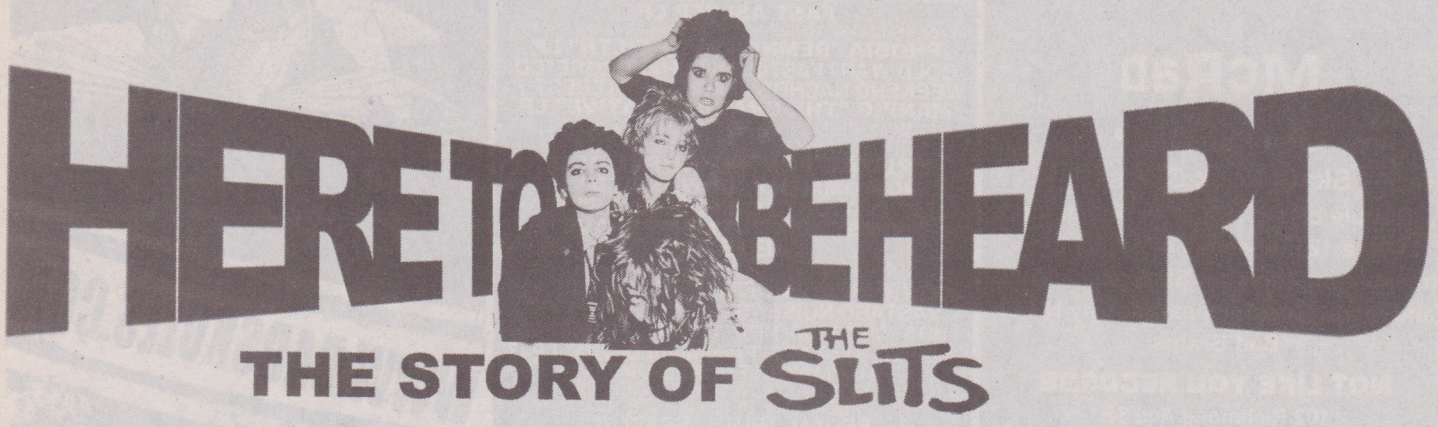
CLOAK

BLOODROOT

AT: THE NILE THEATER - MESA, ARIZONA // TICKETS AT TICKETFLY.COM OR NILETHEATER.COM

"In 1976, a band formed of all girls, they went on tour with the Clash. They were called the Slits, have you heard of them?"

— Jennifer Shagawat, Producer of* Here To Be Heard: The Story of the Slits, *premiering worldwide in 2015



The Slits gained international recognition in 1977 when they, as a band composed of mostly-teenaged girls, toured the United States with the Clash. Best known for their 1979 debut album* Cut, *the Slits decidedly broke all rules and altered "punk" to fit their vision, blazing the trail for many bands to come. In 2007, the late Slits frontwoman Ari Up asked her tour manager and friend Jennifer Shagawat to film the reformed Slits on their last two US tours. The footage would contribute to* Here To Be Heard: The Story of the Slits, *a full-length documentary currently in production. We spoke with director Bill Badgley of Molasses Manifesto and producer Jennifer Shagawat, professional punker and half of the power-duo Shellshag.

Interview and introduction by Kate Sweeney, with assistance from Dan Ball. Photos courtesy of the filmmakers.

MRR: How did you become involved with making this film?

Jennifer Shagawat: Growing up in New Jersey, the first time I heard the Slits was on the radio; their cover of "Heard it Through the Grapevine." I had no idea who it was—I just heard this super distinct voice and wanted to hear more. But it wasn't until I became friends with them that I fell in love. Ari asked me to make this film. She asked many people, but we decided to actually do it.

MRR: How did you meet the band?

Jennifer: In 2004, there was this this cable access show in Manhattan where they were interviewing...I guess. punks? My brother Jeff brought us there to see Ari Up on the show.

John "Shellhead" Driver (the other half of Shellshag): It was a show called *New York Noise*, I think the host was like...half face-painted...one shoulder pad...looking and these punks were all sitting around [Ari] when we first walked into the room. When we walked in, Ari said, "Are you guys the Liars?!" because apparently the band the Liars were supposed to be playing the show. The nature of the question made us say, "Yes," 'cause you know, then you're automatically lying.

Jennifer: Yeah! We're the Liars!

Shell: This ended up being a mistake as we then started being on camera.

MRR: Isn't that band Australian?

Shell: Yeah, and I'm tall, but I'm not as tall as Angus. He's got a foot on me maybe...

Jennifer: After the show, and after Ari realized we weren't the Liars, she grabbed onto Shell's arm and wouldn't let go. She wanted us to give her a ride downtown.

Shell: She had Jennifer touch her hair, which was pretty much unheard of we learned later.

Jennifer: We just had this moment, and she wanted me to help her with her dreads.

MRR: When did you start tour managing the band?

Jennifer: In 2007, our friend Michelle told me the Slits were going on tour and they needed a manager. I hadn't seen Ari in years, and we didn't expect to ever see her again.

Ari was determined to reform the Slits. It was a different line-up, because Viv Albertine [original guitarist] didn't want to do it and neither did Palmolive [original drummer]. But Ari was determined, and now I know why she was on this mission—she knew she was dying and didn't want the Slits be forgotten.

We all had the time of our lives. We enjoyed every minute of it. Ari was so excited about our whole DIY style that she had us book them a DIY tour! We played everywhere, even Danger Danger in Philly. Remember that place? It was awesome because they got to play with lots of bands who were inspired by their sound! Everyone worked so hard to give them the tour they deserved. My other job was to film everything on this shitty video camera. I filmed everything.

Shell: For the record Jennifer just made a film crank motion with her hands.

Jennifer: Ari wouldn't even let me keep the originals of the tapes—she dubbed them on shitty

dollar store tapes for me and the band.
Ari can be a little fierce and intense, so other people had a hard time working with her. Not many people could deal with it. She wanted everything just right—not enough reverb was a usual complaint, and then while performing would yell, *"Bird sounds, everyone!"* and you would just fall into her trance, chant bird sounds and move to her swaying. She dominated her audience. She expected people to live up to their fullest potential and if you didn't, she called you out on it. I loved being around her energy even when we fought.
And then in the middle of us working this this project, she fucking died.

MRR: Was it sudden?
Jennifer: A couple months prior [to her passing], we saw Ari and she didn't look good but she just said it was just "stress, stress." And then she wrote me an email that said, "I'm on a personal and very private journey, I am very sick."
And I said, "OK feel better soon; we gotta finish the movie!"
[in thick Ari Up accent] *"I vills be back."*
Ooooh, it still gives me chills. And that was it. I was just left with this stuff. I don't think she told many people she was sick. I had no idea how serious it was. She was quite dramatic so I sadly just thought she was just crying wolf.
A couple of months later, we [Shellshag] were in London on tour with Japanther. We stayed with Tessa's [the Slits' bassist] and sure enough BBC kicks up something about the Slits and Ari popped up on the screen.

MRR: What was the impetus for taking the footage and making an actual documentary out of it?
J: Tessa was the one who said, "We gotta do this movie." I didn't know what to do. I had all this footage, but I just happened to be there at the end of a very long story. I had no idea how to tackle a proper doc. If I was left on my own this would just be a psychedelic mess.
It made the most sense to have Bill be brought on as director for the film, to make it what it should be. He made *Kill All Redneck Pricks*, the amazing KARP documentary, and was our roommate and close friend. We were able to let him focus on the bigger picture with creative control and clean up our mess. As we talked about, Ari was very controlling. She would set everything up and then say, "Okay, go," and that's what she did on a lot of the tapes I have. Ari would come over to our old house in Bushwick and just press record and film us just hanging out and talking for hours. We filmed the tours too, of course. I hope we can give the Slits the respect and credit they deserve with this film. Without Bill I don't think this dream would have become a reality.

"They didn't know whether to fuck us or kill us"
– Viv Albertine

MRR: With Jennifer's tapes, archival footage, and new interviews, how did you go about structuring the film?
Bill Badgley: We designed this film to be based around opening Tessa's scrapbook, instead of a lot of talking boxes. We wanted to show the story of their whole life.
Shell: Once you see a little bit of footage, you really know what being fourteen-years-old on tour with the Clash really means. Apparently, everyone was scared of these young girls, they would walk into hotels and spit loogies on the counter, scare everyone the whole tour—they were kids who had nothing to lose.
Jennifer: They were a real band with real issues, balls out, scaring everybody. Some of this footage Bill is uncovering—Ari pissing in public, taking her clothes off, she loved that shit, and she is doing that as a kid on the street. Don Letts [director of *The Punk Rock Movie*] filmed it. He was there for all of it. They were just kids. The footage is mind-blowing—people asking Palmolive why her hair's so short. No one asks these questions now; no one gives a fuck. It was so different back then. I mean, Viv wore a tampon as an earring, and a woman on the bus tried to politely tell her she had a tampon stuck there, as if it was a mistake.

MRR: How were they received when they first got going?
Jennifer: They made up their own type of music, they called it "punky reggae." No one had heard that before. There was no blueprint for it. They were super into reggae—that's what they loved. There were no rules, no guidelines, no role models, so they just made up their own rules, style and music.
Shell: People really went out of their way to tell them they hated their music. They said they were girls who couldn't play their instruments. Which is totally sexist, because Sid Vicious didn't know how to play his instrument either and no one gave a damn.
They had radio interviews where they would just yell and say something like *"whateverrr"* and they decided to be themselves instead of playing the game. Ari loved that chaos. She thrived in it.

MRR: How different was the experience for the Slits starting out in the '70s versus bands following in their wake?
Jennifer: They were coming up in a time we can't imagine. The way they have described it many women couldn't even get jobs then!

MRR: It's interesting to see how much feminism both has and has not changed in the past thirty to forty years.
Jennifer: Yeah, now you are allowed to do it, but

you will be judged and field some questions your male counterparts wouldn't need to as much.
Shell: You still hear, "You're the best *female* drummer or *female* guitarist."
Jennifer: It is essential that people know about this band. There were no role models for them. They were pioneers, they changed the face of music forever. They were one of the first to break the mold. "They found a way to destroy rock and roll," as Tanju Boerue, Ari's friend and manager put it so perfectly.
People don't really always discuss the Slits as much as they I think should. When we talk about powerful women who paved the way in music, and looking at the history of punk, the Slits rarely get the credit they deserve. A big reason why is because a lot of people still haven't heard about them. In the same breath, a lot of people we spoke to think Madonna stole some of her styles from Viv Albertine and I believe that.
They were kids. Then they took a huge break, almost 25 years! Then they turned into an "underground" band. They never really got their cred—their whole story was never told. That's why it's so important that this film is made.

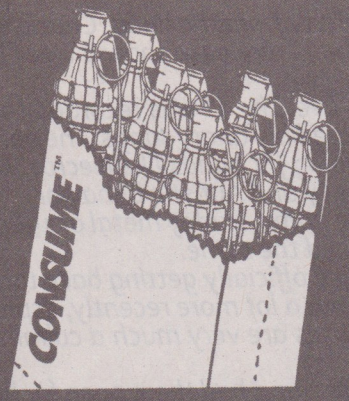
MRR: What's interesting about this movie is that is it not being made by someone in the band or their record label. It's being made by peers.
Jennifer: Well, Tessa has a big hand in this film for sure but, yeah it's more of a family affair. Bill was living with us and Ari would always come in and out of the house. Even on the tours, so many independent bands and friends wanted to help. Doing it together. On our own terms.
I am just really happy that Bill from Molasses Manifesto, Todd from Recess Records, Pete from Let's Pretend Records, Shell and I at Starcleaner Records, and Josh and Brandi from Rad Girlfriend Records have all come together to get this film done. No corporate entities have approached us in any way, and I don't expect them to or want them to.
There's no reunion tour. This is not an advertisement. There's nothing hinging on the story for them. This film has nothing to do with me. I am excited to finish it, like a gift to give to my friend who worked so hard to make it. Even though the film we were actually making before Bill [joined] was sort of horrible! Ha.
MRR: I look forward to seeing it!
Jennifer: I want to say thank you to Ari for letting me tell this story—even though I was only around for the last five minutes of a long fucking story. I am in awe of this story.
I had never worked so closely with someone who just left the universe...that had never happened to me creatively. I hope this brings closure, tells the truth, and completes our mission so to speak.

"These are the pants Ari got stabbed in"
— Bassist Tessa Polllit explains while reviewing her Slits scrapbook in the trailer.

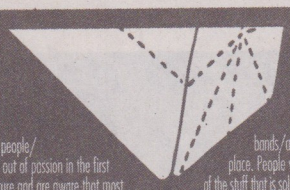
Bill: This is an honest and genuine music doc. We are talking about their friendship, that emotional arc—that's what breaks through. My mother couldn't have had a life or lifestyle more different than the Slits, but she is able to relate to their story as a woman in a similar age range.
J: It's just real life—it's not just being a rock star.

Here To Be Heard: The Story of the Slits premieres Fall 2015. The film will tour in 2016. See slitsdoc.com for more information on how to support the project.

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE



TRUST



We like to meet people,/ do what they do out of passion in the first underground culture and are aware that most that flag is total crap only made to make money. get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

bands,/art/sport/etc. that place. People who believe in a of the stuff that is sold nowadays under And, if you feel you can write and relate,

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

Rexi Bea Music

Wine Tasting Anthems

$8.00

Bunker Club Wimpy Dicks
MLB Mother F*Bomb
Tall Cans & Teenage Sex
My Modern Valentine
Boxheads Vitriol
10 Bands La Vasa
20 Songs Plot

THE BUNKER CLUB, EP
RADIO FESTIVO

$6.00

Rexi Bea

715 24th Street, Paso Robles, CA

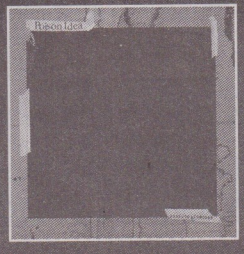
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL RADIO!!!
A NEW SHOW EVERY WEEK

ONLINE AT:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

YDI

A Place In The Sun/ Black Dust LP

In the early 1980s, Y.D.I. (pronounced: Why-die) put Philadelphia on the map with their ferocious brand of Hardcore. In 1983 they unleashed their debut 7" EP "A Place In The Sun" a blistering nine-track blast of american-hardcore fury. Circa-1985 the band changed musical directions and created filthy, metallic, damaged punk. The "Black Dust" (a concoction of PCP, heroin and formaldehyde) 12"- LP was YDIs' final recording and a criminally underrated slab of disgusting mayhem.



Poison Idea

Confuse&Conquer CD/LP

Formed in 1980, ***POISON IDEA*** became a household name in the hardcore/punk scenes early in their career, and are known as one of the most notoriously in-your-face acts in the American musical underworld. It is with massive enthusiasm that Southern Lord Recordings announces the brand NEW ***Poison Idea*** studio LP: Confuse & Conquer featuring eleven raging new anthems. Recorded by Joel Grind (***Toxic Holocaust***) and mastered by Brad Boatright (***From Ashes Rise***)

HALSHUG

Blodets Band LP -

HALSHUG, unloads some of the most traditionally-styled but urgently unloaded traditional crust punk/d-beat hardcore to be found. The enraged sentiment of archetypal leaders of the genre, **Doom**, **Anti Cimex**, and no doubt, **Discharge**, and direct influence drawn from Infernöh, Hoax and Death Token, is unapologetic in its presence in the band's delivery, which, fueled by society's modern-day ills, finds HALSHUG already in line with **Nuclear Death Terror**, **Wolfbrigade**, **Skitsystem** and the best of the movement's current top acts.

War Horse

As Heaven Turns To Ash LP

Reissued and back on vinyl after 14 years of silence! A Massive conjuration from Boston's old Lords of doomed darkness. A return to the eve of all that's heavy & punishing! Evil doom at its bleakest! This crushing exclusive vinyl release compiles their "As Heaven Turns To Ash" album and the "I Am Dying" 7".

WWW.SOUTHERNLORD.COM SOUTHERN LORD PO BOX 291967 LA, CA 90029

NEW RELEASES COMING SOON: Wolfpack VINYL REISSUE + BOX

SOLID MFG

VINYL PRESSING & PRINT SHOP

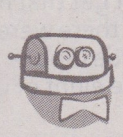
Solid Mfg. is the easiest place on the web for bands and record labels to manufacture vinyl records and custom print printed parts.

VINYL PRESSING:

- 250 unit minimum on 7", 10", and 12" packages
- Over 30 color vinyl choices, plus options for splatter, haze, 180gm, and more
- Shipping or pickup from Brooklyn, NY
- Free overrun, no hidden costs.

PRINT SHOP:

- LP Jackets, 7" Folders, Gatefolds, and more.
- Free overrun and shipping to one US location.
- Custom options for stock, finish, folds, more.



Our **Solidbot webapp** automates stuff like building a custom quote, uploading art and audio files, and checking production status, all to move projects through production as quickly and easily as possible.

SOLIDMFG.CO
WELLS@GETSOLIDMFG.COM
@SOLIDMFG
(631) 487-7513

More than 30 years after it first came out, YDI's 7", A Place in the Sun is still a complete force to be reckoned with. It was just rereleased by TKO Records earlier this year, the first of a planned series. The LP, Black Dust, is came out in April on Southern Lord and the band promises a lot more is in the works.

MRR recently sat down with Chuck Meehan, Brian Goldstein, and Neil "Jackal" Perry from the band. Chuck, who was a founding member and played bass on A Place in the Sun, was rejoining YDI for the 7" rerelease show a week later, his first time playing those songs since 1984.

The band was formed in fall of 1982 and played their first show on New Year's Eve. The 7" was recorded soon after that and made an immediate impact with its chaotic, noisy, and most of all just incredibly angry songs. The band made it very clear where they stood. That year, YDI played a ton of shows in Philly opening for bands like Necros, Negative Approach, Hüsker Dü, and Iron Cross, often alongside local punks Flag of Democracy and Autistic Behavior.

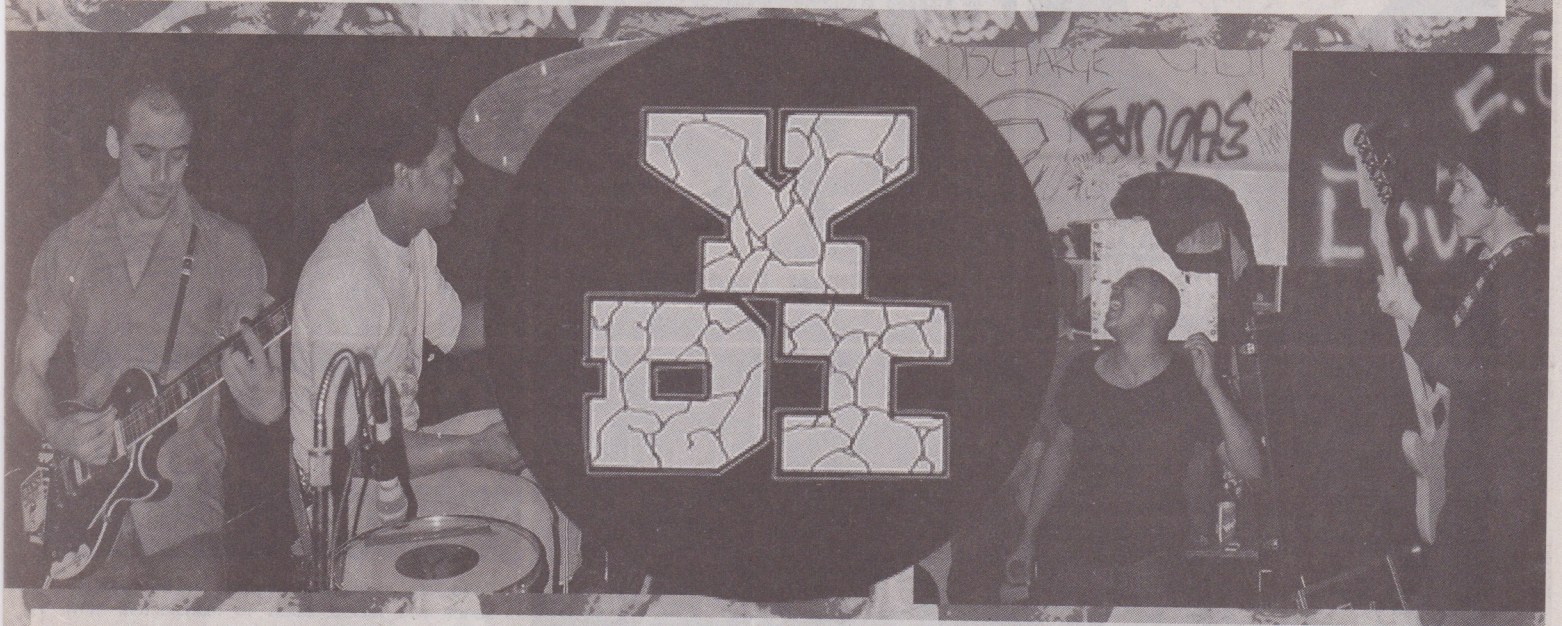
A couple years later, the band steered away from hardcore punk and towards the grimy, sludgy metal of 1985's Black Dust. The songs might have been longer and weirder, but the sheer despair remained the same.

The band broke up in the late '80s, but played occasional shows in the '90s before officially getting back together in 2002. YDI played somewhat sporadically for the past decade, but started gigging out a lot more recently, especially as interest in the band has risen both in the city and around the world. These rereleases are very much a culmination of that.

Glenn Danzig has expressed his admiration for YDI—especially the Black Dust era—and had them open for his bands on numerous occasions, mtost notably at the first Samhain show in 1984. Fast forward to this past Halloween when YDI opened for Samhain in Philly and NYC, the band's first show outside of Philadelphia in decades.

More than thirty years later, YDI is still a pummeling cacophony of angry, raw noise. Very little has changed. As Jackal put it, "We were miserable. Thank god we had hardcore."

Introduction and interview by Yoni Kroll. Photos courtesy of Kroll and the band.



MRR: Philly punk and hardcore has always done its own thing, no matter if people outside the city are paying attention or not.

Chuck Meehan: These days Philadelphia is considered one of America's strongest scenes.

MRR: What was it like when YDI started? Did people care about Philly at all?

Neil "Jackal" Perry: People in Philly or outside of Philly? People outside of Philly, no. We didn't get that much attention. Bands would come here on tour, but there weren't that many people. The Misfits played the East Side Club—

Brian Goldstein: There was like eight of us there. Eight people. But they kicked ass.

Neil: Great bands, but empty venues. People in Philly just never caught up to it.

Chuck: They did for a while, like when Love Hall was going. There was a lot of momentum, but then [it] shut down.

MRR: What was the first YDI show?

Neil: New Year's Eve, 1982.

Chuck: We played at a loft at 1615 Bainbridge with Informed Sources, Flag of Democracy, and some other bands. Neil had played with Brian in a band called Legion of Decency. After [that] was over he and I were looking to form a band. There were a lot [of bands] at the time in Philadelphia, but everyone was spread out. Becky Wreck, who was later famous for the Lunachicks and was on the Howard Stern Show, she had introduced us to Michael Cole, the guitar player. Then shortly after that, Howard Twigs, who was playing with the Sadistic Exploits, had heard we started the band and he wanted to be in a band with Neil, so he joined up with us. Six weeks later we played our first show.

MRR: That seems pretty quick to put together a full set and start playing gigs.

Chuck: Well, Michael had songs, I had songs. It clicked immediately. Howard Twigs was such a superb drummer. No time wasted at all.

MRR: What was the energy of the band like back then? Were you playing a lot of shows?

Chuck: Once a month or so. That New Year's Eve show went really well. We played with Channel 3 at the West Side Club. We played with Hüsker Dü.

Brian: They'd go to New York and they'd hang with the best. One of the best shows was at Gildersleeves with Minor Threat. It was insane.

Chuck: We played at Gildersleeves in front of a thousand people

opening for Minor Threat and we ended up getting two encores. New York and Philadelphia, I think in a lot of ways, had the same kind of living-in-the-city pressure cooker aggression. New Yorkers definitely took to us. DC and Boston was a different kind of aggression, but New Yorkers could relate to it. We were ready to blow up. We were very, very poor [and living in a] dangerous city. I think New York really took to us.
Neil: It was anger and aggression. Isolation.

MRR: That's definitely something that I feel has led to the resurgence in interest in the band. The current trend in hardcore is very much along those lines and I think that's why I've seen so many more YDI shirts and pins in the past couple years.
Chuck: I think it was that eight-second clip we had in the *American Hardcore* documentary. I've had issues with that book, but you have to admit that clip in the movie really started the ball rolling. What we did was obscure and we never really got out of town, but you can dig us up [online] in the same way you can dig up Poison Idea. At this point we're kind of put alongside bands like Negative Approach and Poison Idea.

MRR: Yeah, Negative Approach are huge again. It's that same anger.
Chuck: The way I figure, these kids today are probably dealt a worse hand than we were, as tough as things were back then.

MRR: What's it been like playing with Chuck again?
Neil: It's just awesome.
Chuck: I've got a lot of rust to shake off! I haven't been in the band for about 30 years. But it's been fun!

MRR: What's going on with the reissues?
Brian: Southern Lord just sent us the test pressings. They sound real good.
Neil: TKO got in touch with us about the 7" and [then] got us in contact with Southern Lord.

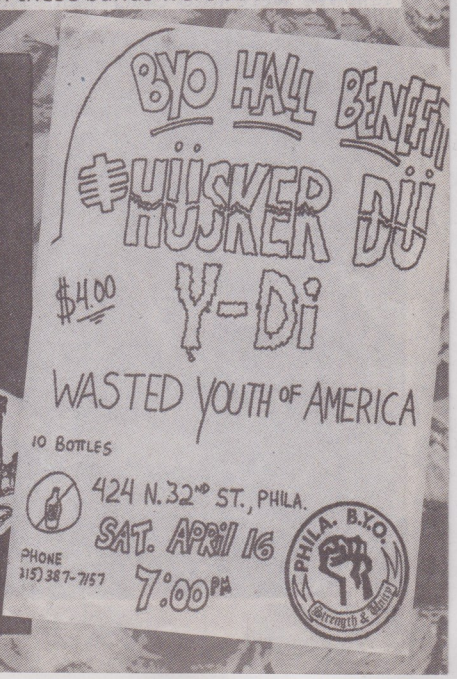
MRR: What's it like now that people are finally paying attention and there's interest in labels? Because you put everything out yourself the first time, right?
Neil: Blood Bubble Records, which is us. Blood Bubble One is the 7" and Blood Bubble Two is *Black Dust*.

MRR: As a record nerd, an original copy of the 7" has long been something I've been trying to get a copy of. There have always been bootlegs, which means that people out there care, but having the records actually put out by a label is a lot different. Southern Lord and TKO are huge!
Neil: Finally someone is listening.
Chuck: Finally someone is paying for it!

MRR: Is there talk of touring at all?
Neil: We'll see. We've got to tour sometime, at least get out to California.

MRR: Are there any other releases planned? I've always heard lots of rumors about demo tapes and live recordings and things like that.
Brian: There're lots of tapes. I have a lot of stuff at the house that's dying to get out. Everything from recordings of the original lineup playing at CBGBs back in the day to stuff we did right after *Black Dust*, before we broke up. There're a lot of people itching to hear that.
Neil: On the Southern Lord [rerelease] you're going to have the original demo. We did some separate recordings, some additional material. We even have that WXPN live tape from back in 1984.

MRR: The late Howard Saunders, the Cosmic Commander, is on the cover of the limited edition version of the *Place in the Sun* 7". What did Howard mean for YDI?
Chuck: You can't overstate what he did when he put on the Love Hall shows, which are to this day some of the most celebrated shows ever and the high water mark for a lot of people. What a slump Philadelphia was in, you just really didn't have anything going on at the time. You'd have one place open and then it would shut down. You'd have one over-21 club but [they'd only have shows] on a Tuesday night. When Howard did the Love Hall shows it finally gave us a home. That's where we got our legs under us, that's where Flag of Democracy, McRad, and all the touring bands [played.] Howard back in the day—this was during the early Reagan-era recession—he was the only guy with a real job back then. He worked at the post office!
Brian: Like Randy Now [who put on shows at City Gardens].
Chuck: It was, like, "Wow! You work at the post office! Man, you've got it made. You make, what, five or ten bucks an hour?!" Howard was the only person with a pot to piss in. Younger kids living at home in the suburbs, they're not in a position to do shows in the city. Or like us in the city who are literally going hungry. Back then there were no bike messenger jobs. If you find a job cleaning toilets you did it, 'cause if you didn't you didn't eat.
Neil: He put on Iron Cross, Negative Approach, Minor Threat, Circle Jerks. This was when these bands were at their peak.



MRR: Were these shows that YDI played a lot?
Neil: Yeah, we played with Iron Cross and Negative Approach at Love Hall. We played that big show with Necros, Void, Antidote, and I think Iron Cross. This was something phenomenal.
Chuck: Those Love Hall shows were probably the best shows going on in really the whole East Coast during that period.

MRR: So this was something that really put Philly on the map.
Chuck: Maybe not as much as the bands did, but yeah. But Philadelphia up until maybe ten, fifteen years ago always had that inferiority complex that just kind of ran through every aspect of our society, including the punk scene. In the late '70s, we were in the shadow of New York, which was understandable. Then it was in the shadow of Boston and DC. Then it kind of went back under the shadow of NY hardcore. The thing is that even if it didn't get recognized, the shows were always fun.

MRR: I think it's interesting how there's been this resurgence of interest in Philly punk and hardcore over the past two or three years. There were those Ruin shows, the rereleases of the Flag of Democracy albums, the Autistic Behavior record finally seeing the light of day, and now a label putting out your records.
Neil: I see young kids with Minor Threat or Discharge [patches] and it reminds me of me at that age!
Chuck: What I'm seeing in Philadelphia—and at my age I'm not going out to see tons of bands—from what I come across and what I hear, they are taking it and doing their own thing. Talking about bands like the Stasi or Blank Spell, that's 100 percent as valid as what we were doing.

MRR: Is that weird, though? Should punk have evolved in some way or do you think it's okay to be doing the same thing in 2015 as people were doing in 1985?
Chuck: I think they're using it as an influence, a starting point. But when I'm hearing these bands, they have their own distinct sound and distinct way and it definitely doesn't sound like a cheap imitation. I respect all these younger bands.

MRR: I think history gives us a lens, a way to understand what's happened in the past before you can do something new.
Chuck: What we did with YDI, the Germs were both consciously and subconsciously a big influence.
Neil: We were into Black Flag, Negative Approach, Venom, Circle Jerks, Motörhead, New York Dolls, Sex Pistols.
Chuck: My influences musically, I guess when I first picked up a bass, which was around '79 or something, were the Avengers, the first Stiff Little Fingers album, the Ruts.

MRR: And as far as Philly bands?
Neil: Ruin, Flag of Democracy, the ABs.
Chuck: Yeah, but they were our contemporaries. You couldn't even see hardcore punk in the '70s if you were a teenager. When you're sixteen years old and you live in the suburbs and you don't know anyone, you can't just go into the Hot Club and then sit at the train station until six in the morning waiting for the train. In the late '70s, if you were a teenager into punk you were pretty much shut out. It was very inaccessible.

MRR: We were talking about Philly music culture and how people were doing things for themselves and so much got lost in the shuffle. A great example of that from the time is Pure Hell, where the album was recorded in '78 and didn't come out until 2005.
Chuck: That would have been a game changer if it would have come out at that time. I saw Pure Hell play at the TLA Theatre in 1979, the night I graduated high school, and it's probably to this day one of the best sets I've ever seen. When they were in New York they didn't seem to get much play. I don't think they got any press or anything like that.

MRR: They're still one of the bands that I try to tell everyone about, even though they're not that active these days. *Noise Addiction* is one of the best things to ever come out of this city, hands down.
Chuck: Those guys go back to before punk, to '74. Imagine those guys dressed up like the New York Dolls walking through West Philadelphia, Darby, or Yeadon. They must have been fucking nuts! You just didn't see that. Starting with Pure Hell, there has always been this tradition in Philadelphia of an African American presence [in punk and hardcore.] If you went to other scenes in other cities you might see one person.

MRR: Thirty years later, now that the albums are being rereleased and you're playing a bunch more shows and everything else, do the songs still feel the same as when you first wrote them?
Brian: As long as I can look down and see a 20-year-old kid singing along, it's a good feeling.

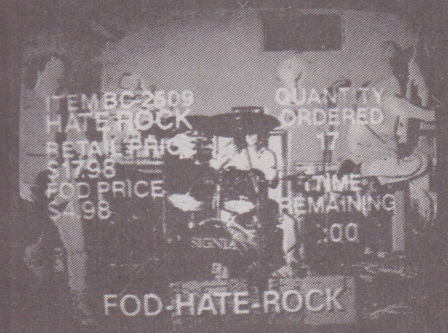
MRR: Are you still pissed off?
Neil: Right now I'm out of work, I have no money. Same shit, man.

LOVE SONGS 1984
REMASTERED 7"/TAPE
DOWN WITH PEOPLE 1990
REMIXED / NEW ART LP/CD
HATE ROCK 1994
REMASTERED LP/CD
EVERYTHING SUCKS 1996
REMASTERED LP/CD

SRA records

F.O.D.

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY



HATE ROCK

Miami, Florida Punk Legends
Various Songs from 1991-2001
New LP Out Now!
14 Songs Limited Color Vinyl
Download Code Included!

Retail Store Now Open!

RAT TOWN RECORDS
1195 Mayport Road
Atlantic Beach, Fl 32233
USA (904) 372-0289

Label/Mailorder/Distro

www.rattownrecords.com

Occult Whispers Records

Salome's Dance // Sierpien split tape
St.Petersburg dark-punk / Moscow positive-punk

Possessor "Electric Hell" tape
Occult Doom metal from London

Krang "Bad Moon" LP
Chicago Crust Crushers, best record yet

"Segregation Anxiety" Volume 1
Chicago punk: Population, Moral Void, Krang, Cemetery, +more

Worship at the Altar of Death

Coming soon on Occult Whispers:
Air Hunger 7" .. Dark Punk compilation LP
Annex 7" .. Kreativ In Den Boden LP

BIGCARTEL//FACEBOOK//BLOGSPOT//DISCOGS

HAVOC

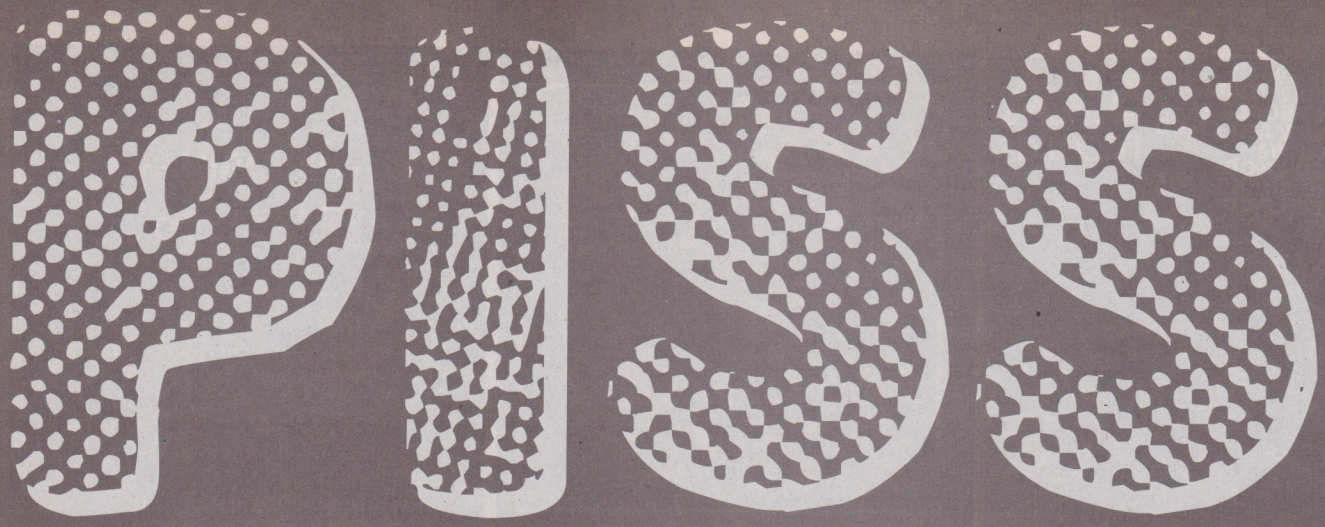
WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

MINNEAPOLIS
77-84 HARDCORE PUNK RE-ISSUES
CRUST
THRASH
D BEAT AND RAW PUNK
SCANDINAVIAN IMPORTS

CHECK OUR WEBSTORE AT WWW.HAVOCREX.COM
FOR THE MOST CRUCIAL SELECTION OF RECORDS, T SHIRTS,
CDS, AND PLASTIC SLEEVES FOR LPS AND 7"S

STORES AND DISTROS WE DEAL DIRECT!

WE NO LONGER HAVE A PRINT CATALOG.



Jonny Cat: Piss Test, when did you guys form?
Samantha: Three years ago, at Star Bar.
Zach: You wanna tell the story Rodrigo?

Jonny: Tell the story.
Rodrigo: Well, it all happened when Sam was complaining about not having an all-girl punk band, and I was done with Therapists and wanted to stop playing drums. Zach asked me to play drums and start a band, and he was like "Who should we have as a bass player?" and I was like, "Why don't we just have Samantha?" She was bitching about not being in a band, so, that's how it started.

Jonny: So, who taught Samantha bass?
Samantha: Well, me. But the first song I ever played was "Babies" and I just play two notes in that one. I practiced *every day* for at least an hour.

Jonny: Wow, on those two notes?
Samantha: Yeah, totally. And I did a few cover bands that brought me up to speed. Like, six months after I started playing I did an all-girl Runaways cover band for Halloween and learned walks.

Jonny: I always imagined you guys sitting around and teaching little scales and stuff.
All: No
Zach: There were no scales. We jumped straight into writing and playing songs. Samantha has a better ear for harmony than I do so she writes really creative bass parts.

Jonny: Did Daniel from Red Dons & North London Bomb Factory mastering show you some things?
Samantha: Yeah, Daniel is my John Cage and he is the best mastering engineer. A couple summers ago, Daniel showed me a few exercises and they were way over my head, but I took what I could from them. He also totally inspired me with his work ethic and neurosis. He would ask me for pictures of my fingers to prove that I was practicing enough and compliment me.
Zach: She sent him a video of herself popping a blister with a Red Dons pin.

Rose: I remember that we were in the very early stages of becoming friends when I saw that and I was like "this girl is hardcore." It was kind of green... It had gotten pretty nasty.
Samantha: Yeah, I had to keep it because we had to play and then I got to pop it afterward and it was a nice reward.

Jonny: So, Drigo, you were ready to sell your drums and everything, huh?
Rodrigo: I wanted to play bass in a band honestly, but I'm glad I didn't quit. I probably would have been depressed.
Zach: Rodrigo is way too good of a drummer to not play drums.
Rodrigo: I thought it was cool that Zach asked me to play.

Jonny: Zach, what were you doing at that point?
Zach: I was in Tensions. We were still playing but not that often. At that point I had quit Red Dons because, um, they're insane. The Soda Pop Kids had been done for a long time, and I hadn't been in a band where I had any songwriting control the entire time I had lived in Oregon. I didn't mind. I think all of the bands were very good, and I enjoyed playing rhythm guitar, but it was fun to start something new. I brought the songs, we started learning them, and it just came together naturally.

Jonny: What was your first show?
Zach: First show was at Slabtown
Samantha: Scary!
Rodrigo: Didn't we play with Chemicals?
Samantha: Yes, this flyer right here (on wall at practice space). It was Big Ben's birthday on June 9th, with Chemicals, Youthbitch, Pataha Hiss, and Denizenz. Jonny was like, "Hey, your first show is going to be this day," so we played for fifteen minutes. I was really nervous. I thought I was fine but—
Zach: She was smiling like Billy Zoom
Samantha: Yeah. We have a video of it and I'm smiling and staring at the crowd, looking *terrified*. Afterward, I was like, okay, it's over, I made it through. And then someone said "That was really good!" and I puked.
Rodrigo: That's not the last time Samantha puked after playing.
Zach: Because we're a "couple band," people thought it was going to be way more pop, that we were going to be some cutesy pop punk band.

Jonny: It's pretty snotty and most of your songs fucking rip, tear, and destroy from the beginning to the end, and they're pretty fucking salt of the earth. So, that was your first show. Chemicals, Youthbitch, Denizenz, Pataha Hiss. That's a pretty good list of the bands you were playing with in the beginning. Then you guys kind of had a second phase where you were playing with local hardcore bands. You've played with a lot of cliques.
Rodrigo: We played with some hardcore bands at Blackwater.
Samantha: When we first started there was a huge group of garage rock bands in the Blackwater scene. There were the diehard old bands Tragedy, Warcry, Lebenden Toten and associated bands and also a lot of new power pop, garage rock, post-punk, and hardcore bands.

Rose: I remember it was really great to go to shows at Blackwater and have Samantha in heels and then like everyone else in the jackets; the "Leather Jackets in the Heat." It was a really nice indication that it was a good place to be.
Jonny: So, what's it like now, you guys are not playing as often right?
Samantha: Yeah, people don't like us anymore.

Piss Test is a three-piece band from Portland, Oregon, heavily influenced by early Texas, LA, and Portland punk. Contrary to a previous press release, they are not members of the Wipers, Poison Idea, Autistic Youth, or the Neo Boys. Zach is in the Red Dons sometimes, though. Piss Test records are out on Taken By Surprise and Jonnycat Records. Look them up. This interview was conducted by Chemicals frontman/renowned maniac Jonny Cat and Sloppy Kisses frontwoman Rose Lewis, with a special guest appearance by garage-rock legend Tina Lucchesi. Photos courtesy of Rita Gonsalves and David de Haan.

Piss Test is Rodrigo (drums), Samantha (bass, vox), and Zach (guitar, vox).

TEST

Jonny: You're the biggest band in Europe.
Samantha: We're doing a road trip to California in July with Sloppy Kisses!
Zach: We are renting a van. All of us have experience with vans breaking down.
Jonny: Yeah, I remember being out of town with Tina and her showing me photo of my van, which I lent to you for tour, on a tow truck.
Rodrigo: It broke down on us twice. I was white knuckling it the whole time.
Samantha: I slept through it all.
Zach: We broke down on the Grapevine, which was terrifying, and Samantha slept through it.

Jonny: What were the highlights of your Euro trip?
Rodrigo: I lost my wallet in Leipzig.
Samantha: Yeah, he was partying with the crust lords at a squat bar. Everyone was screaming along to the Adolescents until 6:00 am and then I went to bed and Rodrigo lost his wallet.
Zach: They don't close the bar and they just keep giving you free beer. Also, Europeans don't understand our sense of humor, so for example, when we said, "Sure you can borrow this if you get us a bottle of whiskey," we would get a bottle of whiskey.
Samantha: They didn't understand our fake press release that Michl wrote.
Rodrigo: So in Berlin, these two dudes were totally serious asking me if I played in Poison Idea while I was breaking my drums down. I told them it was a joke and they got kind of let down.
Samantha: In Belgium, at The Pit's, we played with the young hardcore band Full Contact and they didn't want to play their Poison Idea cover because they thought we were ex-members.
Rodrigo: Vegan food got to me in Europe. I liked The Pit's. They cooked me a steak. I was so happy.

Jonny: What did it say in the press release? Members of The Wipers, Neo Boys...
Samantha: Yeah, and those bands broke up before I was born!

Jonny: And you none of you are even from Portland! Let's talk about that.
Rose: In terms of the content of your songs and the politics of Portland as a city, I think it is super interesting that you're all transplants to Portland but that you take effort to inhabit it responsibly. How do you feel the punk scene relates to the politics of the city?
Samantha: Zach is on the board of our neighborhood association and works at a social service non-profit and I work in state politics and advocate for reproductive justice.
Zach: Adult punks.

Rose: Yeah, talk about being adult punks with political jobs.
Zach: I moved here nine years ago because Portland is a great place to be an aging punk, and to join the Soda Pop Kids. I've always had an interest in affordable housing. I wrote my master's thesis about how the city of Denver intentionally subsidizes growth that doesn't always have a positive impact on everyone in the community and which can increase displacement of people who have lived there for a long time. I think that gentrification is as extreme or more extreme here in Portland. In neighborhoods like Albina there were very intentional efforts to displace the Black community and to make the city better for people who already have means, without much thought for the people that already live there. Portland has a history of very intentional displacement efforts and it's hard for me to not be cognizant of that. It's going to get worse and worse. Oregon is one of two states that make it difficult to mandate affordable housing and the city likes to change zoning to be development friendly. They are paving the way to make it "better" for "nice" people.

Rose: I feel like there is a stereotype of Portland that there are yuppies who overlook structural inequality.
Zach: We are all agents of gentrification in Portland. I was part of the hipster wave that paved the way for the yuppie wave, which I think is always how it goes, and that leads to displacement. First you have Mississippi Records, and a few more people move to that neighborhood, which makes it easier for more people to move there, so the city paints some bike lanes to intentionally attract capital. The city says it is good because these areas need resources and business development. It is not a free market system because it is subsidized and intentional. We should accept responsibility to make sure Portland is inclusive of everybody.
Samantha: We need to take action to make sure gentrification doesn't continue and that policies are reformed so that the city doesn't keep doing things like giving corporations and developers huge tax breaks as an incentive for economic development because that is not working and people are getting priced out. It is frustrating that people who have generations of history in an area are having to leave.
Zach: *Portlandia* is very small but Portland is not. There are areas that have a lot of wealth, either historically or recently, but if you leave that bubble, a lot of the city is not in as good of shape. There is a high concentration of addiction and poverty. When people are displaced it is harder to have cohesive political impact. That voice is diluted.
Samantha: The trajectory has been redlining to gentrification. Racial profiling is a problem here, as with elsewhere. When I studied community development and learned all about the history of Portland and the racial exclusion laws in Oregon I got so pissed off to see how little my peers were doing in the music scene. They do a lot for each other, but the punk scene is very insular. Sometimes there will be a benefit show, but I would love to see more effort to give back to the community and learn its history.
Zach: A lot of people are like us. They do volunteer work, etc., but it is always individuals in the scene as opposed to any sort of cohesive move to push social change.

Rose: I think that is interesting because what got me into punk was reading about it and I had this idea that it was a politically motivated thing, but I moved to Portland and it is all about whose jacket is nicest.
Jonny: How do your songs address all that? *[laughing]*
Zach: *[laughter]* I don't think our songs do that at all.
Samantha: A lot of our songs are kind of dumb, but we have songs about gentrification, like "Mayor of Mississippi." "Frigid Punks" says "you don't do anything." "Leather Jackets in the Heat" jokes about being stupid and obsessed with punk to the point of not caring about anything else.
Zach: I have always enjoyed satirizing punk. It is an easy target in the scene to say "We hate the rich," whereas it is really fun to be like, "We are ridiculous." We are a very self-involved group of people. And we should poke fun at that. And I think humor is a good tool to use both externally and internally. So I try to be funny, but I don't think everybody thinks we are funny.

Tina Lucchesi: I like the lyrics
Jonny: Some of my favorite songs of yours are about people, like the Dave's Killer Bread guy.
Rodrigo: Or "Cabbin' to the Methadone Clinic," which is about two dudes coming out of the methadone clinic.
Zach: I used to take the bus by a methadone clinic every morning, and there were these two guys who were like the old men on the Muppets, except on methadone. They would just sit in the back of the bus and talk shit about everything. There is a verse in the song about someone getting hit by a car, which I jotted down after listening to them.
Samantha: Our band is a lot like those guys.

Rose: Yeah... endless shit talking.
Zach: The Dave's Killer Bread song is about local legend Dave, who created a very successful felony-friendly bread company based on his image as an ex-con. He lost his shit and ran his SUV into some cop cars. If you're going to fall, fall hard. We lifted the line "he smashed a life size cardboard cutout of himself" straight out of the paper.

Jonny: What about songs like "Rob Starts a Class War" and "Nico?"
Zach: "Rob Starts a Class War" is about Rob from Youthbitch who was in a band with two Reed College students, and was bitching about it.

Jonny: Sounds like it wrote itself! *[laughing]*
Zach: Nico is about Samantha's old bandmate who went to goth night for the first time, made out with everyone, and got into a fight. It also wrote itself.

Jonny: Rodrigo, tell us more about your history. You drive a cab in Portland, right?
Rodrigo: I grew up in the police state of Arizona, and after living briefly in LA, moved to Portland. I was just skateboarding. I wasn't playing music or anything. Then I rejoined the Cuntifiers, and that is how I met everyone in the music scene.
Samantha: Rodrigo has stories of getting stopped by the cops all the time.
Rodrigo: In Arizona it was really bad. In Portland, it's not as bad, but they always look constipated. I went through a guided observation of the court system and all the cops look so pissed.
Zach: We were drinking in the park in Croatia—
Samantha: At "the bar."
Zach: An off-duty cop pulled into the gas station by where we were and Rodrigo went off and ducked behind a bush. We could not find him! Our driver, tour manager, record label boss, and tight bro Michl Krenner gave Rodrigo tons of shit, but Rodrigo has been tackled by police in Tucson, Arizona for doing absolutely nothing. I have had kind of dicey run-ins with the police from just being part of the punk scene for a long time, where I thought I may be arrested for playing an illegal show, but at no point have I ever felt that I might get arrested and get the shit kicked out of me, or one of these guys might shoot me. That is white privilege in America and in the punk scene. No matter how bad the punks are being, the cops probably are not going to murder us, and that is not the reality for a huge segment of the population. If you are white in Portland you are not going to have many problems with the cops.
Rodrigo: That's why I moved out of Arizona. I was skating by the convention center in Tucson and this young cop tackled me full force. I was like, "What the fuck, you almost broke my arm," and he was like, "Good!" and then one of his buddies came up and high fived him while he bragged about it. Being Hispanic, I used to get pulled over every week by the same sheriff. They'll bust you for seeds and stems. The quality of life in Portland is great, but it's the same as everywhere with cops.

Jonny: It's better here because the beer and the weed are better *[laughter]*. I wouldn't want to be a cop. You might just turn weird from dealing with everyone.
Zach: I think it's police culture. I worked reception at a mandated drug treatment program (hence the band name Piss Test). A lot of the people were in a diversion program keeping them out of prison for property offenses. That is the same population the police are dealing with. If you treat people decently, they will usually respond decently. I know it is different in the controlled environment of social services. I had to deal with some serious attitude, but so what? That is not justification to lash out. If you treat people like citizens instead of criminals, even if they are being criminals, you will get better results.
Rodrigo: It's all about the guns. The cops in London don't have guns. A lot of those dudes who were picked on in high school get the power trip from the guns, especially the younger ones.

Jonny: It's just like Patrick Swayze says in *Point Break*, "Fear Causes Hesitation. Hesitation causes your worst fears to become reality." You have the gun; you no longer have the fear.
Tina: I went to beauty school with a guy who used to be a cop. He had a really hard time so he went to beauty school. His mother was really disappointed. I wonder what he is doing now. He was a really angry guy.
Rodrigo: I'm glad I'm not a cop.

Rose: Let's talk about punk scene politics. What is hilarious about Portland punk?
Samantha: Everything!

Rose: What are your top five things that are hilarious about Portland punk?
Samantha: I'm not a fan of listicles.
Zach: Portland has always been very fashionable. I moved here from Denver which was a trashy punk scene, lots of Carhartts...
Samantha: ...shows in a junk yard with babies, dogs and an open propane fire.
Zach: To a place where everyone has...
Rodrigo: Outfits.

Rose: Haircuts.
Samantha: Ensembles. The commitment to punk fashion in Portland is both funny and endearing. Portland has a lot of lifers who will be doing it forever, and have been doing it forever, and I love that.

Tina: It's a place for old punks to live. I know a lot of people from California who are older who moved here ten years ago. It's cheap to live and you can still play music.
Rodrigo: I love living here. I can do what I want and be happy.
Samantha: The older ones are always encouraging the younger ones. Like Zach and Rodrigo pulling me into this band, and seeing other girls mentored and supported.
Zach: We poke fun at the punk scene but there is a lot to love about it.
Rodrigo: There are a lot of good people.
Zach: You will go to a show and there's a 50-year-old and a 16-year-old and it's not creepy, because they are both trying to do something for themselves and each other.
Samantha: And while it is only for themselves and each other, at least it is something.

Jonny: The real dudely guys I know in Portland are total feminists at their core. Forward-thinking developed in Portland in the '70s and '80s, so the punk scene inherently respects and values women.
Samantha: There are still all-boy bands being formed.

Rose: Which is *so* boring.
Samantha: Agreed. There are so many girls who want to play in this town. I don't know why people keep starting bands with the same crew of dudes over and over. It's too easy and predictable and uninspiring. A critical moment for me was seeing the Stops, an incredible all-girl melodic punk band in Portland. Seeing girls my age playing made me want to do it too.

Jonny: Is that gender issue still valid?
Samantha: In Europe we played with two all-girl bands, and the ratio in most cities was about one in five girls to boys at the shows. It sucked for me. I got mistaken for the merch girl for a shitty all-boy hardcore band once, and I still can't buy bass strings without someone asking me questions to make sure I know what I'm getting.

Rose: Portland is doing better than a lot of places, but when there is an all-male show, no one comments, because that is still the norm.
Tina: Some guys don't want to play with women at all.
Samantha: But in Portland no one would admit that.

Tina: People might not even think about it. It doesn't fathom in their brains.
Jonny: For people who are socially conscious it probably does.
Rose: But that's just a subset really. You would expect it to be a larger subset within punk, but it is not really.
Jonny: There is no stopping you.
Samantha: Sexist microagressions are more limiting for women than you would realize as a dude, so we have to actively encourage and include people, and go beyond just being supportive.

Rose: People still say weird shit. I remember someone being surprised that I was playing guitar in the band Dottie Attie with Samantha.
Samantha: He said, "I just can't picture you playing guitar." And we were like, "Thanks for your fucking feedback," now come to our show and give us your money so we can go on tour.

Rose: He did, and he brought us chocolates, which was really creepy. That dude didn't bring any chocolates for our male drummer. Why doesn't he get any chocolates?
Samantha: They were dollar store chocolates.

Tina: There are men who support women in bands just because you are women, not because how you play, but just because how you look. It's like creep central. There was one guy who would come to our shows with photo albums of all the girl bands. He would take pictures with us and frame them and give them to us for Christmas. There are old creepers and young creepers.
Jonny: Michl said in Europe, when you weren't selling many LPs, Samantha would be out in the crowd successfully selling records and signing records.
Zach: This dude came up to me looking for Samantha for an autograph, so I took his record and signed it, and he was actually pissed because he just wanted Samantha to sign it. He was holding a sharpie when he approached me.

Jonny: That is hilarious. What's in store for Piss Test?
Samantha: We will go to California in July and release a new 7" on Jonnycat Records sometime later in the year. We're also interested in going to the East Coast in the fall. I want to go to Japan, too. Hit us up if you can make it happen. Start a band. It is easy.

pisstestpdx@gmail.com / pisstest.bandcamp.com / pisstest.tumblr.com

WEST COAST TOUR

JULY 8: SAN FRANCISCO
JULY 9: OAKLAND
JULY 10: MENTONE
JULY 11: LOS ANGELES
JULY 12: SACRAMENTO

PUNK STUFF .COM

PUNK
CRUST
METAL
HARDCORE
HORROR

SHIRTS
HOODIES
LONGSLEEVES
PATCHES
GIRL SHIRTS

WWW.PUNKSTUFF.COM
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS! UPDATED WEEKLY!
WE DO WHOLESALE AND CUSTOM PRINTS

This is over-the-top booze-fueled garage-punk not far from the *CANDY SNATCHERS*. Born Loose brings the intensity of a car crash and the energy of real and raging rock'n'roll. This brand new killer recordings leave you ready to start a fight or lift a car.
100 copies on «white» vinyl

BORN LOOSE
«I Loathe You» 7"

If you like a raw and dirty rock n' roll guitar in your punk music, you're gonna go nuts for this realese. They are sounding like a rabit lovechild of *LITTLE RICHARD* and *THE CRAMPS*. Check this *SWITCHBLADE ROCK N'ROLL PUNKERS* from Portland, OR.
100 copies on «clear» vinyl

THE NO TOMORROW BOYS
«Who Killed Johnny?» 7"

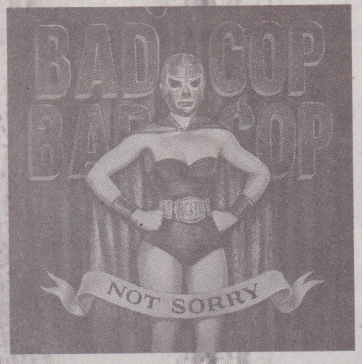
4 new smashers on 10inch vinyl tapping into the same energy that propelled *THE HUMPERS*. They power out sweaty, high-energy rock n'roll with the snarl and sleaze of '70s punk, fronted by *SCOTT «DELUXE» DRAKE*.
10" vinyl incl. downloadcard
100 copies on «orange» vinyl

LOVESORES
«Focke-Wulf vs. Spitfire» 10"

HOUNDGAWD.com
Distributed by COBRASIDE

HOUND GAWD! RECORDS

BAD COP BAD COP



NOT SORRY
debut album
out now!

fatwreck.com
badcopbadcop.bandcamp.com

FAT WRECK CHORDS

CJ SK

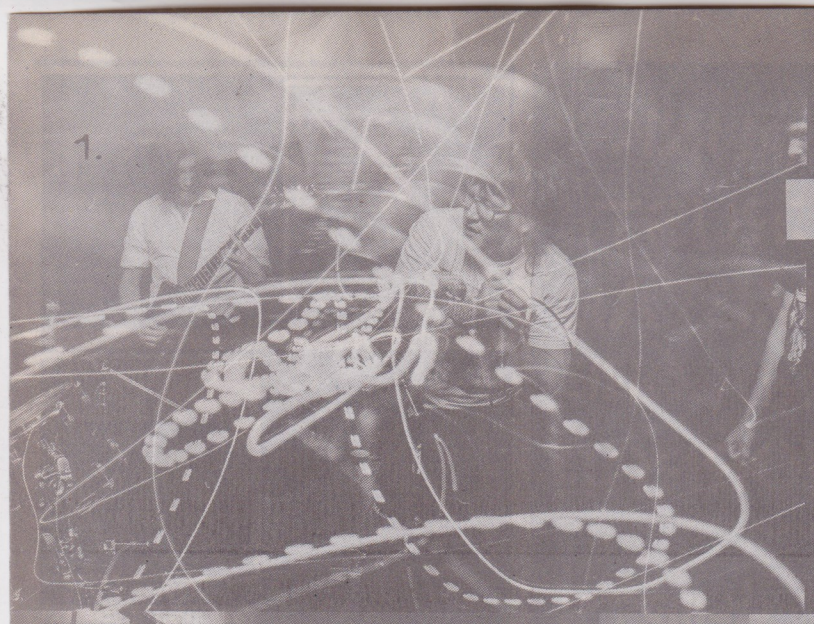
CJ RAMONE
SHONEN KNIFE

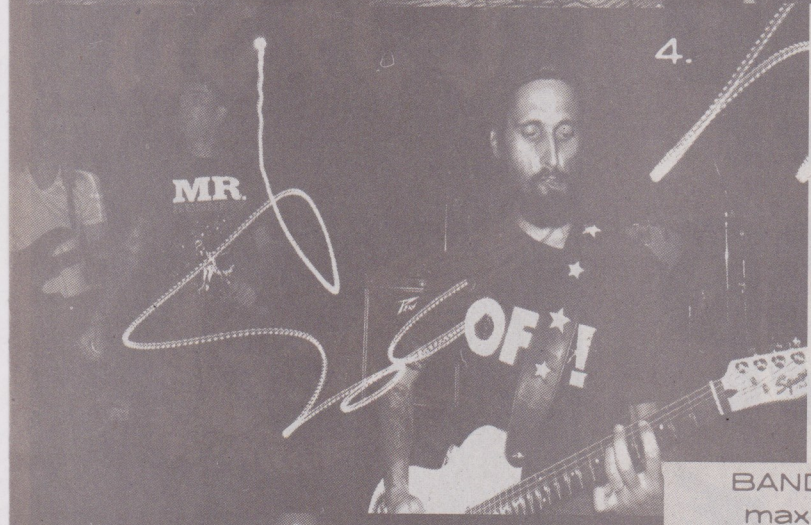
U.S. TOUR 2015

cjramone.com shonenknife.net

6/6 Columbus, OH	6/17 Louisville, KY
6/7 Chicago, IL	6/18 Cincinnati, OH
6/9 Milwaukee, WI	6/19 Baltimore, MD
6/10 St. Paul, MN	6/20 Long Branch, NJ
6/11 Lincoln, NE	6/21 Philadelphia, PA
6/13 Nashville, TN	6/22 NYC, NY
6/14 Atlanta, GA	6/23 Hamden, CT
6/16 Chapel Hill, NC	6/24 Cambridge, MA

MRR PRESENTS
& HARDCORE GIGS
* MAY 16, 2015





1-3 Houston, TX, US
4-5 Buenos Aires, Argentina
6-7 Minneapolis, MN, US
8-9 Tulsa, Oklahoma
10-11 Paris, France
12-15 Johannesburg, South Africa
16-19 Mallorca, Balearic Islands
20-25 Moscow, Russia
26-28 Pampanga, Philippines
29-34 Shanghai, China
35-36 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
37-38 Beijing, China

FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF LOCATIONS, BANDS, CREDITS, POSTERS & MORE PHOTOS:
maximumrocknroll.com/mrr-presents-5-16-15

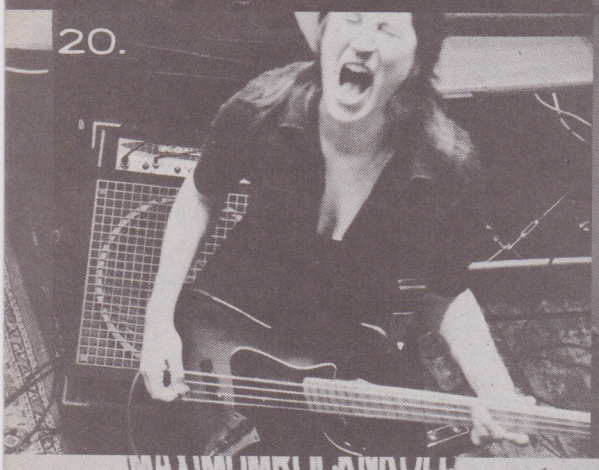
A DAY OF PUNK AROUND THE WORLD

16.

17.

18.

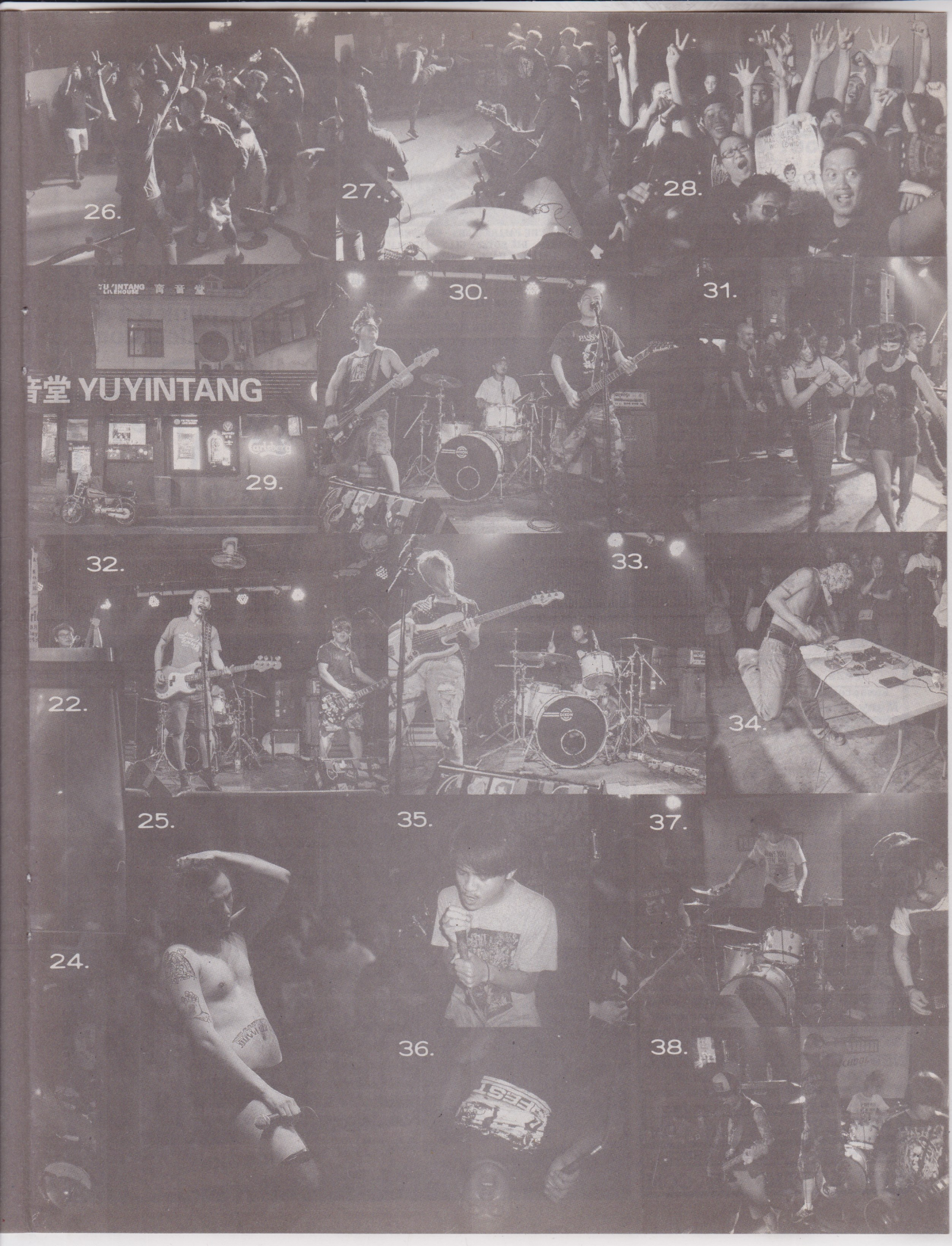
19.



20.

21.

23.


26.
27.
28.
YU YINTANG LIVE HOUSE 育音堂
育堂 YUYINTANG
29.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
22.
25.
35.
37.
24.
36.
38.

SIX TWO FIVE

!!OUT NOW!!

PSUDOKU - Planetarisk LP
Mind-melting cosmic blast
MANHUNT - Debut LP
Australian brutal fastcore
COMPLETED EXPOSITION - LP
Completely crazed Japanese blastcore
SUFFERING MIND - Second LP
Blasting Polish anti-fascist grind
INTERNAL ROT/MANHUNT Split EP
Blistering Australian PV and Grind
MELLOW HARSHER/INTERNAL ROT EP
Split 7" of int'l blasting insanity
FLIP OUT AxAx - 2 new EPS
Tokyo Fastcore,x-LIE! Limited press
MELLOW HARSHER - Demo EP
Brutal blasting! Members of SFN
KUNGFU RICK - 2xCD Discog
Legendary blasting from Chicago
SLIGHT SLAPPERS - Ashita LP
Legendary Tokyo Power-violence
QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!
SxFxN - Itching EP
Blazing Midwest powerviolence - 2nd EP
GET DESTROYED - 2 EPs
1000mph AZ desert power-violence
YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk
GAZ-66 INTRUSION - EP
Brutal Ukranian power-violence
SCHOLASTIC DETH - Collection LP
All studio output on vinyl
SPAZZ - All LPs Reissued
Remastered, new art, color vinyl!

Many titles now $1 @ EBULLITION!

STILL AVAILABLE:

INFECT CD Raging Brazilian thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS Split LP
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS CD: Crazed TX 90s HC
GRAND INVINCIBLE EP: Bay Area DIY Hip-HOP
NO TIME LEFT 10"LP: High energy HC
LETS GROW - EP Serbian Positive HC
THREATENER Discog CD: 1000mph blasting
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BREAKFAST/SFP Split-CD: Tokyo skatecore
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
DISCARGA CD -Brazilian fast political HC
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SEEIN RED / FPO CD: Pissed European HC
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD:Pre-HATRED SURGE
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
THE PROCESS CD - Brutal HC like RINGWORM

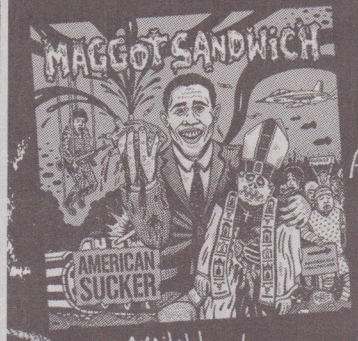
NEW SHIRT DESIGNS THRU
www.badskulls.com

Wholesale and Mailorder:
WWW.EBULLITION.COM

FOR WEEKLY UPDATES CHECK:
WWW.625THRASH.COM

KRIGBLAST - THE PALLBEARERS - CLASSHOLE - ESE'
KILLER HEARTS - DIE ROTZZ - GLUT - FUNERAL HORSE
OSSACRUX - BEFORE I HANG - DISAPPOINTED PARENTS
MAGGOT SANDWICH - HEAVY LIDS - W.A.S. - FIRST JASON
FAT STUPID UGLY PEOPLE - SWINGIN' DICKS - THE BILLS
JETHRO SKULL - THE UNNATURALS - BLOODFUCKERS
TALK SICK BRATS - MEDICALLY SEPARATED - GRISTNAM
SPLIT LIPS - DONKEY PUNCHER - A HANGING & MORE!
FOR FULL SCHEDULE VISIT WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/CREEPYFEST

celebrate 30 years of Maggot Sandwich

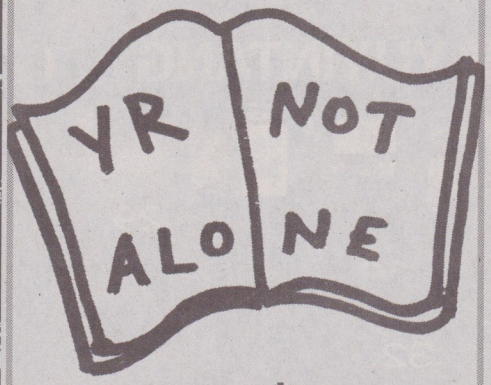


with the new American Sucker 10"

available at
KMLKOLLECTIVE.COM

RAZOR CAKE

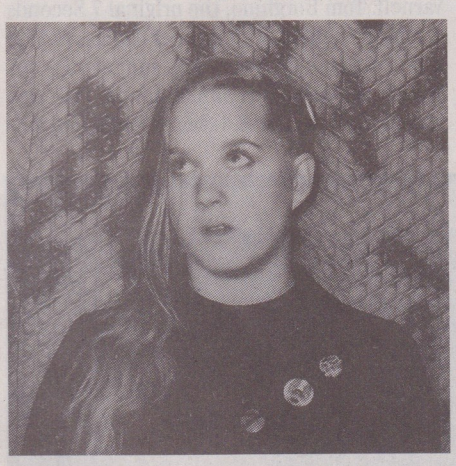
In mainstream culture the bottom line is profit. In DIY punk it's a personal decision.

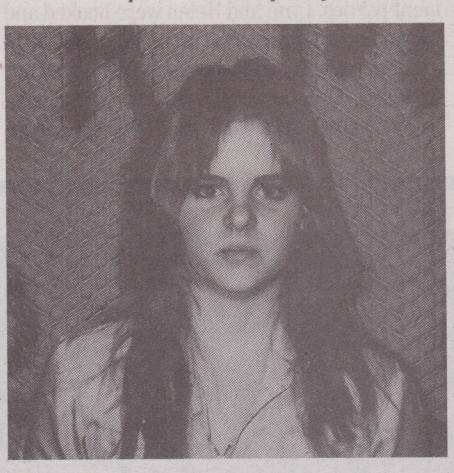


razorcake.org
for $17 subscriptions + more.

the Wrecks

Scraping up some digital litter one day many moons ago, I happened upon the Wrecks, an army of miscreant teens ready to annihilate the future, or at least upset your parents. With little to no information other than the song on this very mag's 1982 Not So Quiet on the Western Front *comp, I hungered for more context for these unbelievably killer hardcore songs. Their cassette* Teenage Jive *has long been cult property, but beyond collector scum impulses, this music genuinely felt, and still feels, like the apex of the entire "fuck you I'm a teenage girl punk and I won't take any of your shit" sub-genre. I decided to embark on the longest vision quest of my teen punk herstory mania yet, to locate and interrogate as many Wrecks as I could, and get the scoop on this incredible, short-lived group. Several years later, the results: Interview and introduction by Bryony Beynon. Photos courtesy of the band and Gary Elam.*





MRR: Cast your mind back and tell me how Reno was around the time you started the Wrecks? Did you grow up in Reno, or Sparks? If not, how did you come to be there?

Bessie: My family moved to Sparks (which is Reno's sister city) when I was two years old after a stint in the tiny town of Elko, Nevada. My dad and his brother brought their families to Reno when my grandpa got an offer to start up the local NBC television. I later moved to Reno, which is about 220 miles from San Francisco, on the other side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and is what is called high desert. There's a ring of amazing mountains around Reno with a huge sky and big puffy picturesque clouds. Quite a backdrop for a punk scene, lots of rugged individualists there. Back in 1979/80 when I first got wind of punk, Reno had a population of about 100,000. We were really isolated culturally—so far from big cities, no internet. I learned about things from television, radio, magazines, and the library, writing letters and in the case of music, sifting through the bins at record stores. And through friends, though most people only knew the mainstream. The images and sounds that come to mind from the time right before I got into punk are of long summer days without parents knowing where you were, acting in high school plays, Cheap Trick and Supertramp blaring out of my sister's car, people dragging main along the casino strip downtown on Saturday nights, the "Reno, the Biggest Little City in the World" sign, teenagers with feathered hair, stoners, rednecks, jocks, cheerleaders. I knew I was never going to fit in with any of those groups and I didn't want to. They felt too oppressive, too not me. Reno and Sparks were actually really great places to be a kid—it was simple. In retrospect, it was a great place to be a teen, as it was so boring and oppressive you had to make your life interesting if you wanted it to be.

Jone: I grew up in Sparks. My family moved there when I was about two years old. Reno and Sparks are strange places as gambling is legal and there is 24-hour alcohol and most everything is open 24-hours a day. Of course, as a kid you don't know any different—if that's all you ever knew, it seems normal. When we started the Wrecks there wasn't really much of scene yet...it was just the humble beginnings of the Reno scene.

Lynn: I got to Reno in seventh grade. It was a very small town, I had come from Miami. I always really loved music and listened to records a lot, it was my favorite pastime, but I was really into rock like Zeppelin, Neil Young, Springsteen. I would buy records at a record store where Helen worked. She told me she knew of some girls who were in a band and she was going to try and sing and did I want to drum, because their drummer, Melissa, was grounded for a month. I said sure. Sounded fun. I also went to my first punk rock concert—seeing 7 Sec-

onds—right around that same time. I don't really remember which came first. The show was in a basement of someone's house and the band was mesmerizing because I was so close to them, could feel their energy mixed with the room's energy, and they were cute boys and they were singing catchy songs. They spoke between songs about the idea behind the song or how the song was a social commentary and *I loved it*!

MRR: Can you tell me how the Wrecks formed? How did you all meet? Were you all active in the local punk scene at the time, and how did you discover it?

Bessie: Jone and I were friends before the Wrecks from elementary school and Lynn and Helen were friends with each other at high school. Jone and I discovered punk and alternative culture little by little. Talking Heads and Devo on *Saturday Night Live* tipped us off to the fact that there were alternatives to bands like Led Zeppelin and the glossy sexuality of disco. We had already formed our own two-person club, and loved digging through treasures at thrift stores, silent movies, crafting, acting and dressing up in costumes and generally being weird creative kids. Our life had been inoculated by strange '70s television like *H.R. Pufnstuf*, comedy shows like *The Carol Burnett Show*, comedians like Paul Lynde and Gilda Radner (not to mention Lawrence Welk and *Little House on the Prairie*) and I think we were ready to meet a real life cadre of characters. Before punk we were sneaking out to midnight showings of *Rocky Horror* and *Pink Flamingos*. We even met Russ Meyers by accident. And when we started seeking out more music we found B-52s, Blondie, X-Ray Spex, Generation X.

But the big turning point was in February 1980 when we went to our first live concert (driven by our parents, of course). It was a band called the California Beat [and] we met the only other energetic people in the audience, two guys wearing leather jackets. They were Kevin and Steve Marvelli and they invited us to their band's first gig. Their band was called 7 Seconds. After that, it was only a matter of months until all these little groups of people found each other and started a series of basement parties that became the Reno punk scene. Within months of meeting 7 Seconds, Jone and I were plotting to start a band with a two girls named Kay and Grace, but they dropped out of the scene. I think we invited Lynn and Helen, two girls from my high school, to one of those basement parties. Lynn and Helen were hooked and we got our instruments that summer and within three months had three songs. We played our first gig in October 1980. I had never really listened to anything vaguely resembling rock until about a year before that, and here I was trying to play an instrument in a band. True to that DIY spirit and...hilarious!

Jone: There was a funny first generation of the Wrecks that never actually played. We just took some publicity photos (!!!) and talked about our band. We kept plugging away at making the band more of a reality and we actually started playing instruments. We were the same once we actually got started. Hell'n, Lynn, Bessie and Jone.

MRR: How were you received by the local scene? What bands did you play with and consider your peers? How was it as teenage girls in Reno's punk scene?

Jone: The Reno scene was small and supportive. I think we were pretty well received. Some people didn't take us seriously as we were so young and kinda goofy but that was part of our charm. We played with all the Reno bands—7 Seconds, Thrusting Squirters, the Yobs, Jack Shit, G.I. Jane.

Bessie: At first we were really encouraged by the guys in 7 Seconds and this guy named Cliff Varnell. Tom Borghino, the original 7 Seconds drummer, helped Lynn buy her drums. We had a few girlfriends who were supportive, our friends Melissa, Teri and Johanna. [We also played with] Section 8, Urban Assault, and tons

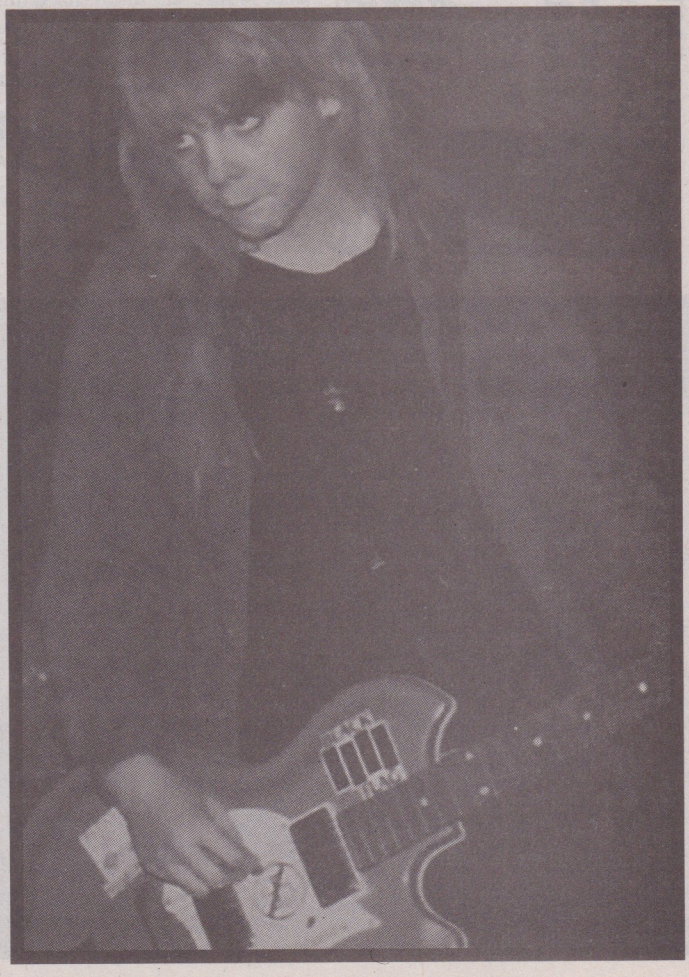
of "fuck bands," bands who would get together for one or two gigs and disband. The Wrecks played with out of town bands like Black Flag, DOA, Dead Kennedys, the Lewd, TSOL, etc. but we were hardly their peers. They were all older than us and from big cities. Fanzines from other places and some visiting bands were mildly intrigued by an all-girl band, and we got a minor, perhaps an unwarranted, amount of interest, considering our limited musical skills. I think that interest sort of bummed out Kevin Seconds, who was actually a good musician though no one else seemed to care. We didn't really have a local following other than a few friends—everyone was just pretty loyal to one another. When we played, people would thrash (the dance floor was pretty crazy in Reno), everyone would have fun—it was like a big party, lots of friends, and the Wrecks were all sort of loudmouths and full of brazen energy.

Lynn: The absolute most memorable thing to me regarding Reno at that time was the respect and support I got from the other members of the scene. They were thinkers and had ideas and sure some of them liked to party, but some were also straight edge. I felt support for the world through that Reno scene—no sexism, no racism, no homophobia, no posers. The scene was made of people who talked or sung about this stuff. Also, I loved the whole nonconformist kind of outlook and approach. It praised individuality. It schooled me, so to speak, on topics I had never broached. It was pure freedom of expression and respect, although every now and then one of us would do something naughty! For instance, being sixteen and not really knowing how stupid it was to spray paint the band name Warzone on the side bricks of a suburban gated community while parked under a streetlight, so a passing car can report the license plate numbers to the police and then the police can call your parents! Yes, that happened to Helen and me.

MRR:"Some of their pastimes include going on dates with people who eat glass, collecting empty deodorant containers and lighting people's underwear on fire." This quote from the* Not So Quiet on the Western Front *liner notes makes you sound like the only teenage girl gang in town. Were you really that wild? What was there to do as a teenage girl in Reno?

Jone: We were wild in a sense but super innocent as well. We had really strange senses of humor and were total practical jokers. We were full of teenage energy and could be a whirling dervish of energy when bundled together. We didn't care what anyone thought and wanted to have fun, be weird and have integrity above all things. For me, there wasn't much to do as a teen so we made things happen. We made music, produced shows, made movies and a fanzine. I often think that the lack of things to do created a scene (at least in the early days) of producers, not consumers and I was/am proud of that.

Bessie: That bio was definitely all fiction—how do you write a bio when you are seventeen? You haven't lived long enough to be able to see yourself, so absurdity works quite well. Not that we didn't have wild moments; we did for sure. A friend, Stan Byers, told me recently that at his first gig (Dead Kennedys, DOA, 7 Seconds, Section 8) he was wearing some dorky checkered suspenders and Jone came up to him in the middle of a band's set—mind you he was a tall, athletic skateboarder five years her senior!—and she just pulled his suspenders out really far and snapped them on his back. I'm sure she thought his suspenders were lame. I'm sure it hurt him really bad. I'm sure we laughed about it. Turns out Stan is the last person who deserved something like that, he is the nicest guy in the world. I did some pretty impetuous things back then, too. Thank goodness I quickly realized my actions had an impact and never got my ass kicked. I think we were breaking the mold about what girls were supposed to be like for both our-



selves and for some of the people in the scene; I remember one friend told me incredulously, "You're the first girl I ever heard fart!" Another (male) friend told me how he had accidentally brushed up against my boob while thrashing to a band and he was surprised that I wasn't upset like "some girls" would be, I guess I was cool about it and didn't get mad.

MRR: Can you tell me about the recording of the Teenage Jive demo? Where did you record it, who with? What kind of instruments did you have?

Bessie: *Teenage Jive* was our second cassette release; the title came from a line in the Circle Jerks song, "Wild in the Streets." We actually did two cassettes, the first was *Spinerock '81*—the title was a reference to DOA's *Hardcore '81* LP that had just come out, but we also called the music we played "spinerock" for a while. Of course, it eventually became known as hardcore, but back then the jury was out about what the new version of punk would be called in Reno—rad rock, hardcore...the Wrecks threw spinerock into the mix. The idea was to have a spine, admit what you like, don't hide behind a façade of cool, be yourself, be real. That's the punkest thing you could do.

Anyway, many of the early music recordings in Reno (including the Wrecks and I *think* the first two 7 Seconds EPs) were recorded at a home studio called Bell Studios, by a guy named Jon Bell. Jon was the drummer for Reno's first punk band, Belvue. From the buzzsaw effect of the recording and several generation copies of cassettes that you may have heard, it's hard to tell but we had guitar, bass, and drums. Jone and I both played 3/4 size fenders. Geez, that was a long time ago.

Jone: I can't remember much about it. I played a Fender Musicmaster guitar through a Kustom amp that I still own!

MRR: Where did you practice?

Bessie: I remember practicing mostly in the family room and garage at my house. We lived outside of town and had about an acre of land, so the torture level for neighbors was a lot lower there than at everyone else's house. We called it J.C. (Jesus Christ) Studios at some point and recorded a few tapes there with different musicians. Jone, me, Kevin, and Steve recorded a band called Groin Squad there and a few others as well.

Lynn: Her parents were so incredibly cool.

MRR: I understand you also co-edited the amazing Paranoia fanzine. What can you tell me about it? What was your impetus for starting a zine and how was it received at the time?

Jone: Bessie and I did *Paranoia*. We had *so much fun* making it. It was a lot of work in the days before computers...we had crazy interview style. We loved to harass and amuse our subjects. It was great having pen pals from all over the world.

Bessie: I consider *Paranoia* a truly creative female endeavor, I would love to do an entire interview about that with Jone someday. The impetus? I can't really remember the original thought, but we had a few people showing us fanzines from other cities and encouraging us, almost right from the get-go. The impetus was the same as everything else in those days—hell yeah, we can put out a magazine! We can interview bands! We can write articles! The amazing and sadly defunct *Weekly World News* was a big influence in our boldness; the rest was just pure girl power. Personally, one of my desires was to turn cool on its ear, reveal the "what the..." behind the cool factor, to annoy people until something real happened. We interviewed lots of great bands and asked some pretty hilarious questions and laughed a lot. We printed good interviews and bad. I recently reread a few *Paranoias* and the TSOL interview is excruciating. It appears that they thought we were complete idiots. We printed it verbatim, just to show how mean they acted towards us (though I still loved their music). I miss the gall I had; I still have it inside but that kind of gall is a lot more becoming on a teenager than it is on an adult (especially a parent).

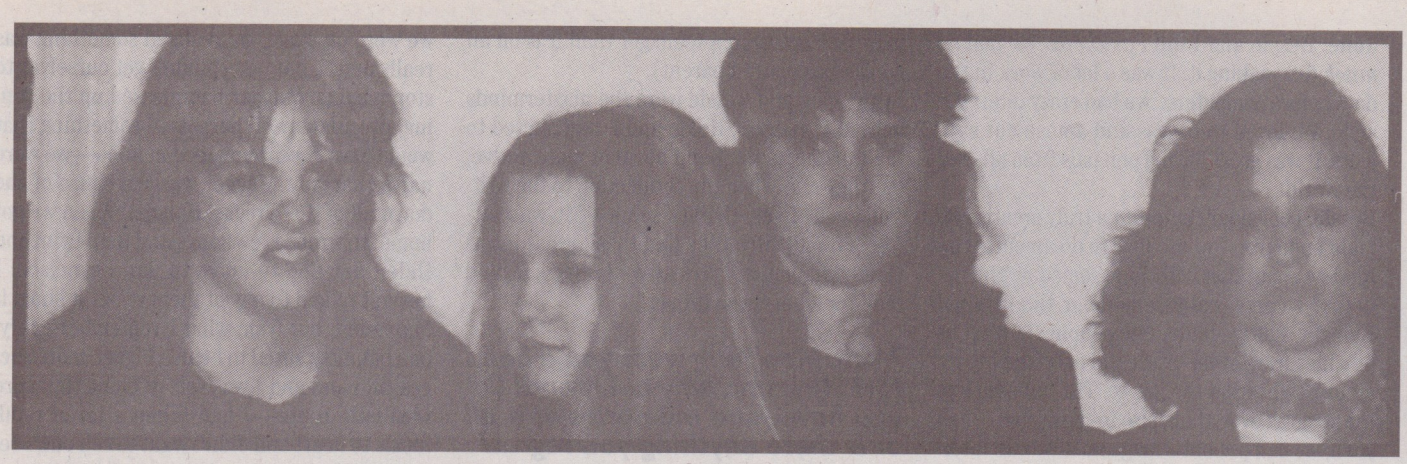
Lynn: Jone and Bessie were the masterminds behind *Paranoia*. Helen and I contributed to the fanzine as the band became more active, but they really had the connection to the written word. Even though some of it was farfetched and silly, they had these great interviews and contributors as well. It was a good read for all of those things!

MRR: How long were you a band for? How and why did it end? Do you have fond memories of it all or is there anything you regret?

Bessie: The Wrecks were together for two years, from late summer 1980 to late summer 1982. We had a terrible final gig in Vancouver with Black Flag (the first time I saw Henry Rollins with Black Flag) and Saccharine Trust in July 1982. It was our biggest gig ever, we were so excited! Our pen pal, Calvin Johnson, who later started K Records, came to see us from Olympia. But the fact that Jone and I always had to ask for help tuning our instruments, well, that was our Achilles heel...We were still neophyte musicians (if you could call us that) and we didn't trust ourselves to get in tune with one another. Mugger, the roadie for Black Flag said he could tune our guitar and bass. Once we were on stage, we realized something was really amiss, but just couldn't get ourselves to stop playing. Mugger had messed up the tuning, presumably on purpose—something that would have *never* happened in Reno—we were naïve that way. Mugger was the cause of the downfall of the Wrecks! Hahaha! When we got home we wrote a few songs and then Lynn and Helen decided to move to San Francisco. I haven't talked to any of them about it since it happened, but from what I remember everyone but me wanted to be in a bigger, more successful band and I was sort of going the more idealistic route—I had taken a lot of punk ideals to heart and didn't want to sell out, I remember being more interested in internal change than external success.

Jone: Being in the Wrecks was a great teenage experience. It happened at a very formative time and I loved the sisterhood that came out of it and especially the opportunity to be a bit wilder than I would have been otherwise and to make up the rules for girlhood and womanhood. Regret? That's fun to muse about...let's see...I wish there had been more political people in Reno. Maybe it would have been good to take a few music lessons?

MRR: I understand Imperial Teen and Sister Double Happiness came out of the Wrecks, what other



musical or creative projects have you or anyone else in the band done since?

Jone: That's it for me...Imperial Teen.

Bessie: Jone and Lynn have been the most musically active and have been playing together for 20 years or so. Helen is a horse whisperer—she's apparently a master with horses, and owns a diner in Portland. Me, I played drums on one song with my husband on a Creekdippers tribute CD, and some field recordings I did in Sikkim were used on the recording of "Himalayan Mess Tent," a song by a great, mostly unsung band Zmrzlina. I also studied a classical Indian dance called Odissi for eight years, and have done lots of photography, design, and really love writing. My most recent creative endeavors have been sewing and making marionettes and now I'm in a long-term herbal studies class and have been making oils, salves, teas, and other kinds of healthy medicine. I think basically everything we do is creative, from making dinner to gardening, to how we talk to people and how we parent to actual artistic projects.

Lynn: From the start of my drumming as a Wreck, I had no idea how far that musician connection and band and base would take me in my "career." I continued on in the Dicks as the only girl in the band, after beating three dudes when they were out to find a new drummer. I continued on in the grunge scene, being the only girl in Sister Double Happiness, and then onto forming the more eclectic and quirky Imperial Teen with Jone!

MRR: In a Jason Traeger blogpost about The Wrecks (which is how I found Bessie's contact and started hassling you all in the first place), he hypothesizes that you and the other Wrecks' influenced the notable gender-inclusivity of the 7 Seconds message, which obviously went on to reach a very wide audience. What do you make of that? Did you identify as feminists then and do you now?

Jone: Yep, I'm a feminist. I think back then I didn't know any other way to be. We had a lot of confidence and strength in our female friendships. I felt pretty invincible actually until much later...

Bessie: At first I pooh-poohed Jason's idea, I hadn't talked to him in years and wondered why he wrote it. But as I thought about it, I started to realize that it was probably true. The Wrecks were good friends with 7 Seconds, Jone and I knew them through good times and bad for many years. Of course we influenced them, just as they influenced us. We had an amazing little scene for a few years. Looking back, I think one of the defining characteristics, if not *the* defining characteristic for me about the early Reno scene is that there were a lot of women who participated in punk and hardcore, from being in bands to organizing shows to coming to shows. Our scene for the most part avoided the violence at shows that many hardcore scenes had and I, at least partially, attribute that to the sense of community that girls and women naturally bring, and to girls and women advocating for themselves, having a venue for girls to be fully human (and express assertiveness and even aggressiveness, creativity, and passion) and also to the presence of some very intelligent and open-minded guys.

There of course was some violence at shows and there was violence against women in personal lives. However, many of us listened to mind-expanding lyrics from bands like Crass and Minor Threat (and of course 7 Seconds as they matured in their lyrics); many of us rose a little bit internally, allowing the group to rise a bit higher than it might have. There were all kinds of people in that scene; I think a lot of them were highly intelligent. And music is very bonding, of course, you can really transcend for a few hours and the effect is lasting. That said, I think I had *hoped* that I was in a scene that was really alternative, a scene that was creating a true alternative to the dominant culture. But by 1984/5 it was very clear that most of the scene was just aping the dominant culture; I especially noticed the double standards for men and women in the area of sex and how men felt they could make critical comments about your body shape, personality, or way you dressed. It was sort of depressing to realize how similar it was to the mainstream.

But getting back to Jason's blog—I didn't honestly know that the Riot Grrrl scene was influenced by 7 Seconds 'til I read that. I do think that the Wrecks were sort of pre-Riot Grrrl in attitude, but by the time those bands rolled onto the scene, the Wrecks had been broken up for eight or nine years and I felt way too old to be part of another youth scene. I commend those women for really creating a rallying cry for girls and women in the '90s. It's amazing that so many felt uplifted by their words, and still do.

By the way, of course I'm a feminist. In fact, I look through a lot of lenses. I believe in both men and women's capacity to aspire higher in their actions and to treat one another fairly as well as women's ability to advocate for themselves and wield power. There's a long way to go until things are fair and that's where being able to look at big systems and patterns of oppression, violence, etc. can help you to understand and change things—or at least parse what is happening. Back then, I don't think I knew what a feminist was. I was definitely lucky in that I almost always had an inner core of confidence, thanks to the way I was raised, and the sisterhood of girls I found, especially Jone. I was received mostly positively in my first real challenging social environment, the punk scene, and when it wasn't positive, that inner core and those friendships were really key for me.

Lynn: My base education of music and musicianship and connection to a scene is so much from my core days in the Reno punk scene. It gave me confidence when I moved to San Francisco and pursued being in a band. I felt a woman or girl could kick ass better than a dude and I was out to prove it. I had no idea Reno would be such an influence on me as I carried on. As trite as it has become to say...punk rock shaped my life.

Bessie is spearheading an exhibit on the roots of punk in Reno ('79-'85) in photos, flyers and more. It will open on August 1, 2015 at the Holland Project in Reno.

WARTHOG SPEAK RECORDS

BUSTED OUTLOOK
"Spitting Wind" E.P.

---- Available now ----

Next up: FATIGUE s/t 7" EP (out any day now), ODD MAN OUT 7",
Followed by: FATIGUE "Dog Bodies" 7", NARCOLEPTICS 2nd 7", and ALIENATION 12" EP

---- warthogspeak.bigcartel.com / warthogspeak.com ----

TOLIVEALIE

ACxDC - Discography LP

An epic conglomeration of all the band's output sans the new LP. Comes on either limited black vinyl or picture disc, Snatch them up before they are all gone.

CHEST PAIN - Weltschmerz LP

Austin, Texas weirdout powerviolence hardcore group put together their opus. Think Gasp meets Swans meets Killing Joke all blended with some Man Is The Bastard.

FISTULA - Vermin Prolificus LP

TLAL's first sludge release and this one will melt your face. In the vein of 16 and Cattle Press, Fistula bring a handful of new tracks that twist and crush. 15 years as a band and still killing it.

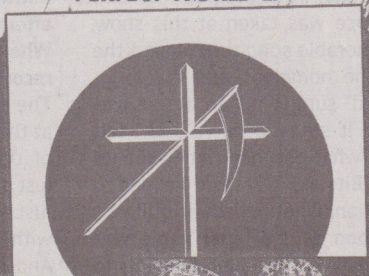
STILL HOT: TLAL Vol II LP, The Kill LP, Mindless EP, BearTrap EP
OUT NEXT: Afternoon Gentleman 7", Six Brew Bantha new LP

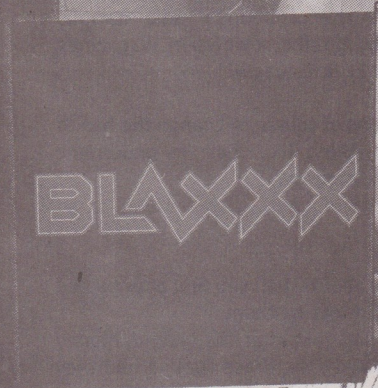
TOLIVEALIE.COM
Distributed by ILD and Ebullition

OBNOX
BOOGALOU REED LP

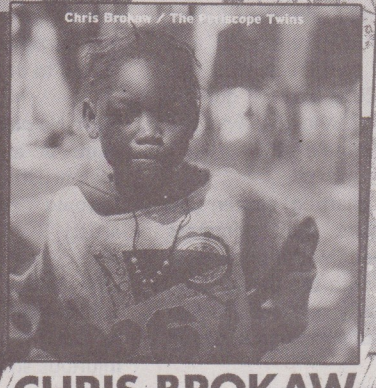
SHAWN DAVID MCMILLEN
ON THE CLOCK WITH JJ & MITCH LP

UNIFORM
PERFECT WORLD LP



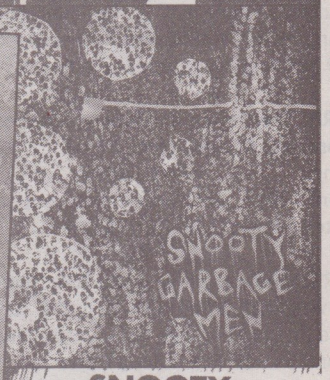


BLAXXX
FOR NO APPARENT REASON 12" EP



CHRIS BROKAW
THE PERISCOPE TWINS 2XLP

XETAS
THE REDEEMER LP



SNOOTY GARBAGEMEN
SNOOTY GARBAGEMEN LP

12XU

COMING SOON:
DON HOWLAND, EXHAUSTION, OBN III'S, SWEET TALK, MANATEEES

12XU.NET | 12XU.BIGCARTEL.COM

HOMELESS RECORDS

THREE-CHORD PUNK ROCK HOWL MEETS SPOOKY THEREMIN DRIVEN DISSONANCE AT THE END OF THE 96 TRAM LINE...

My tram hurtled through the glary midday inner city Friday haze, past the grand old, run down two-storey terraces of the leafy boulevards of Fitzroy, up to the squat, detached red brick public housing blocks of East Brunswick briefly united with an old (culinary) love, Troy Kebabs, and then pulling up next to the Empress of India; briefly next stop, an old North Fitzroy haunt where a generation of bands that could have been famous unpacked and packed up on the cramped sticky black stage. Old school downtown in the death roll of gentrification everywhere. Finally, at the end of the tram line geographically—and metaphorically for generations of Brunswick blue overalls who have eked out an existence in the factories—brickyards and narrow worker's cottages with pocket-handkerchief sized gardens all around, The Lomond Hotel as their happy hour repose. So, we got two deep-fried chicken schnitzel sandwiches and chips, a jug of beer, and found a quiet, sunny perch on the weathered outdoor furniture in the beer garden; and while the generator quietly hummed next to us, I talked with Richie Ramone about Homeless Records. Interview and introduction by Geoff Dreschler. Photos courtesy Jack Callaghan and Tahlia Palmer.

MRR: Why the name Homeless?
It was a Cuntz gig in the basement at the Grace Darling, April 2012 (in Collingwood, Melbourne, Australia). A photograph of Ben Cuntz's bloody face was taken at this show. There was a memorable song they played, the lyrics "support the homeless, and the long-term unemployed" sung with an aggressive, demanding tone. It struck a nerve and I felt "Homeless" was what the new label should be called. As the Bits of Shit record needed to get into production, I notified their guitarist Andy Lang as soon as the label name was decided. "Homeless" is the killer opening to Cuntz debut album, which already existed on CD before its vinyl release in January '13.

MRR: Then when and where did the idea for Homeless Records come from?
When and where...When, was about April...2012...and I was in the front bar of The Tote Hotel in Collingwood and—

MRR: Who was playing The Tote that night?
It was that "afternoon" actually. [chuckling] The Bits of Shit were doing a residency in the front bar of The Tote, a sorta long-running thing that they do on a Saturday afternoon where people can see bands for free in the front bar from 5pm until 7pm. Generally three bands play in that two-hour period and it's always a great environment. It can get loose and wild. You have the bartenders loving the fact they're getting paid to serve people beers but they're also getting the opportunity to watch a band and listen to the music, up close and personal. Just through a vocal PA. I used to own The Tote a long, long time ago...

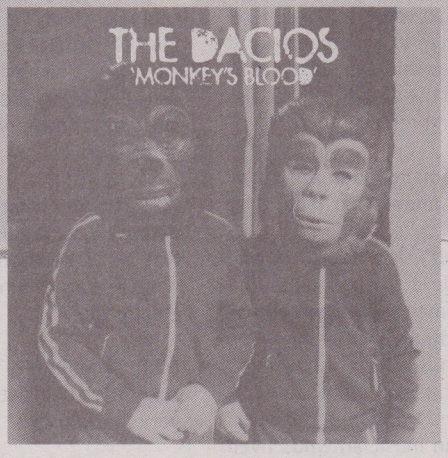
MRR: So when you were there, Saturday afternoon, in The Tote, watching Bits of Shit... What was the inspiration? Did you just want to record them as a band? You liked the sound?
The guys in the band were—all four of them at the time—old mates. And I'd become aware of them having recorded an album; it was just through chatting to Andy, the guitarist. Just kind of pressing him, "What's going on with your album? Who's going to release it?" And he said, "Well... Nobody. We haven't got anybody to release it". And I said, "Well, fuck it, I'll start a record label and I'll release it!" And he was like "Really...?" I said "Yeah. Well, lets do it!" That was April 2012 and we got the record out mid-July 2012. And that was the first Homeless release. Homeless1.

MRR: When we were chatting earlier, you mentioned at one point that Homeless Records had been dubbed "Melbourne's most offensive record label," with the Bits of Shit, and Cuntz, and their early releases. Do you want to tell the readers of *Maximum Rocknroll* how that came to be?
[laughing] Uhm... It definitely came to be because the first release was Melbourne's the Bits of Shit, which was followed by me witnessing a band going by the name of Cuntz. I just saw this explosive live show by them one evening at the Grace Darling Hotel in Smith St. Collingwood that was violent and bloody, and messy and just dangerous. It resonated with me. I'd put out the Bits of Shit record and focusing on a couple of other releases, and the Cuntz record ended up being the second release on the label. And then... there was an old Melbourne band called Filthy Maggoty Cunt *[both laughing]* and I used to joke that I'd put out Bits of Shit, I'd put out Cuntz... Filthy Maggoty Cunt are next! And I started being referred to—or Homeless started being referred to—as "Melbourne's most offensive record label" and that sat fine with me. I thought it was a bit of a joke and a bit of fun. It probably hasn't helped with getting airplay! Cuntz haven't helped getting airplay, even the community radio stations, and certainly getting reviews in magazines. It's led to difficulties, yes...

MRR: No plans of course to change the band's name or anything like that; to undermine their artistic integrity?!
I would never suggest such a thing to an artist!

MRR: Tell us about when you first approached Cuntz about releasing them.
As I said it was just after the violent, bloody injurious show at the Grace Darling and they were all outside having a smoke—

MRR: They're skinny teenagers?
They might have been skinny twenty-two-year-olds at the time and I was a forty-something-year-old guy approaching them, asking them, "Got any recordings?" And I got this really weird vibe from them. I just felt like



they were, "Who is this old prick?"

MRR: Did they not expect anybody would actually wanna put it out for them, or do you think it was that they weren't expecting you to appear in the middle of the night?
I think it was the latter; someone appearing in the middle of the night at a show in the basement of the Grace Darling...But they didn't actually have the CDs with them! They're not real big on the marketing...You could say their name wasn't well thought-out...

MRR: Typified in the name as you say!
Exactly! But, it happened they were playing a week later. They were doing a show at Bar Open, in Brunswick St. (in Fitzroy) and I was going to that show, and sure enough they were selling copies of the CD.

MRR: It's the same record?
Yeah, same sequence, same artwork. Again, they weren't really good at selling it...They hadn't even provided copies to the radio stations here or anything like that. They actually made me buy a copy. *[laughing]* I actually had to give them $10 to buy a copy of the fucking CD I ended up releasing on Homeless! They still owe me $10!

MRR: How many things has the label put out since then?
To this point I've got eighteen actual releases, with about another ten forthcoming.

MRR: Thinking of those eighteen releases, is there one particularly that stands out as being your "favorite?"
The "favorite!" Wow, it's hard to pick favorites...tough. I'm proud of them all and pleased to have been involved with them all. None of the bands have been difficult..,none of them have been prima donnas...it's all been verbal handshake agreements. There are some—for example, the Bits of Shit. To kick start the label with the Bits of Shit was just, somebody said, "Smokes! Way to kick off a label." It was one of the first comments I read in the first month of that album's release.

MRR: Why did people describe it as such?
Well, it was on an online forum where somebody said it was an "impressive opening salvo from Homeless." I think because it is. In the long run, the Bits of Shit record has gone on to be considered an Australian punk classic... Which is really rewarding for me personally, for the band, I'm sure. To read a fairly highly respected website in the UK, *The Quietus*, refer to the Bits of Shit record as a "future classic of hairy-neck überpunk," I just thought yeah, that's a sentence that kinda captures it. But to get back to your question. It was not just the Bits of Shit. The Stickmen: there's something that I'm really proud of.

MRR: The Stickmen? They're a bit obscure in terms of Australian music history aren't they?
Very obscure! Never did any kind of self-promotion, very little about them on the internet...

MRR: It's not easy when you're from Tasmania, is it?
Well, I guess pre-internet Australia was always considered such an isolated place. And then the Stickmen were from Tasmania and that isolation factor is increased ten fold. It's hard to kind of perceive that these days—with the internet, and music everywhere, the access to it is just instantaneous, at the touch of our fingertips—but the Stickmen were special. I'd been around, doing labels and working in record stores for a long, long time, and going to shows for 30 years now. I'd never heard of the Stickmen until the All Tomorrow's Parties show in February 2013. They were around the '90s and recorded two albums back then. One in '97 and one in '98 and they did a reformation show in February '13. Their last show was in '99, their next show was in 2013.

MRR: Fourteen years later...
...and I was just totally blown away by this show at All Tomorrow's Parties. Two of the releases I am very, very proud of, and very pleased with the end result.

MRR: So maybe these are your "favorites?"
They could be my "favorites." They're definitely up there, without a doubt. Not putting down any of the other releases. I mean, I could also say the Stabs' *Dirt* LP—that was seven years in the making. It was in 2006 when I discussed, with Brendan from the Stabs, about the fact it was only going to come out on CD. And in 2006 I did say, "Well, I'll start another record label and put that out on vinyl" but I got busy with life and running the pub (The Tote Hotel) and stuff and it... that didn't happen. It took seven years for me to get the Stabs out on vinyl, and that's very satisfying. To fulfil something that I promised to someone many years earlier! I could describe the Stickmen experience. Having witnessed them, my jaw was literally sore by the end of the set, because I was just stunned by the performance.

MRR: Describe the sound to us.
Well, they interestingly use a turntable-ist so it's—a description that's overused—post-punk, kind of...extremely hard to describe! Somebody described them as an early Fugazi type of sound. There're definitely bits of early Sonic Youth, odd moments remind me of early Public Image Limited, and they then have this turntable-ist who makes these insane sounds in the background of everything that's going on. But being so blown away I... I was standing next to Dave Lang at the time (who now runs the excellent Desperate Records label), having convinced him that he needed to see this band in their entirety 'cause they were goddam

impressive! I've known Dave for twenty-something years, and Dave has never given up a single thing to me. That I might be right about something, not once! But yeah, at the end of the Stickmen show I'll never forget it. He turned to me, 'cause he was actually leaving—it was an extremely hot day, like 40°C and we were under a hot tin roof, it was pretty hard actually being able to stay in that room so, y' know, he could be forgiven for having to leave after a while to get some air. But I demanded that he stay, saying, "How could you think about leaving? These guys are amazing!" Dave turned to me at the end of the set and he said, "Yeah, okay Rich, you were right. Pretty impressive."

MRR: Did the Stickmen releases make it to the mainland of Australia? Or were they Tasmania-only releases? Do you know what label they were on?
They were just independent, totally self-released CDs. A self-titled and a record called *Man Made Stars*. The band made it to the mainland a couple of times for tours but the CDs...The Stickmen should actually be commended for putting out a CD in '97 that actually included a video clip on it, like multimedia bonus footage. Which is kind of innovative I think. And Dave Lang told me that the first person I could probably talk to is Tom Lyngcoln, who runs Solar/Sonar Records, and who put out a CD compilation of them. He's a great Tasmanian musician who's lived most of his life on the mainland. He's somewhat of a Tasmanian music historian of what went on in Tasmania back then. He's an old buddy, so I clapped my hands together and said, "So I've gotta find Tom Lyngcoln!" And I turned around and he was walking towards me! So, within about eight seconds, I had Tom Lyngcoln in front of me, saying they put out two albums, saving me from finding him among 3000 people.

Tom plays in a great band called Harmony, and at that point had just self-released their debut album on vinyl. When he told me that, I thought, "Damn, so I guess you'll be putting out the two Stickmen albums on vinyl?" He said, "Rich, I wish I could, I just don't have the money to do that, but if you'd like to come to their show on Friday night, I'll introduce you to the guys, and you can have a chat about putting them out". So I saw them the following weekend, met them, and ten months later we released these pretty impressive records—not just impressive-sounding but just deluxe, beautiful packaging.

MRR: So was it a re-release or new material?
It was just a first vinyl issue of the two albums that came out in the late '90s. The band was kind of stunned and shocked that a person so many years later—fifteen years later—was at all interested in putting their music out on vinyl but, y'know, it's proven worthwhile. They're nearly entirely sold out and have been praised by everybody who picked them up. We did a pretty limited run: 150 odd silk-screen editions of these amazing, beautiful looking packages that were printed and designed in New Zealand. A very expensive undertaking, but totally worthwhile. The 120 odd people who've got those Stickmen silk-screen editions? I can't see them parting with them any time soon.

MRR: Do you think there's a Homeless Records "sound?"
I might have thought so in the beginning...

MRR: Describe it for us.
It was a noisy, aggressive punk rock, post-punk kind of thing that was going on at the very beginning.

MRR: And do you think that's a "Melbourne" thing as well?
I think anybody who sort of heads down that noisemaking and art punk kind of path in Melbourne can definitely find a good following, and can carve out a niche and play good shows to decent-sized crowds, as well as then having the opportunity to tour overseas. I think the sound has since expanded and broadened with additions of the likes of the Night Terrors.

MRR: Do you want to describe the Night Terrors to us? They are most definitely not a noisy punk band from Melbourne!
No! Well, the Night Terrors have been going since about 2003, they play a more soundtrack-based/horror-inspired soundtrack-y kind of electronic.

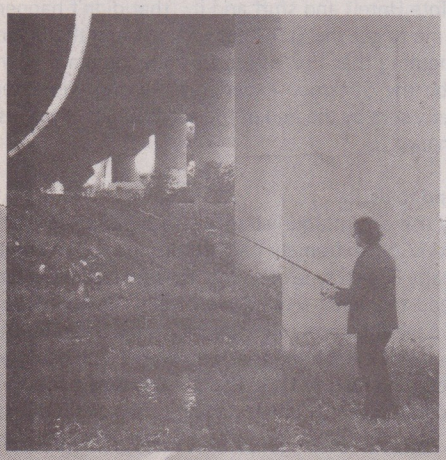
MRR: No guitars?
No guitars, but it's this atmospheric kind of...Gee! I'm not describing this very well! *[laughs]*

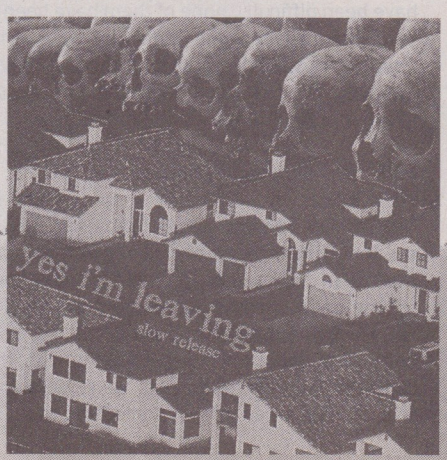
MRR: "Ambient?" Is that well-worn phrase appropriate?!
I wouldn't say ambient! There's some psychedelia, there's even a little bit—especially the first release—a little bit of prog rock in there.

MRR: On synthesizers?!
Well, there's a bass guitar, synthesizers and Miles Brown, the leader/guru of the Night Terrors, who is an excellent Theremin player, so he's been trained by one of the world's best Theremin players, this Russian artist called Lydia Kavina.

MRR: Was that in the States? In Russia?
I think it was actually somewhere in Europe. I'd be lying if I said I knew exactly where. But Lydia Kavina was a great teacher of Miles, as he was a pretty crappy Theremin player before. Somebody recently was kind of bagging the Night Terrors for the Theremin playing. We eventually discovered that this person, whoever it was, had got the tunes mixed up in their iTunes and were actually listening to a very early Night Terrors incarnation of the band—before Miles had actually studied for two years to play the Theremin! Whereas now, I think Miles would be regarded up there with the best. Goblin, now having visited Australia twice recently, each time, asked Miles Brown to play Theremin with them, which for somebody clearly influenced by the sounds of the music that Goblin was making back in the '70s was a huge honor.

MRR: We're not going to see a *Best of Tasmanian Underground Rock* on Homeless Records in the near future?
No?! I'll leave that to compilations that have come out in the past that have captured the uniqueness of what goes on in Tasmania. But since putting out the Stickmen, which was followed by the Daicios, I've been working on the Bird Blobs release and then an even more obscure





Tasmanian band called HMAS, and their album called *Fear God, Honour the King*.

MRR: What sort of music do they play? Are they from Hobart as well?
They're from Hobart as well. The HMAS album will be considered the first "archival" release by Homeless. It's an album that was recorded in '97, yet was never released, even on CD, so basically nobody's ever heard this album. I guess it's spazz punk kind of stuff, there's a little bit of dub in there—a tiny little bit of dub—there're some tracks that remind me of the old US punk band No Trend, especially their song "Teen Love." So HMAS remind me of them, but HMAS have never heard No Trend; just doing their own thing in Tasmania, so it's purely coincidental that there's any musical resemblance! I'm really excited by this HMAS release. I think even HMAS made it to the mainland at one point.

MRR: For a tour?
Yeah, for a tour and then scurried off back to Hobart and they've been there ever since, and not reformed.

MRR: Richie, you were showing me the Night Terrors record that's got those lovely sort of blobs. Do you want to talk about the packaging? What you're doing seems to be a bit different.
I've always appreciated well-designed releases that have clearly had some lovin' put into them; care and attention applied to the release. So with most of the Homeless releases we've tried to keep it to a really high standard, and in some cases do some really beautiful, special deluxe kind of packaging, like the Stickmen silk-screen editions. I'm working on a couple more of those silk-screen editions, working with a guy in New Zealand, who's the greatest silk-screener I've ever seen. I own a lot of silk-screen releases myself; they're sub-standard compared to what this guy in New Zealand does. Seven colour screens, lacquers, metallic dust...

MRR: Is he working for a record label in New Zealand? Freelancing? How did you find him?
No, he's just freelancing. His wife's a tattooist and they live in the most isolated place in New Zealand. So again, if Tasmania is isolated, New Zealand is just as isolated and this guy is in the middle of nowhere and has this silk-screening business. LP covers are not something he generally does. I was introduced to him via Aldous from the Stickmen, Aldous is a graphic designer so between the two of them they—unbeknownst to me—were working behind the scenes, in another country, I couldn't see what they were doing, what they were putting together until the covers arrived. I fell off my chair. It was so impressive.

MRR: What is Homeless going to be doing for the rest of 2015?
I'm really excited about 2015. It's insanely busy, I foresee there being about nine or ten releases for the year. I put out seven in 2014, ten in 2013 and one in 2012! June/July is going to be a really busy period, putting out one of my favourite bands of the last three years, an Austin, TX outfit called Spray Paint.

MRR: How did you come across them?
I'm a massive fan of the record label S-S Records, so I buy everything...I'm a real "label person" myself, I tend to collect labels. And one of the labels I collect—and have everything that they've ever done, which is some 70-odd releases—is S-S Records. They put out two seven inches by this Texan band, named Spray Paint, and they were only in editions of 200 each...I made sure I snapped up a copy of each immediately, and just loved those singles—such impressive tunes. And then I happened to be fortunate enough to see Spray Paint at Gonerfest 10, in September 2013, and I just approached the band. Homeless are getting involved in their first Australian tour, which is going to be part of what we're doing in 2015.

MRR: You haven't done any of the tours before? You've just been putting out records, yeah?
Been concentrating on the records, releases, yes. So, with Spray Paint, it's also putting together a tour, and booking shows and everything—support acts, the promotion. It's massively time consuming as a one-man operation, it's insanely time consuming! Cuntz and Spray Paint are going to do a bunch of shows together, through Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney, so we're going to do a split 7" for the tour. All going well, every single copy will sell as part of the tour, but there'll probably be some copies that get out to America and to Europe, so that'll be Homeless' first 7" release.

Aside for these three releases, there'll be the previously mentioned HMAS *Fear God, Honour the King* in June. That's going to be in a limited edition of 300 copies. There's already been a lot of interest now that the word's getting out about that, I'm beginning to wonder if 300 was the right number. I would rather things sell out, to be honest, that's the idea. I don't wanna be sitting on boxes of unsold records. There's also the Sailors, a Melbourne band, who put out some great albums in the early 2000s. We're reissuing an album of theirs, which was CD only, called *Failure, Depression, Suicide*.

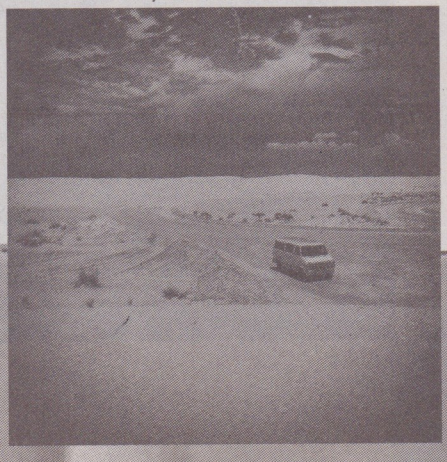
MRR: Very optimistic!
Yeah! Very optimistic! It's a great album. It's an EP nobody really knows.

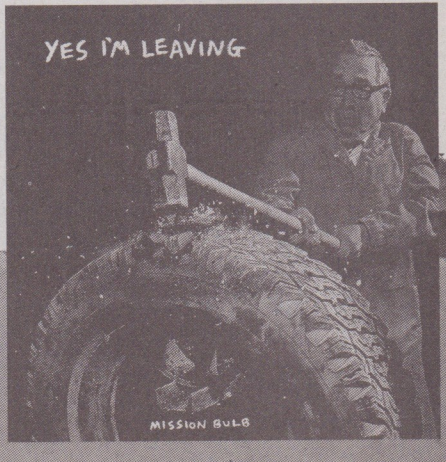
MRR: Is that because the songs are really long or really short?
The songs are quite short and they're only like nine songs, so not really an album but also a bit more than an EP! I'll just call it an "album" I think! So that'll come probably August or September.

MRR: And anything else for 2015?
Cuntz's third album, *Force the Zone*; also in June. Everybody who has heard it believes it's their best recordings yet. One band I'm really excited about is Sewers, their second album *Weight*.

MRR: Did you do their first album?
Yes, I did. Which, when you asked earlier about it, is one of my favorite releases; the Sewers debut album. I get such a kick whenever I listen to that album. Such an underrated, under-appreciated band on the Homeless roster I think.

MRR: Why do you say that?
I think it's quite a noisy, grimy, kind of filthy, putrid, rock'n'roll, maybe too harsh for some people. And at the same time, I blame myself for the lack of promotion of that release. The record was supposed to turn up two weeks





earlier than what it did, so it eventually turned up two days before I had to leave to go overseas on a three-month holiday. So I didn't have my promotional stuff in order back then... Certain things happened that impacted the release of that album. Anyway, forthcoming in June is Sewers' second album, accompanied by a tour of the US in June 2015.

MRR: So Richie, you're doing the whole one-person thing, running a record label, the whole DIY thing...Have you got any tips or suggestions for people who might be thinking about doing the same? Putting out music they love, music they like to go and see, music they like to listen to. Because you're clearly not a millionaire as a result of your involvement with these activities!
Oh...you noticed! *[laughing]* I'm all for people undertaking the DIY aesthetic and running with things that they're passionate about. It's certainly the reason why I do it. The people I work with at my day job, they see how hard I work on the stuff I'm doing on the record label, whilst going and attending a day job. I think that passion has to be there; you can't just be half committed to something. I think at the same time, I think some people—well, certainly everyone wants to have their music put out on vinyl.

MRR: That's very interesting in the 21st century that bands want to do vinyl. Given the capacity to record your music and get it out internationally is so, so much easier than for instance in the '80s, when you used to send a self-addressed envelope to some PO box in another country.
Exactly! It's also encouraging that the kids, even these days, are into vinyl and people like myself can only hope that trend continues. At the same time, when I started Homeless in 2012, the vinyl resurgence hadn't quite taken off to the extent that it has now. I'm glad I got in and got started when I did, because I would honestly not like to be starting up something right now. I think it's gotten tougher.

MRR: You need to be sure that it's something the bands want to do and people want to listen to?
Exactly! I think with eighteen releases now, we know that there're a lot of people who've collected each and every release. I get a lot of messages from people, a lot of really encouraging and complementary messages about their admiration for the label; that sort of stuff keeps you going as well. Then also, at the same time, you feel somewhat...you don't want to let people down. I'm having to ensure that every release I put out has completely, totally blown me away. The market itself, as we read in the articles and stuff, is being flooded. The major labels reissuing Fleetwood Mac records that are already pressed in the hundreds of thousands or millions. And you've got major labels taking up pressing plant time. The limited pressing plants that are available for us to use—and the small independent labels—are getting pushed to the side because of majors and their money, that are now jumping on the "reissues" bandwagon.

MRR: Do you think that's because of the quality of the sound?
I think the youth of today seems to want that tangible product.

Homeless Records is home to Spray Paint, HMAS, Deaf Wish, the Dacios, Shovels, the Night Terrors, the Stickmen, Gentlemen, Cuntz, Sewers, Dan Melchior, the Stabs, Bird Blobs, the Sailors, Subtle Turnips, Yes I'm Leaving, and Bits of Shit. Stay up to date with future releases and news at homelessvinyl.com.au

CHACHO RECORDS

"Puerto Rico's Finest!

PUNK • GARAGE • SALSA

--> LPS OUT NOW!

ARDILLAS - S/T

LOPO DRIDO - S/T

LOS VIGILANTES - AL FIN

LOS PEPINIYOZ - ALTA TENSION

JUANKO ROMPEKUERDOS Y LOPO DRIDO - SANTURCE 3 A.M.

PLUS1

ORQUESTA EL MACABEO - "MACACOA" B/W "NO SE CUANDO LLEGUE"

--> 7-INCH OUT NOW

COMING SOON!

DIENTE PERRO - DATELA LP

ANTISOCIALES - ES ABSURDO LP

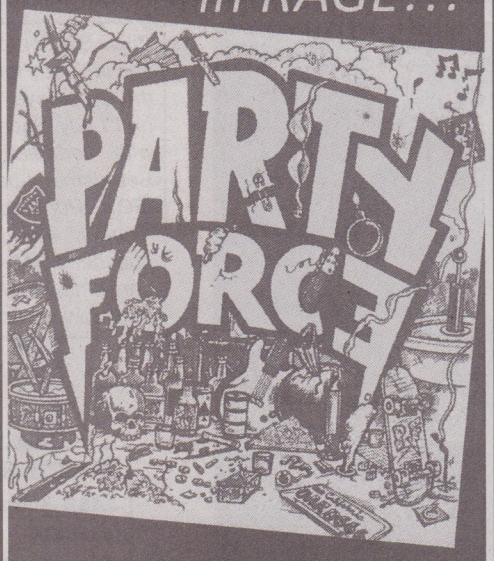
ALL LPs $12 plus shipping or $16 media mail (US only)

7-inches $4 plus shipping or $6 media mail (us only)

TO ORDER, EMAIL CHACHORECORDS @GMAIL.COM

MFPF!

PUTTING the AGE in RAGE!!!



New Self-Produced Hard & Hateful 5 Song 7" from th' MuthaFkn Bay Area!

$8ppd PO Box 3477 Oakland CA 94609

MOTHERFUCKING PARTY FORCE!

BUTTON KINGS

DON'T. BUY. BUTTONS. FROM. US.

www.buttonkings.com

JELLO BIAFRA & THE NEW ORLEANS RAUNCH & SOUL ALL STARS
WALK ON JINDAL'S SPLINTERS
SOUTHERN SOUL, RHYTHM & BLUES, AND GARAGE CLASSICS RECORDED LIVE!

MISCHIEF BREW
THIS IS NOT FOR CHILDREN
PUNK GYPSY FOLK WITH TEETH!

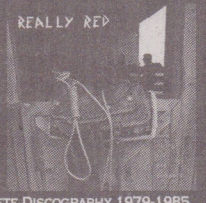
REALLY RED

THE COMPLETE DISOGRAPHY BY THE KBD HARDCORE TEXAS LEGENDS!

VOL 1: TEACHING YOU THE FEAR LP
THE CLASSIC FIRST ALBUM

VOL 2: REST IN PAIN LP
THE LONG LOST SECOND ALBUM

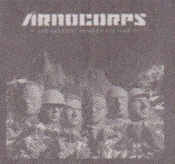
VOL 3: NEW STRINGS FOR OLD PUPPETS LP
ALL THE 7" SINGLES AND RARE LIVE TRACKS



ALSO AVAILABLE ON DOUBLE CD : TEACHING YOU THE FEAR: THE COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY 1979-1985

THE WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY
THIS PACKED FUNERAL
PUNK ROCK CABARET STYLE!

RATOS DE PORAO
SECULO SINISTRO
BRAZILIAN HARDCORE LEGENDS



ARNOCORPS
THE GREATEST BAND OF ALL TIME
ACTION ADVENTURE HARDCORE

FRANTIX
MY DAD'S A FUCKIN' ALCOHOLIC
CLASSIC KBD PUNK!

JELLO BIAFRA AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
WHITE PEOPLE AND THE DAMAGE DONE

COMING SOON: JUCIFER LP, EVAN JOHNS, AND RUIN!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
PO BOX 419092 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141 U$A
WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM

BITCH SCHOOL

Bitch School formed in 2010, in Portland, Oregon, and includes former members of Hellside Stranglers, the Altarboys, Mollybolt, Ms. 45, Cootie Platon and Lady Speed Stik. The band recently sat down with Jedediah Aaker—founder of the Portland Beardsmen, bassist in the Gnash, and citizen of IFC's Portlandia—who asked them about their "school," their history, their fans, and about what a douchebag Metallica's Dave Mustaine really is. So here's how four chicks maka' with the rocka'. Interview transcribed and edited by Paul Montone.

BITCH SCHOOL are:
Lisa Fleming: Lead Guitar/Lead Vocals
Jen Beck: Bass/Backing Vocals
Linda Niksich: Guitar/Backing Vocals
Melodie Bierwagen: Drums

MRR: First question, when was the last time you girls were tested?
Linda: That depends on what kind of test. My last test was in Environmental Health class.
Lisa: I am tested by the Lord every day!
Jen: I'm married; it's been like ten years!
Linda: Well, everyone should get tested at least once in their lifetime, but if you have multiple partners, you should get tested at least every six months.
Melodie: I just had a quiz this morning!
MRR: A quiz is different than a test. ***[laughter]*** **Alright. Bitch School. When and how?**
Lisa: It just kinda fell apart and came together. There was an original three-piece lineup that exploded, and the band just fell by the wayside. To try again, I thought of Jen, who used to be in Lady Speed Stik. I was thinking of guitar players and thought of Linda. The drummer didn't work out so I asked Mel, who had played drums in the Die Jobs, to play drums.

MRR: I was in Lady Speed Stik, back in the '90s.
Lisa: Yeah, he filled in! He learned all the songs within a week and a half and played a show!

MRR: So for Bitch School, as a school, what are the requirements for applications for people who want to join?
Jen: You can't be a bitch.
Lisa: You don't have to be a bitch to be in Bitch School. If you are, you are kicked the fuck out.
Linda: If you're going to be a bitch, you're going to get kicked to the curb.

MRR: What are the extra-curricular activities and opportunities the school offers?
Linda: We offer a good ass-kicking if you disrespect any of us. We're like Charlie's Angels, but there's four of us.
Lisa: We offer superior musicianship.
Melodie: We don't really think about the school part.

MRR: But that's what people want to know.
Jen: We don't need no education!
MRR: What about tuition costs?
Lisa: Drugs, alcohol, coffee.
Linda: And by drugs, we mean coffee.

MRR: What about dorm life?
Linda: The last time I dormed-up with Lisa, she fell asleep with a Bitch School sticker on her ass, and I took a picture of it and put it on the internet, and I also held her hair back when she was throwing up in the toilet.
Melodie: Remember all those pictures of people with Bitch School pictures on their butts? That was hilarious.
Linda: That was up in Seattle. Was it Slims?

MRR: So tell me about Bitch School's groupies.
Linda: We have groupies from all ages.
Melodie: I think we have a lot of old men groupies.
Linda: There's a guy who claims to be a fan of Bitch School, but none of us has ever seen him. He sent both Lisa and I presents.
Lisa: He's a friend of a friend, but he's never been to a show and we've never met him. He's sent me DVDs of Screaming Jay Hawkins and UFO, weird but cool.
Linda: He sent me all seasons of *Weeds* one time and Shari's Berries. It was really nice.
Jen: He thinks you're a MILF!

MRR: Is a little stalkerish in your fans bad?
Linda: No, I like a little stalkerish, just like guys like a little crazy.
Lisa: You're a nobody until you've had a stalker.
Jed: Or until Weird Al does one of your songs!

MRR: What's the biggest myth about Bitch School?
Lisa: That I'm Miss Nasty (on the cover of our *Get Nasty On You* 7" and t-shirt).
Linda: Maybe that we're bitches.

Lisa: The name doesn't have to carry that stigma.

MRR: What, that you're a school or that you're a bitch?
Linda: Of being a "bitch." We're actually really nice girls.

MRR: I heard at rehearsals you girls talk a lot about penises.
Linda: Well, what else is there to talk about?

MRR: What's your favorite kind of penis?
Jen: We don't want to make anyone feel bad, but...

MRR: What's the worst kind of penis?
Linda: A small one. I hate to break it to you. Size matters, you guys. *[laughter]*
Melodie: It's part of evolution of the penis. I read that monkeys with larger penises were preferred over monkeys with small ones.
Lisa: What about all the guys with the tiny cocks reading this interview, they're going to have their feelings hurt. You know what? We're all going to be reincarnated as men with tiny penises.

MRR: The song "Get Nasty on You," what's that all about?
Lisa: It has two meanings. Sex, and the other is, "You fuck with me, I'm going to get nasty on you." If you wanna sing the black and blue blues…

MRR: What's the school mascot for Bitch School?
Melodie: The guy that sends presents to them and not to us!

MRR: Does Bitch School have coed dorms?
Lisa: We don't have massive naked orgies with midget clowns and goats, even if we'd like to. It just doesn't happen. I'm a high school drop-out, these girls, Linda and Melodie, are in college.

MRR: Are transfer credits allowed?
Jen: We are all experienced musicians from other bands.
Linda: We come from many, many, many transferrable band credits.

MRR: At Bitch School, what's the cafeteria like?
Linda: Tater tots and Mexican food.
Lisa: Vegan options, please. And beer.
Melodie: Wine or champagne, preferably.

MRR: What kind of sports opportunities do you have?
Linda: We have a high kicking event.
Lisa: Ball-kick boxing. One of the venues we played at had Jell-O wrestling. If you had a tub full of ranch, and tub full of hot jojos, then we're in.

MRR: Who would win in a battle, Joan Jett or Wonder Woman?
Lisa: Wonder Woman would try to put her little lasso around Joan Jett to win her over, but then Joan Jett would just give her that look, and Wonder Woman would melt into nothing.
Melodie: Wonder Woman would play with Joan Jett's mind and get her to fall in love with her, so Wonder Woman would win because of her powers.
Linda: Is Wonder Woman gay?
Lisa: Wonder Woman's got those awesome hips.

MRR: Who's got better hips?
Linda: Wonder Woman, for sure. Lynda Carter.

MRR: Of the band, who has the worst tattoo?
Lisa: I have a DK tattoo that was made with a homemade tattoo gun I got in 1980.

MRR: We're at O'Malley's and we're listening to Bitch School right now. What song is this?
Linda: I think it's really awesome that we can hear our album playing in the back right now. I can barely hear it because I'm going deaf.
Jen: It's like us to the max.
Linda: This is "Hot Rod Chick." It's actually a reincarnation of a Lady Speed Stik song that I feel very privileged to be singing on. We were kind of dorking around at practice one night, and I said I wanted to dedicate this song to my daughter.
Lisa: This song's about a chick that slays all dudes, and they're all in awe of her because she's so badass.
Linda: That sounds like my daughter.
Lisa: Like all of us.
Melodie: People are in awe of us, really. *[laughter]*

MRR: So at your shows, if everyone's in awe, does that mean the whole audience looks like mouth breathers?
Linda: Some of them are definitely mouth breathers. A lot of dudes come to our shows. Lisa plays awesome guitar; she's taught me a lot.
Melodie: And she writes kickass songs.
Linda: Lisa is "Head Bitch." She writes all the songs and we just do what we're told, which works for us.
Lisa: *[singing]* I write the songs that make the bad girls cry . . . that make Dave Mustaine cry.

We wrote a song about Dave Mustaine. I went to his book signing at Powell's Books. I'd interviewed him in a fanzine in Hollywood, California, so I thought he'd remember me, and I brought along a copy of the fanzine to show him. I went up to him and said, "Dave! Remember me!? We interviewed you several times." And he was like, "Why would I remember you?" And I said, "Well, we interviewed you in this fanzine, you thanked us on your record." And he said, "Fanzine!? Why would I remember a fanzine!?" And I was like, "OK...." So I went back home and wrote a song about him, "I Got Dissed by Dave Mustaine." It's on our new record.
Linda: Douche!

MRR: I heard a rumor that him and Carrot Top are going to start doing a duet show together in Reno. If Carrot Top and Dave Mustaine were in a battle, who would win?
Linda: I vote for Carrot Top. Carrot Top kicks ass. Dave Mustaine, not so much.
Melodie: I would go for Dave Mustaine. Dave Mustsaine was in Metallica. I like Dave Mustaine!
Linda: Noooooo!
Jen: But I've got Lisa's back. If he dissed her again, I'd be like, "Nuh uh..."

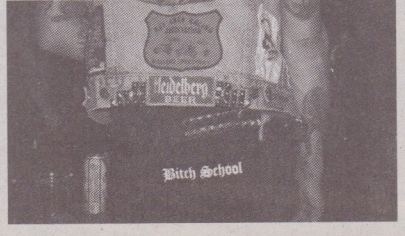
MRR: How does Portland influence Bitch School?
Melodie: That's a very good question. Portland's very popular right now.
Linda: Portland rules.
Lisa: The bands that have played in Portland—like Poison Idea, Dead Moon, Greg Sage—there's a darkness. It's because of all the cloud cover. It fuckin' rains here all the time! And a lot of times you hunker down in the wintertime and you write songs, it's all you have to do. You can't go out and party in the sun or, you know, have fun because it's raining all the fuckin' time. So what else are you gonna do? You play guitar and you write songs.

MRR: What are your favorite places to play in Portland?
Linda: Club 21, hands-down. I love playing Club 21! A shout out to Michele Motta who does the booking and the sound there. She always books really good shows, and it's always free, and that's what's great. Anyone can show up. If they don't have a lot of money, they can show up to Club 21 and see a killer show for free.
Lisa: Years ago, when my band Lady Speed Stik played with Betty Blowtorch and Nashville Pussy at EJ's across the street, we'd go there to get liquor, and they had shows there like Black Jack, but my band was never asked, and that was always on my bucket list. I always wanted to play there.

MRR: So what do you girls think about Justin Bieber egging his neighbor?
Linda: Did he do that!? That guy's a douche. I don't give a shit what that guy does.
Melodie: My son told me he thinks Justin Bieber's a nice guy, and I said, "Really? He's got an attitude!"
Lisa: There are actually people taking up petitions to get him deported back to Canada, where he belongs. So, yeah, I think he should be deported back to Canadia.
Linda: Not to be confused with *Portlandia*!

Jed: What's in the future for Bitch School? What kinds of challenges and mountains of metal are you going to climb?
Linda: We do have a big show coming up that we're stoked about, but it's not set in stone, so we can't say it.
Melodie: If we get that, it will be the biggest show of my life—that will be it!
Linda: And every time we practice, I picture us on the stage and how I'm probably going to puke from stage fright.
Lisa: Playing a big stage in a big venue, that's been my ultimate goal musically, but once it's been presented to me, I'm like "Ugh, fuck! I don't think I can do this!" I'm scared shitless!
Jen: I'm focused, I'm ready.
Linda: We fucking got this!

Bitch School's full-length Bite Down On This *is out now on National Dust. Stay up to date at reverbnation.com/bitchschool and nationaldust.bigcartel.com.*



SIERPIEN

Interview with Artem Burtsev

I met Artem Burtsev in 2009. At the time, he was organizing a gig in St. Petersburg for his band, Pora Konchat (Time to Finish), which had just released its debut album. He was approaching some local acts—one of which, Grotesque Sexuality, I was fronting—in order to invite them, as supporting acts. Since that time, I've always noticed how Artem evolves both as a musician and a listener—he's a passionate record collector, curious about what's happening in the post-punk/goth universe all over the world. Last year he presented his new, and obviously most powerful project, Sierpien.

The project represents a vast complex of influences, rooted in Artem's experience in his previous projects and in the post-punk heritage, varying from classics like Killing Joke, the Mob, and Siekiera to more recent acts like, say, the Bellicose Minds. His newest project differs not only musically from his past endeavors; in Russia, which is now facing its biggest crisis since the '90s, a thinking person can hardly remain silent. Artem, who had previously mixed both the internal and external in his lyrics, has moved closer to the latter—so I knew from the start that this interview would go quite beyond the conversation about the music.

Introduction and interview by Pavel Zarutskiy (Sadwave.com, Salome's Dance). Photos provided by Bartosz Twardak.

MRR: You've played post-punk stuff for many years and your previous projects, Pora Konchat and Prazdnik, remain underestimated. With Sierpien you're finally receiving the acknowledgement that I believe you deserve. In your opinion, why is this so?

I've been involved in the post-punk world for nearly a decade, since I finished school. Pora Konchat was my first serious experience in this style. On one hand, we started to play in 2007 and we were one of just a few bands playing post-punk—especially using the Russian language—in Russia. We should've been some kind of monopolists and pioneers of the new wave, but there was no real post-punk scene in 2007-2010 in Russia, the years when we existed. On another hand, we were really inexperienced at promoting our music and thought that popularity would find us someday anyway. And we didn't get all we wanted with our debut album: the guy who was mixing it, our second guitarist, left for four months one day and we had to publish another version of album, which was less powerful. It was released on CD. Later the guitarist brought us the better version, which was really perfect, but it was too late—we only published it in the internet. I hope one day it will be released on vinyl. Later we recorded the second album. As for me, it was little bit more interesting than the first one, but it passed totally unnoticed. We disbanded and only once reunited to record our final mini-album, which was more indie rock-inspired. After that record we disbanded.

My second band, Prazdnik, was the side-project of myself, the Pora Konchat drummer Denis, and my friend Vitaly, who played synths. In Pora Konchat we played Joy Division-oriented post-punk. In Prazdnik we played coldwave/synthpop, mostly inspired by early Cure and New Order, OMD, Neva, Martin Dupont, Neon, etc. To my mind we had a good start: in 2011 we could play quite well and we recorded an interesting mini-LP. But after several gigs, Vitaly, who wanted more experiments, left the band and helped us only to record the album. We worked with the guy who had previously crossed us up with the Pora Konchat debut album, because he could mix and record really well when he was sober enough—but he cheated us again. We recorded ten really gorgeous songs, very carefully, and he left with our final mix. We tried to contact him for six months or so, and finally decided to publish the raw version. We didn't have enough energy to record those songs again. The final result was 30% of what we had planned and expected. Public reaction wasn't good. We were confused. Also, in both bands we ignored promotion abroad, which was a mistake. We didn't get what we wanted.

When I started Sierpien I decided that I would try again, but if it wasn't successful and interesting for other people I would end my public music career. I was inspired by the new wave of goth-punk/post-punk bands, Zimna Fala, and the anarcho-punk scene, so I could imagine a little how to promote it abroad. I've started to promote in both in Russia and abroad. The latter turned out to be more successful. Finally, my dream to get my album published by a cool thematic label came true. It was my plan-minimum in my musical career.

MRR: The first three Sierpien records—the LP, the split with Salome's Dance, and the Bandcamp single—represent the first period of the band, when you were a duo with Denis. But since then you've completed the line-up with ex-Breathing of Bones guitar player Anton, whose guitar your listeners can hear on the band's newest EP, *Triumph*. What has his presence changed in the band and in its sound?

Our sound has changed a lot, I think. You've heard our first record with Anton, the *Triumph* EP—to my mind, the guitar parts have become more diverse and interesting. Also, Anton is a big fan of Killing Joke, Amebix, and Play Dead so our sound has become closer to these bands. People will clearly hear it on our second album. Anton has also added deathrock influences—after all, he played in a typical deathrock band called Breathing of Bones. Our sound's going to be darker, heavier, and more goth. At first it was little bit hard for me to make songs with the third member, but later I discovered that our new material sounds much more interesting than the songs I wrote along with Denis for our first album. I am really happy with Anton.

MRR: Let's speak about the band's debut LP, *Zawsze Nasze*, which, starting from the cover refers to UK Decay, Killing Joke, Crisis, the Mob, and Siekiera. And you know, the funny fact is that some Ukrainian guys ignored the record because they thought that its cover and title were a sort of patriotic manifestation regarding Crimea. So within this variety of meanings, which ones were intentional?

The main idea of the cover was provocation. It could be different meanings. Russian patriots may think that it's patriotic; Ukrainian nationalists may think the same, or that as it's their colors (red and black), it's some kind of anti-Russian, anti-occupation manifesto. Some listeners from Poland thought that it's a Polish patriotic rock album (I've heard this crazy meaning from one of my Polish friends); other Polish people connected the band's name and the name of the album with the tragic events in Gdansk.

As for me, the red and black colors symbolize anarchism. Together with the other cover symbols—soldier, cat, graveyard, crosses, barbed wire—it symbolizes the tragedy of nations. Politicians' manipulations and propaganda make them think that they do the right things, while they cheat themselves.

Also, of course, when I was making the cover I was inspired by the covers of UK Decay's *For My Country*, Crisis's *Holocaust Hymns*, the Mob's *Let the Tribe Increase*, and Siekiera's *Nowa Aleksandria*. I wanted this cover to be some kind of tribute.

MRR: Knowing that you're a journalist by profession, one could consider "Correspondents of News Agencies" a pretty personal song. You sing, "Their time is over"—why so?

Not "their," but "our"—I sing being one of the correspondents. I will be honest: most of the professions are some kind of prostitution, but some of them more than others. Journalism is one of them. Of course, in the civilized world, you can be independent and write what you want. In Russia, this situation is different. Most professional and serious journalists from big newspapers and news agencies should be committed, usually to the government. So it looks more like you work not as journalist, but as a PR specialist. You totally depend on your employer.

I was working for *RIA Novosti*. It was one of the three biggest Russian news agencies and it was government media. When the Ukrainian revolution started, some people in the government decided that this media gave very neutral or pro-Ukrainian information—or so they thought—and one day the president liquidated it. Many people became unemployed. I changed my work, as did many other colleagues. After a while many independent and liberal media closed too.

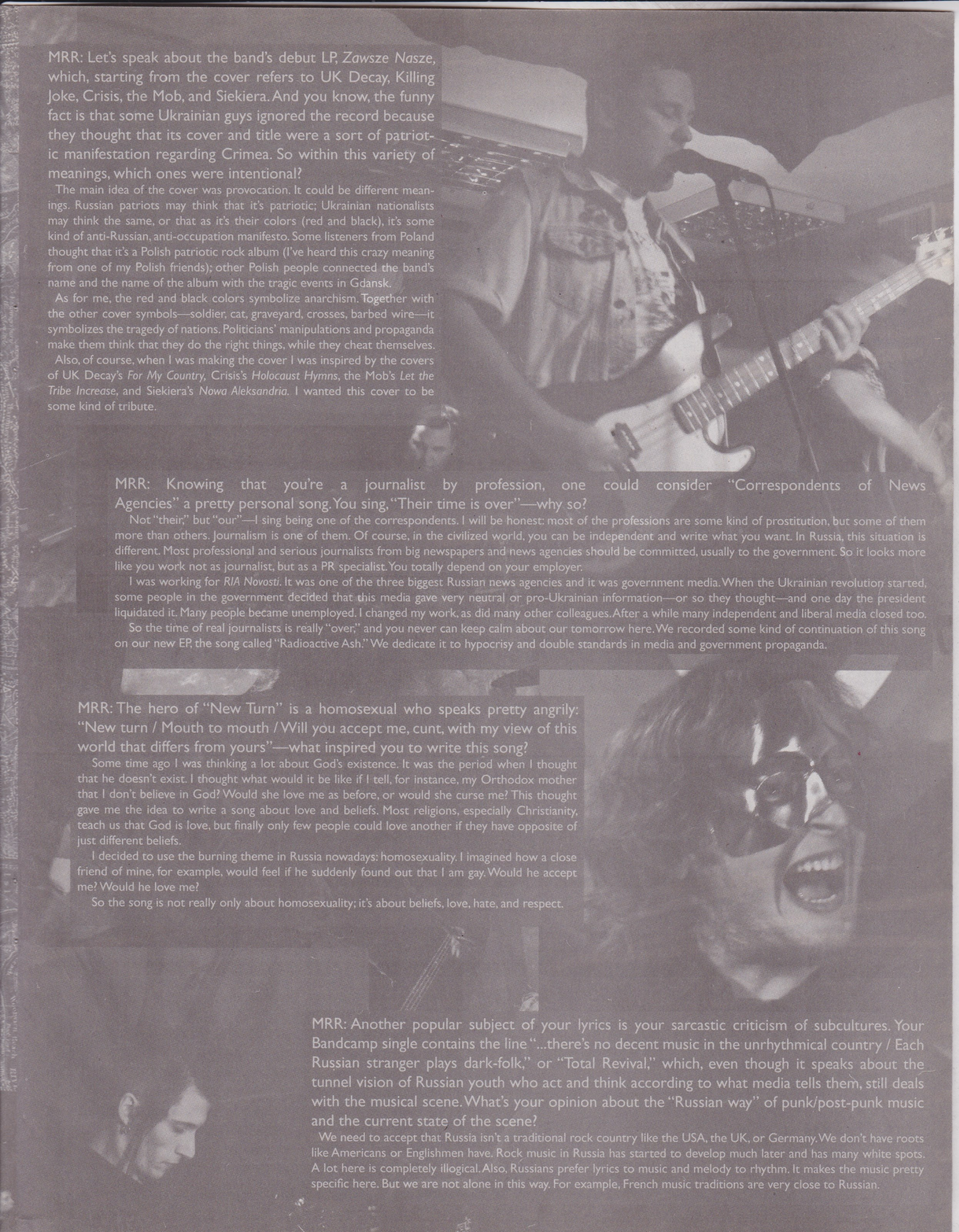
So the time of real journalists is really "over," and you never can keep calm about our tomorrow here. We recorded some kind of continuation of this song on our new EP, the song called "Radioactive Ash." We dedicate it to hypocrisy and double standards in media and government propaganda.

MRR: The hero of "New Turn" is a homosexual who speaks pretty angrily: "New turn / Mouth to mouth / Will you accept me, cunt, with my view of this world that differs from yours"—what inspired you to write this song?

Some time ago I was thinking a lot about God's existence. It was the period when I thought that he doesn't exist. I thought what would it be like if I tell, for instance, my Orthodox mother that I don't believe in God? Would she love me as before, or would she curse me? This thought gave me the idea to write a song about love and beliefs. Most religions, especially Christianity, teach us that God is love, but finally only few people could love another if they have opposite of just different beliefs.

I decided to use the burning theme in Russia nowadays: homosexuality. I imagined how a close friend of mine, for example, would feel if he suddenly found out that I am gay. Would he accept me? Would he love me?

So the song is not really only about homosexuality; it's about beliefs, love, hate, and respect.



MRR: Another popular subject of your lyrics is your sarcastic criticism of subcultures. Your Bandcamp single contains the line "...there's no decent music in the unrhythmical country / Each Russian stranger plays dark-folk," or "Total Revival," which, even though it speaks about the tunnel vision of Russian youth who act and think according to what media tells them, still deals with the musical scene. What's your opinion about the "Russian way" of punk/post-punk music and the current state of the scene?

We need to accept that Russia isn't a traditional rock country like the USA, the UK, or Germany. We don't have roots like Americans or Englishmen have. Rock music in Russia has started to develop much later and has many white spots. A lot here is completely illogical. Also, Russians prefer lyrics to music and melody to rhythm. It makes the music pretty specific here. But we are not alone in this way. For example, French music traditions are very close to Russian.

If we talk about post-punk, I think we had really huge local scene in the '80s, but most of the bands were too domestic or too imitative. Today we can see the revival of post-punk in Russia. For example, in the last few years many bands have risen from Siberia. So I think there is no problem with post-punk in Russia now—critics think that this style is the most popular for young people. The bad thing is that only a minority try to develop something new. Most of them read the main Russian musical magazine *Afisha* and get their knowledge just from it, but critics from this media are mostly very arrogant and usually ignore a lot of good music.

There was a funny situation this autumn. One day I was writing an article about the modern post-punk/goth punk scene for this magazine (my friend who works there had offered it to me). I decided to write not just about foreign albums by Arctic Flowers, Dekoder, Cadaver Em Transe, Eagulls, Pol Pot, Estranged, and Kandahar, but also to write about the similar Russian scene—about Sierpien and Salome's Dance. As I really wanted to write that article and make some publicity for our young bands, I didn't tell the editor that Sierpien is my band. Everything was going well, but ten minutes before publication the editor found out that I am member of Sierpien. He told me that I was a cheater and cut the passages about Sierpien and Salome's Dance.

Ok, I was a cheater, it's true. But I would be really proud if I could cheat these purse-proud and arrogant people who think that they are true experts. True experts, why was I the first who person wrote an article about the modern goth-punk scene in Russia?!

MRR: As far as I know, you had a small European tour in April—are there other plans for the near future?

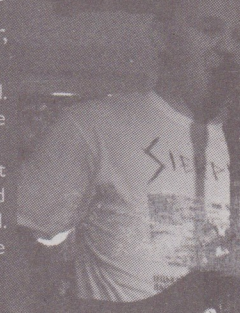
The main thing we plan is to record the new album. As I said earlier, it will be darker and more goth-oriented. We are changing relative to Crisis or the Mob, for relative to Killing Joke or Play Dead. Structures of most of the compositions will be more complicated. Most of the songs will be dedicated to the Ukrainian civil war, like most of the songs on the *Triumph* EP, but also there will be some songs that I call "agnostic" and some personal songs. I hope we will release it this year, maybe in autumn. We have already finished two songs for it.

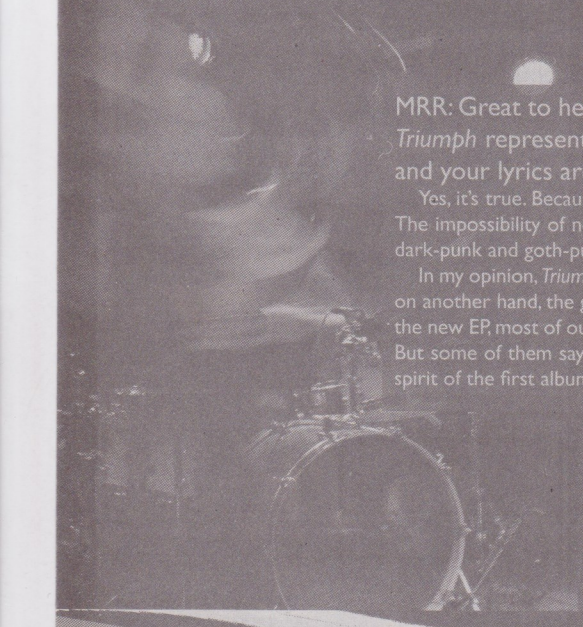
Denis left the band and we went to Europe with the new drummer, Michael Barukin. He is a very professional guy—he's played in jazz orchestra since he was seven or eight years old. We learned thirteen songs in just two rehearsals. He's also played with many quite-famous Russian bands: Necro Stellar, Ночной Проспект, Кооператив Ништяк, Majdanek Waltz, and others.

MRR: Great to hear that new and exciting things are just to come. So does your latest EP *Triumph* represent the way the band is evolving? On this record you sound much angrier, and your lyrics are even more political than they used to be.

Yes, it's true. Because of war my texts became angrier. I couldn't ignore politics nowadays; I can't be neutral. The impossibility of neutrality is the theme of one song on this EP. Our sound, as I said before, became more dark-punk and goth-punk. I think when our second album is finished we will end up with the "deathrock" tag.

In my opinion, *Triumph* is a borderline record. On one hand, it sounds closer to *Zawsze Nasze* and the split, but on another hand, the guitar obviously differs and the whole work sounds harder. A few days after we published the new EP, most of our listeners told us that they prefer the sound of the new record to our previous material. But some of them say that now we sound like a traditional goth-punk band and have lost some of the unique spirit of the first album.





MRR: Together with Vadim from Salome's Dance, you run the label Wondervogel Records—could you talk about this side of your activity? You focus on goth-punk pearls from abroad; do you plan to also release bands from Russia?

To run a label was a dream for both of us. You know, this music is a big part of our lives. Vadim thinks that he's become too old to play in a band. He realized his dream to record an ideal goth punk album. So he thought that it was time to run a label that specialized in rare goth and post-punk bands from all over the world.

We already released the great German post-punk band Garden of Pleasures and old Californian deathrock band Altar de Fey. I think that we will also release some bands of the new goth and post-punk wave, not only the old, forgotten, and disbanded. I don't want to show all our cards, but I can say that in the near future it may be one Italian band and one Russian. But tomorrow never knows.

MRR: Thanks for your answers. The final question is a free one—could you recall one or two representative stories from your concert experience that would represent the scene, the political situation, or just entertain?

As you know, Sierpien hasn't played many gigs so far, so it will be hard to tell funny stories. One of my favorite moments from gigs was connected with Pora Konchat. I think you remember that day because we played together with your first band, Grotesque Sexuality, in Moscow. Pora Konchat played last. I was so happy for the gig that I decided to make some kind of improvisation: I instigated Grotesque Sexuality guitarist Nikita to come on stage at the end of the performance, and when I started to play Iggy Pop's "The Passenger," he joined me. My guys weren't ready for it, but they joined the improvisation too and in one moment most of audience occupied the scene and started to sing and dance all together. The club managers were frightened by the situation and switched off the electricity, but we continued to have fun. It was one of my favorite moments in my music career—I really felt unity and joy that evening. The end of the evening was much more interesting (you know), but I think it will be better if I only say that after that, I obtained the dignity of "the patrician of Russian post-punk." Fucking crazy days.

Stay up to date with Moscow's Sierpien at sierpien.bandcamp.com.

NE028

NIET - Srećna Mladina (Happy Youth) LP+CD Great Slovenian punk hc original recorded 1985. EXCLUSIVE gatefold sleeve and 24-page booklet

NE030

BLITZKRIEG - Apel/Tko je kriv? (Apeal/Who is to blame?) 4-song 7" EP Classic ex-YU punk hc from Zagreb, original recorded 1985
Gatefold sleeve & 4-page insert

NE027

92 - Cenzura (Censorship) 7"

SPECIAL EDITION
Cult slovenian punk/wave
2 songs created 1978 *
black, color wax + PD and 4-page insert

NE RECORDS

nerecords.se nerecords@hotmail.com

DEAD TANK

Available Now...

Cloud Rat "Qliphoth" Tape
Burnt Hair / Ars Phóenix Tape
Cold Waste / Burnt Hair Tape
Decades/Failures "G00DBY3" LP
Post Teens / Rose Cross 7"
Cold Waste "Primitive" Tape
Asid Bateri "Demo" Tape
Trophy Wife "All The Sides" Tape
Thou "Ceremonies of Humiliation" 3xLP
Hexis "XI" LP

... Upcoming ...
Asid Bateri / Class 7"
The Elsinores "New Forms" LP
Senior Fellows "Shallow Grave For A Dying God" LP
The Siege Fire "Dead Refuge" LP

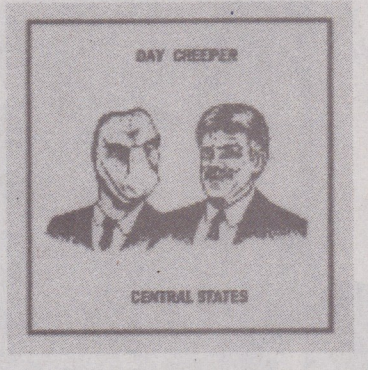
Listen to releases / huge distro at
deadtankrecords.com

WHITE MURDER

DEBUT LP OUT NOW
WHITEMURDER.COM

OUT NOW

DAY CREEPER - CENTRAL STATES



15$

SUPERDREAMER RECORDS

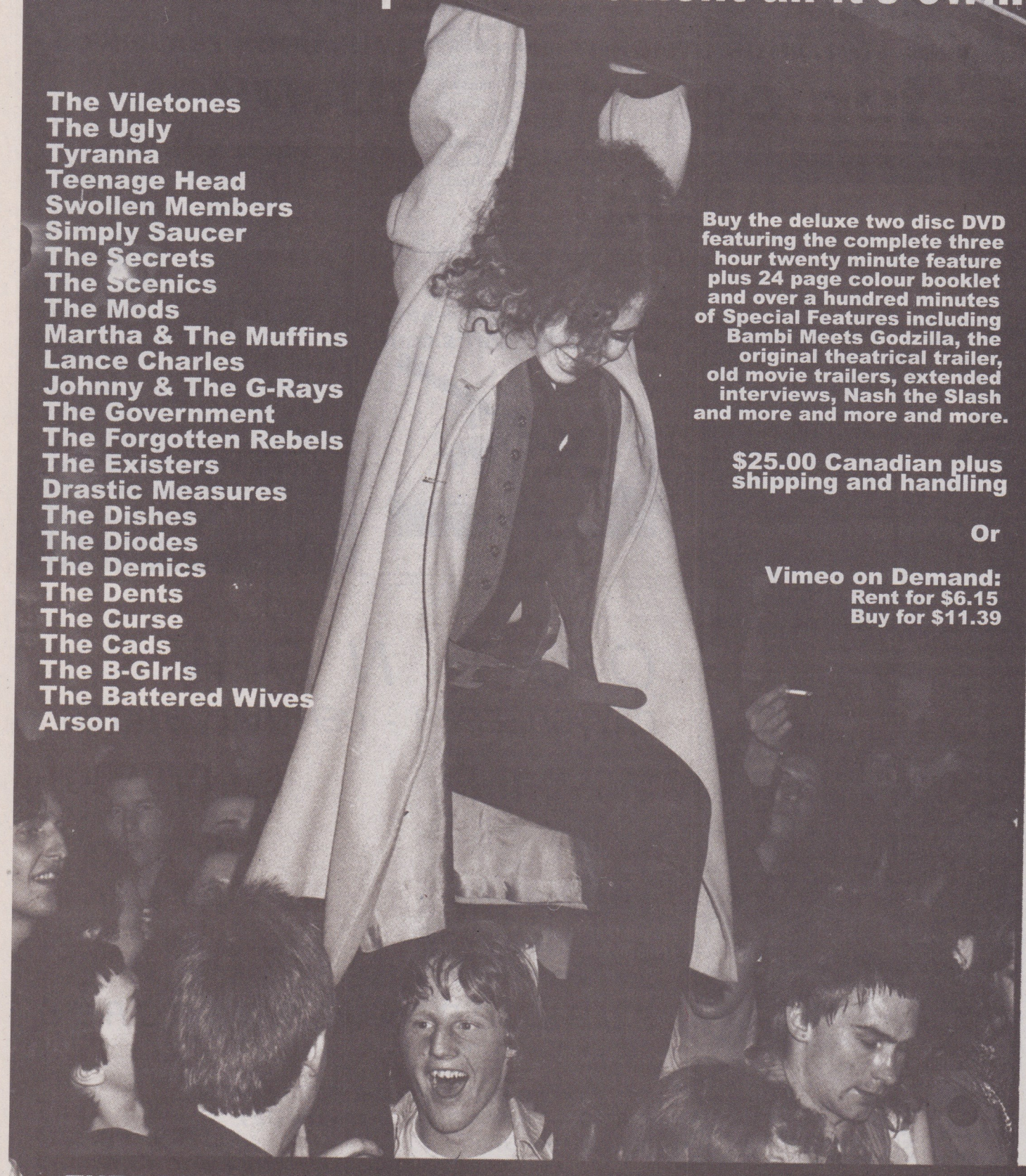
COLUMBUS, OH

AND COMING SOON FROM SUPERDREAMER:
SEX TIDE - VERNACULAR SPLATTER (12")
NERVOSAS - UTILITY (7")

superdreamerrecords.com

London had the Sex Pistols, New York had the Ramones, but

Toronto had a punk movement all it's own.



The Viletones
The Ugly
Tyranna
Teenage Head
Swollen Members
Simply Saucer
The Secrets
The Scenics
The Mods
Martha & The Muffins
Lance Charles
Johnny & The G-Rays
The Government
The Forgotten Rebels
The Existers
Drastic Measures
The Dishes
The Diodes
The Demics
The Dents
The Curse
The Cads
The B-GIrls
The Battered Wives
Arson

Buy the deluxe two disc DVD featuring the complete three hour twenty minute feature plus 24 page colour booklet and over a hundred minutes of Special Features including Bambi Meets Godzilla, the original theatrical trailer, old movie trailers, extended interviews, Nash the Slash and more and more and more.

$25.00 Canadian plus shipping and handling

Or

Vimeo on Demand:
Rent for $6.15
Buy for $11.39

THE LAST POGO JUMPS AGAIN: TORONTO PUNK 1976 - 1978

www.thelastpogo.net

BOOKS

Pills and Starships
Lydia Millet
283 pgs • $11.95
Akashic Books
akashicbooks.com

Pills and Starships is young adult fantasy from novelist and Center for Biological Diversity writer Lydia Millet. With beautiful prose and a subtle-but-strong liberation ideology, I wanted to mail a copy to all of the pre-teens in my life. I was eager to read *Pills and Starships* because of my previous experiences with Millet's work. I had read two of her adult works and felt frustrated and torn between her radical, exciting ideas and her issues in deploying a narrative. *Oh Pure and Radiant Heart* follows a librarian visited by the time-travelling inventors of the atom bomb—a solid premise, but the story loses steam once all the characters are in play. As for Millet's short novel, *George Bush, Dark Prince of Love: A Presidential Romance*? The title was hilarious and it was all downhill from there. But *Pills and Starships* held my rapt attention until the last word.

Young adult fiction, I think, can have special access to our heartstrings. Protagonist Nat has a candid and endearing mixture of vulnerability, hope, and disdain unique to the coming of age experience. She let us into her world through journal entries, written to an imaginary audience who has escaped from the destroyed earth on a starship. Through that portal, we get to know this seventeen-year-old girl living on earth in the near far-future. The planet has "died," to use the parlance of Nat's aging hippie radical parents, and Nat's world is post-catastrophic. (Like other radical-minded sci-fi critics, I eschew the word dystopia for fear that it obscures the fact that our reality is nothing if not dystopic.) The earth Nat inhabits is just like ours, taken to the logical conclusions of industrial late capitalism: natural resources are exhausted, and the tiny upper class live in isolation, under constant threat of natural disasters and epidemics, pursuing their interests exclusively over the internet. The State allocates resources and manages population control through a variety of insidious programs, which are gradually revealed throughout the book.

For *Pills and Starships*, the pivotal population control measure is elective suicide–think Vonnegut's *Welcome to the Monkey House*, but with more ritualistic features. Nat and her younger brother, a surly, radical hacker named Sam, are accompanying their parents to a special elective suicide resort in Hawaii. As the heavily euphemistic, closely surveilled death rituals progress, so too do Nat's realizations about society. Millet's examination of systems of power includes dimensions of race, gender, and class, and goes further. Psychopharma plays a large and pervasive role in maintaining the ruling order. Millet's analysis of psychopharma is more complex than your run-of-the-mill anti-psych commentary. This book isn't fully anti-drug, recreational or medical. Rather, it illuminates the way that mood-altering drugs can enforce docility in individuals and populations. Millet builds in a funny but scathing critique of mindfulness jargon and Eastern philosophy appropriation.

Pills and Starships fits in the speculative fiction oeuvre proximate to the world of Margaret Atwood's *Oryx and Crake*. It shares with that series the post-catastrophic setting, the diary format, and the occasional use of clumsy-but-forgivable internet lingo. Let me address the age-implications of the genre of young adult fantasy for a moment. If you're unfamiliar with reading books in that genre, let me clue you in to what you're missing. Two of my favorite series of all times fall in that supposed age bracket (Philip Pullman's *His Dark Materials* trilogy and Ursula LeGuin's *Earthsea*). Don't snub books because they're young adult. Many readers of this publication are probably more in touch with their inner teen. But if you don't have any young people in your life, you may have forgotten that young people are people, with minds, ideas, and personalities. I find that books in this genre are faster reads, which is pleasurable and effective in fulfilling my need for escapism. The fledgling voices in these books soothe my inner alienated teen, sometimes to the extent of feeling like medicine for unresolved adolescent issues. The way age-accessibility manifests in *Pills and Starships* is subtle—the narrative voice is young but not naïve, and the story unfolds slowly at first. That serves the purpose of acquainting the reader to the book's world. The pace picks up as soon as the major events and conflicts of the book emerge.

For an older reader, the real treat is seeing how adept Millet is in challenging hegemonic ideas about social order. Though the anti-oppression values are clear, the story always comes first, and thus avoids being merely a parable. There are moments in *Pills and Starships* where Millet could have made predictable cookie-cutter young adult moves (regarding the inclusion of a possible romantic interest, for example). She neither concedes to those tropes nor makes the obvious alternate moves that are polar-opposite to normative storylines. By opting out of what would be a tawdry payoff, Millet gives Nat room to be a more complex and dimensional character.

—Beck Levy

Soy Not Oi! 2
Edited by Hippycore Krew
312 pgs • $20
soynotoi.com

A few months ago I did a collaborative dinner with a chef in New York City. This guy, well, he's a champion of sustainable agriculture and generally a pretty sharp dude in terms of that kind of thing. The dinner we were doing was a conceptual thing that night utilizing mostly wasted and trash food scraps to bring awareness to the sheer amount of food that restaurants throw away. We got to talking, the wasted food idea thing lead me directly into veganism. This fellow, a proud meat eater and meat cooker, looked at me perplexed and asked, "punks are vegetarians...weird?"

The original *Soy Not Oi!* introduced me to vegan cooking when it came out over 20 years ago, arriving in an envelope at my mom's house, mail ordered of course. And this new volume, both a collection of new recipes from the Hippycore folks and their friends, and a tribute to Hippycore founder Joel Olson is just plain fucking wonderful. The back cover of the original *Soy Not Oi!* shows some pissed (get it?) cartoon eggplants and radishes storming a capital building with the subtitle "Over 100 Recipes Designed To Destroy The Government." Good stuff, stared at that back cover a lot over the years. This new volume shows a cabbage, a cucumber, and an onion hurling off shackles with the subtitle "cast off the chains of corporate food dependency!" Also, good stuff.

The foreword is written by Isa Chandra, who along with Terry Hope Romero are two of my professional punk vegan cookbook writing heroes. Isa confesses her love for the original *Soy Not Oi!* claiming it as the zine that taught her about food and cooking. Same goes for me. When you read the intros to those recipes, you discover that same goes for almost everyone who contributed a recipe.

In the pre-internet early '90s, back in the days when the vegan and vegetarian meccas were the East Village of New York City and Berkeley, CA, you had to search out decent veg fare. And unless you lived in one of those two places (I didn't, I grew up in the suburbs of Baltimore) a lot of times you were cooking the stuff for yourself at home. The original *Soy Not Oi!* was my guidebook to learning about arrowroot (it's a thickener, made from a tuber), how to freeze and thaw tofu to get this cool spongy texture, and how to find the best burrito in 1991 (the recipe tells you to fly to San Francisco and go to 16th and Mission). Lots of good, solid information all over *Soy Not Oi! 2*, too. The primer on what kinds of sugar are cool to use is worth the price alone. And that's only a single paragraph. Sugar is indeed a minefield, and responsible eating of and sourcing it is something we all need to think about, just like coffee and chocolate and all the stuff that grows far away from where you and I probably live.

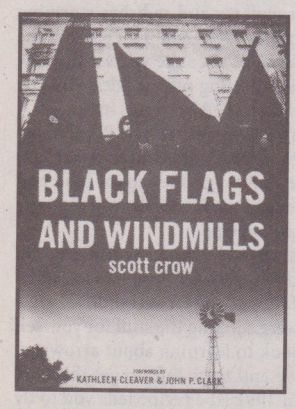
Some of the recipes lack salt. I'm assuming this is an oversight. Keep a tin of sea salt or kosher salt nearby along with some freshly ground black pepper and a few lemons. If your finished dish lacks some umph, this stuff can always help. Like a good comp LP, there are contributors trying to show off their chops with complicated multi-step numbers, and others who sent in a nearly non-existent recipe (like the simple tomato sauce recipe....but come to think of it, there's really no reason ever to buy prepared tomato sauce at the grocery store or the food co-op, so this one is a keeper.) There's a very workmanlike and almost gruff recipe for steamed vegetables with "steamer sauce" from Ian Mackaye that recommends washing your steamer and pot as the food "cools" so there's less to clean up later. It's the most utilitarian and therefore straight-up healthy recipe in the book, and quite possibly Mr. Mackaye's first recipe contribution to the public domain since the super healthy oatmeal recipe from the "Cooking With Fugazi" article that was in a late '89 issue of *Flipside*.

Word-wise, hegemony, conspiracy, and patriarchy all make appearances in the text. As do transnational, corporatist, and "agenda of enslavement," but when juxtaposed next to a cartoon rutabaga with a Larm hoodie it's hard to not enjoy the smash the state vibes. There's a broccoli biscuit recipe that's a total cinch and references George H.W. Bush's broccoli aversion (remember that? what kind of motherfucker doesn't like broccoli??). There are music recommendations for lots of recipes. Some of which are great (The Nips!, Rudimentary Peni!), some questionable (the Doors?), and a few just complete what-the-fucks (sorry, no Rush, ugh, never). But there's even a suggestion for that popular Amy Winehouse hit from a few years ago (which is actually really good) so it's not just straight up collector nerd punk stuff. The recipe for whole wheat blueberry flax pancakes recommends a long single song (such as the live version of "Slip It In" from *Who's Got the 10 ½?*) due to the fact that they won't take very long to cook so you don't want to get distracted with multiple groups.

I got a kick out of the lovingly penned tributes to Joel Olson in the back of the book. One specifically stated with reverence that Joel liked records from bands that were once good but that he liked the groups' "three records past" when they were actually good. This made me laugh and relieved some shame from my own love of say, the Wartime EP and *Cut the Crap*. The recipes here are real and written and contributed by folks who are actually vegan and have obviously been cooking this stuff in their home kitchens for a while, which gives the book a really genuine feel. I've written a cookbook, and I hang out in the cookbook sections of big goofy bookshops often to browse new recipes. These days there are shitloads of vegan and vegetarian cookbooks out there, a lot of which are written for big publishing conglomerates by people who are most likely not vegan. A book like *Soy Not Oi! 2* stands way out from these irresponsible wastes of paper and resource.

My only beef are the seitan recipes that are peppered throughout. Seitan kind of trashes your stomach. I don't recommend eating it that often, or ever really. But that's fine, because there're scads of other great recipes in this volume, so that's cool. Tempeh is one of the most delicious things out there, so try the buffalo tempeh recipe on page 55 if you are looking for a tasty non-animal protein source. And shit, well, seitan is kind of like smoking cigarettes. Some folks are into it even though they know the health risks. So, fine, go ahead make some seitan, I won't judge. The tomato canning method on page 274 suggests listening to the *Extinction* LP by Nausea. I can get behind this. It's a fantastic record that still sounds great 24 years later. But then the accompanying photo shows someone canning without shoes on. Don't do that. Wear shoes around boiling and sharp stuff. For me? OK? Wait, so, uh, punks are vegetarians?

— Brooks Headley



***Black Flags and Windmills: Hope, Anarchy, and the Common Ground Collective* (2nd ed.)**
scott crow (with forewords by Kathleen Cleaver and John P. Clark)
288 pages • $20
PM Press
pmpress.org

In *Black Flags and Windmills*, scott crow tells the story of the formation of the Common Ground Collective in New Orleans amid the chaotic aftermath of Hurricane Katrina in fall 2005, which disproportionately affected African-American communities already made vulnerable by disinvestment, poverty, and state inaction. Equal parts memoir, movement history, anarchist polemic, and organizing handbook, the book traces the early months of Common Ground's efforts to build collective power and self-sufficiency among residents of the predominantly black Algiers neighborhood, working under the banner of "Solidarity Not Charity." These efforts came at a time when the emergency response by federal and state agencies often ignored and even terrorized poor communities of color while residents contended with trauma, illness, violence, and the loss of homes and lives. The Common Ground story, as the many pages of glowing reviews attest, is a modern narrative of heroism without heroes, demonstrating the vitality and effectiveness of anarchist principles in the face of emergency.

This edition adds a new foreword and rewritten epilogue, photographs from the early days of the CGC, two interviews with the author, a collection of emails and communiqués from crow to supporters, CGC founding documents, and a list of the actions CGC undertook. Though I haven't read the first edition, I think these parts alone merit another look at the book (though probably not a purchase) from people who have. They show how crow envisioned and related the actions of the CGC to activist solidarity networks. This complements the main narrative, which retells the history based on recollections and oral histories from several years later. The less-than-initiated (like myself) will also appreciate the breadth of the list of tasks the CGC worked on, reproduced in the appendix. Collective members and volunteers pursued these efforts with an "emergency heart" (crow's phrase), a horizontalist spirit, and a willingness to serve local Black leaders that demonstrates anarchism at its best and least dogmatic.

Unfortunately many of the things that make this book great are also shortcomings, and because it's justly lauded I'll permit myself to be picky. To begin with, as a memoir the book works almost too well. crow is clearly wary of presenting the story of forming the CGC without accounting for his own formation as a white, male solidarity activist who entwined his fate with those of Black residents of New Orleans. Thus, after the first few pages, in which crow and now-infamous Brandon Darby journey to inundated New Orleans in search of their comrade King, a former Black Panther Party member and community activist, the book turns to crow's personal history and how he came to call himself an anarchist. To be very clear: this is a very important part of the story and shouldn't be omitted. But at times it can be jarring, and, as crow clearly understands, can play into the mainstream media's desire for a figurehead and hero. During these sections he also enters brief excurses on the Spanish anarchists of the 1930s, the Black Panther Party, and the Zapatistas. Readers already familiar with the histories of these movements will tire of these reminders. By the same token, for people new to anarchism and social movement history, these are valuable sections the book can't do without.

Furthermore, because the story is told—rightly—from crow's own perspective, we miss out on how the CGC evolved in the years that followed. crow left New Orleans to return to Austin after nearly two months of intense labor, punctuated by the trauma of grief, loss, and threats of violence from the state. He returned frequently thereafter, but was no longer involved on the ground in the day-to-day. From the epilogue, we know that as the emergency receded, the CGC slowly transformed into a more stable and traditional non-profit agency, while retaining a radical culture and its "Solidarity Not Charity" mission. crow seems ambivalent on this point, at times calling it cooptation and at times celebrating the valuable work the CGC still does. But we don't get any sense of *how* this happened. It's not enough to assert that Power (which crow capitalizes, in my view gratingly, to refer to the state and capital) by necessity coopts and controls. To understand what the CGC story means for future dual power organizing (both resisting the capitalist state and prefiguring its non-coercive alternative), it would help to see the steps by which it became integrated into the "non-profit industrial complex." As a movement history, the book does not do this.

This means there are gaps in its usefulness for anarchist political theory as well. We don't get a larger sense of why anti-capitalist and anti-state movements for collective security and prefiguring a better world flourish in the gaps left by disasters, whether socio-ecological (as in Katrina) or socio-economic (as in Detroit). crow asserts that Power and the state exist only to control. But despite being punctuated by hostile interventions by the police and military, as well as ineffective ones by FEMA and the Red Cross, Algiers and the Lower Ninth Ward are places the state seemed to abandon at the time. Power (with a capital P) does control, but also controls by ignoring. This is important for anarchists to understand, but there isn't much space devoted to these finer nuances of power. Nor is there a longer discussion of one of the most interesting aspects of the book: the sharp contrast between violent, racist, and hostile police force, and the somewhat friendlier, more cooperative military. This contrast shows in practice more shades of grey within the state than crow's theoretical discussions sometimes admit.

Lastly, while crow never celebrates the horrific and totally avoidable disaster that created the conditions for Common Ground's emergence, we must wonder what it takes to build dual power without some traumatic breakdown. Both anarchist solidarity activists and vulture capitalists can rush into the vacuum left by state neglect, as New Orleans since Katrina shows. At times, statements crow makes about the superiority of the horizontal tactics of the former sound eerily resonant with what you might hear from a right-wing libertarian. What the people of New Orleans deserve is a set of durable, democratic and non-hierarchical institutions that deliver the necessities of life, not a shoestring organization of overworked, committed militants on one hand and Blackwater on the other. Indeed, when CGC tried to buy public housing that was slated for demolition, really threatening capital and the state that facilitates it, their efforts were apparently sabotaged. And speaking of the state, readers hoping for dirt about scumbag FBI informant Brandon Darby (now a conservative columnist at *Breitbart*, unsurprisingly), will be disappointed to find that this isn't the place. Darby gets just a few paragraphs, mostly about his rash egotism and crow's regrets about defending him.

I would strongly recommend this book to people less familiar with anarchism and social movement history than your average well-read punk or anarchoid is. For the person in your life who thinks anarchists only wear black and smash windows, or doesn't know who the Zapatistas are, or sees no place for the kind of armed self-defense (yes, with guns) that the immediate post-flood situation required, this is a perfect book. If you don't know much about the grassroots efforts post-Katrina (and I didn't), it's a compelling read, and crow's passion and heart comes through on every page. I don't want to accuse crow of not writing the book I want him to have written. But for the reasons I discussed above, I think we still need another history of the CGC, one that brings us up to the present, perhaps told by Malik Rahim, crow's comrade and former Panther who co-founded Common Ground with him. Without such a history, we have a detailed snapshot told by one man of heroic efforts in traumatic times, instead of a tool we can continue to return to for guidance in similar situations as emergency wanes and the *status quo* creeps steadily back in.

—John Stehlin

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

CRUNK'S NOT DEAD

It is an odd thing about Nirvana. I know people obsess over tragedies and Kurt Cobain is one. **Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck** tells the story of Cobain's life up to his suicide. I personally get very upset by suicides. I have one in my life. Every one I hear about reminds me of that. It is a really painful thing for a survivor. My friend did it in 1998 and I still am not over it. I never will be. I can understand people's need to figure out why Cobain shot himself. But if it isn't really known by now, I have to say it never will be.

Kurt Cobain started out as a happy kid living in Aberdeen, WA. He was creative. He played guitar. Then his parents got divorced. He went through his rebellious teenage years getting into trouble and moving from one house to another for as long as anyone could stand him. Then he was introduced to punk rock and it changed his life. He started a band.

Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck interviews very few people. There are interviews with his mother Wendy O'Connor, his father Don Cobain, his sister Kim, his stepmother Jenny, Nirvana bass player Krist Novoselic, ex-girlfriend Tracey Marander who got him to move to Olympia, and wife Courtney Love. Suspiciously missing is Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl, though he is so overexposed these days I didn't really miss his opinions. The official word is that Grohl was busy with his own television series so it was difficult to get the interview done. When the interview finally happened the film was almost completed and the footage was unnecessary. Knowing that explanation it is interesting to note that when Love finally shows up in **Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck** there is a scene where she is watching a Nirvana soundcheck with a cameraperson in tow. Grohl makes a comment about her hair which causes her to get pissed and storm off. I guess they were fighting from the beginning.

There seems to be a gap in the story. **Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck** skips over much of Nirvana's formative years. There is a lot of live footage of the band performing from early rehearsals in front of two guys who thought they sucked through giant festivals where everyone is bouncing along with the music. There is also tour footage from those early days. This is where some other interviews seem like they would have made the story more balanced.

Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck uses way too much personal stuff. It makes me uncomfortable. The film argues that Cobain didn't enjoy the publicity. He hated interviews. He liked fucking with the press. The only aspect of his fame he liked was playing music. Yet, here we see so many intimate episodes from his life. Fortunately for director Brett Morgen there is video footage of almost every year of Cobain's life. We see him as a small child celebrating birthdays as well as drugged out in his house goofing around with Love. It is just too much.

I would like to believe that Love and Cobain were perfectly happy together. It could be true. I wasn't there. However, Love's last revelation purporting why Cobain committed suicide is such a doozy, it is impossible see **Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck** as anything other than another moment in the spotlight for her. Yes, we all know she was married to him. (hbo.com)

I am sure it goes without saying that I am supportive of punk and the DIY lifestyle. I applaud every band that does it simply for the love of music. Swedish hardcore band Hårda Tider is one of them. **7 Streck** is a documentary of the band and their scene in Malmö, Sweden. The scene is small. Hårda Tider's communal attitude brings together all underground types. As one band member tells it, even those who don't enjoy hardcore music enjoy the scene formed around it.

7 Streck's director Klaus Sivertson does a nice job. The live footage of Hårda Tider is shot really well using multiple cameras. It looks great. He also follows some graffiti artists around at night capturing them at work which is always interesting. However, the interviews are a bit dull. The repetition of the creed of not following what society expects of you gets old quick. I'd rather have you show me than tell me about it. (7streck.se)

The same goes for **And You Belong,** which is a documentary about the band Scream Club. Scream Club is a colorful, fun, lo-fi hip hop group of the kind that only Olympia, WA could incubate. The musicians Cindy Wonderful and Sarah Adorable are a couple and their relationship is part of the band's persona. When Cindy explains "I'm a mixture between Vanilla Ice and Sylvia Plath" you can't help but chuckle 'cos yes she is. **And You Belong** reflects the band's outrageous and kitchsy style.

Although **And You Belong** is fun and interesting, it is too long. The story could have been wrapped up in a half an hour. There are a lot of tangential discussions. When it is not about the music, I get bored. I am sure a hardcore fan would want it all. Wonderful and Adorable have fun personalities. But to an average viewer the day-to-day details of making music and touring can get quite boring. (brinkvision.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, c/o Maximum Rocknroll, *PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. carolynkeddy.com*

REVOLVER USA DISTRIBUTION

www.midheaven.com • since 1992

EASTER AND THE TOTEM "The Sum Is Greater Than Its Parts" LP reissue

Reissue of 1985 LP delivers pop-enhanced post-punk for fans of The Fall, Echo & the Bunnymen, Newtown Neurotics, The Smiths, etc.

mailorder: LP - $16

DOA "Don't Turn Yer Back (On Desperate Times" 12-inch/CD

Classic Peel Session recorded in London in 1984!

mailorder: 12" - $16 / CD - $9.50

ANDY HUMAN & THE REPTOIDS s/t LP/CD

Debut album from new band fronted by Andy Jordan (The Cuts, Time Flys, etc.). With punk energy, a new wave sense of economy, and the tap of power pop, these guys fold in Roxy Music, Devo (both the art and the pop sides), early Eno and Pere Ubu.

mailorder: LP - $16 / CD - $12

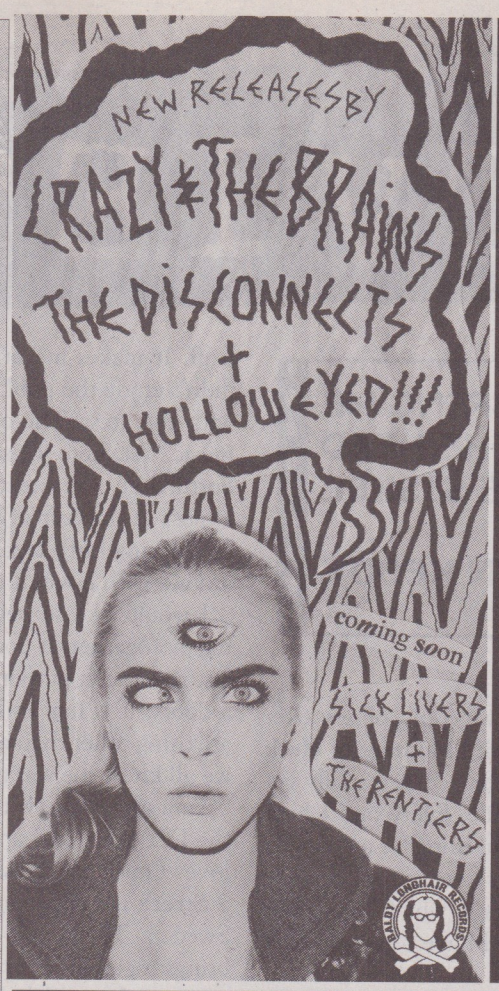
We also carry hundreds of releases on the following labels:

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES • IN THE RED • S-S BROKEN REKIDS • GONER • CASTLE FACE DISCHORD • SUPERIOR VIADUCT • RICHIE SILTBREEZE • SUDDEN DEATH • NEUROT 20 BUCK SPIN • BONER etc.

Plus many other punk, garage, noise, and indie titles in stock! Check our website.

REVOLVER USA titles available from Midheaven Online Mailorder

415-241-2437 • www.midheaven.com



Out now on
Lets Pretend Records

CHUD S/T 7 INCH

Aggressive midwest punk rock and roll from Bloomington, IN

LET'S PRETEND RECORDS

P.O.Box 1663 Bloomington, IN 47402
letspretendrecords.com

Hard Left's debut album "We Are Hard Left" is out now. 14 songs of agitation, inspiration and uplift. A crucial corrective during these times of dread and tribulation. Making do with what we didn't choose, all power to the imagination.

"Hard Left sound remarkably like a number of British punk favourites from the late 1970s and early 1980... The album is full of one minute tracks of catchy, singalong, 'anyone can do it', rabble rousing punk rock" - Louder Than War

"If you like gruff street punk, you will like this." - Punknews

Get it from Sorry State, Dead Beat, Goner, Interpunk or direct: http://smarturl.it/wearehardleft

Stores: Get it from Revelation Distribution

FPR

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the vinyl) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Releases without vocals or drums will not be considered. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

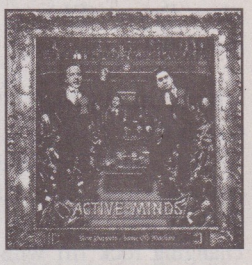
Reviewers:
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(BA) Mike Battleaxe
(BB) Brace Belden
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(CR) Camylle Reynolds
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EW) Eli Wald
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(GB) Graham Booth
(GH) Greg Harvester
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JK) Jon Kortland
(JM) Jeff Mason
(JR) Jason Ryan
(JU) Justin Briggs
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulou
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(LP) Langford Poh
(LT) Lena Tahmassian
(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(MH) Mike Howes
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MW) Max Wickham
(PA) Pete Avery
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(RL) Ray Lujan
(RM) Ryan Murphy
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(SZ) Shit Zoo
(WB) Will Blomquist
(WN) Robert Collins

ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE – "Substance Abuse" EP

Holy fucking shit, this is like manna from heaven for dirt-dumb pogo punk fans. Edmonton's ABUSE OF SUBSTANCE are '90s drunk punk to the core, clearly influenced by Japanese masters like TOM & BOOT BOYS and DISCOCKS but closer in spirit and style to the *Pogo Attack* compilation bands. I'm talking the BRISTLES, I'm talking BANNER OF HOPE, and I'm definitely talking about the motherfucking CASUALTIES. The busy melodic bass gives the sound a hint of early DEFIANCE as well. 1-2 drumming, 1-2 solos and great WRETCHED ONES gravel and whisky lead vocals round out the package. It's not all for fun though—there is a definite edge to these dudes. Not sure if I'm entirely on board with their pro-violence "Punx Are Mean," but hopefully that's all bark and no bite, like the adorable bulldog featured in the back cover band photo. I'd say "don't let the shitty pixelated cover fool you," but that shitty pixelated cover is a pretty good indicator of the what's contained herein. These punx don't know about fuckin' computers, they know about beer, shitty jobs and getting railed on whatever they can find and shove up their noses (plus, having a shitty pixelated cover is totally '90s). If you have any, and I mean *any* kind of soft spot for '90s street/drunk punk, you need this fucking record in your life. (AU)
(Locals Only / Record Without a Cause / Obnoxious Drunk Punk)

ACTIVE MINDS – "New Puppets, Same Old Machine" EP

Very pissed off UKHC that's super on target! Interestingly, I got this a mere two days after the UK elections only to see the doofy, conniving manipulative faces of Cameron, Miliband, and that other knob-end, Farage, looking at me from the cover. Musically this is a *fucking steamroller* of hardcore and metal riffs done all proper. Granted, I don't know ACTIVE MIND's music that well sans an unfortunately abused flexi a college station I used to DJ once had. This mixes loads of sounds I love: anthemic punk/HC and NWOBHM riffs (the latter especially on "Economic Migrants" which *really* reminds me of VENOM!) and slags off the hysteria of the Daily Mail, UKIP party, and their lot. The lyrics are like a one-paragraph essay followed by very on-point details, all of which is as good or really better than anything you'll read in *The Guardian* and certainly explain a lot more than fucking *Vox* and their click-baiting headlines. I was also very impressed with "1,000 A.P.R." and how it digs its claws into the payday loan scumbags and the cost of everyday life. This plays off a riff very similar to THIN LIZZY's "Cold Sweat" which threw me for a curve but, what the hell, it works, whereas, "We're Still Angry" is a killer traditional Oi! number. Really impressed with the range of things ACTIVE MINDS can do. Perfect timing for this 7". I only wish this was played with a related video right after Charlie Brooker's "Election Wipe" on BBC 4. Otherwise, this is spot bloody on! (JD)
(Loony Tunes)

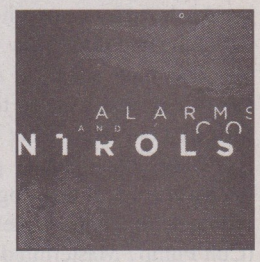


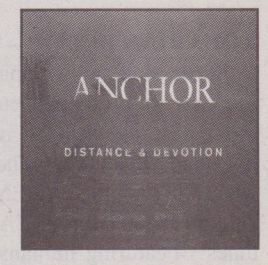
ADULTS – "This Is Our Year" LP

My initial thought when the needle dropped was, "Damn, somebody in this band loves them the hell outta that Brian Baker dude," and that isn't a bad thing at all. What we have here is some Southern hardcore that thinks it's pop punk, trying to hide a not-so-secret party vibe. There's a stinker or two on here, but this is something I'll be listening to a few times more this week, at least. I want to see this band. I promise, I won't even make fun of them for trying to play like Brian and sing like Ian... not even once. Comes with a bookmark. (DZ)
(Hurry Up And Wait)

ALARMS AND CONTROLS / SECRET SMOKER – split EP

ALARMS AND CONTROLS sound promising on paper. Chris Hamley from CIRCUS LUPUS and the MONORCHID with Vin Novaroa (one of my favorite drummers from the era) of 1.6 BAND and CROWN-HATE RUIN. But on vinyl it comes out as a dad rock version of the MONORCHID. (The first song on here sounds a lot like "Southern Fried Wonton.") The guitar playing is pretty recognizable if you just listen to it. It's a bit jerky but intricate and well played. The drumming is flawless; the recording is great; the songwriting just feels dull. SECRET SMOKER falls more into what the guys on the other side were doing 20 years ago. It's similar to





HOOVER or CURRENT but with a bit of a late '90s feel to it. It's not anything new but it's played well. (PA)
(Protagonist Music / Zegema Beach).

ANCHOR – "Distance & Devotion" CD

Hardcore from Sweden here, around since 2008. The music can be on the melodic side but the vocals are shouting youth crew style. I guess these guys were heavier and a bit more metal. This is certainly tight and powerful almost in a PROPAGHANDI way. I can see the hoodie crowd being into these guys. This vocal style is not exactly my favorite one out there. Though I do have my share of youth crew records, I'm used to a thrashier sound behind these type of vocals and when that doesn't happen the vocals sound a bit out of place. Decent. (RL)
(Gaphals)

ANGKOR WRACK / THE MONOLITHS – split EP

Two bands here and I'm assuming they are both from Copenhagen. The first song by ANGKOR WRACK is one repeating, unchanging rock riff with blasé vocals. I kept wishing for a build up or a complete mutation of the existing riff, but it just goes nowhere until a long drum roll signals the end of the song. The MONOLITHS follow that with a URIAH HEEP cover that just sounds okay. The singer sounds vaguely like a medicated Nick Blinko. The second song by the MONOLITHS, "Pigeon" follows a repeating riff pattern again like their friends in ANGKOR WRACK, but breaks down into a psych-rock wah-wah freak out at the end that is low on the freak-out factor. The final song by ANGKOR WRACK follows almost exactly the same formula as their first one except that the vocals are a little more energetic. This is probably perfect for the psych-rock stoner-dog in your life, but I'm falling asleep at the wheel. (GH)
(Cult Pump / Mastermind / Webmaster)

AQUARIAN BLOOD – "Savage Mind" EP

Super sick falling apart lo-fi destruction! Punk as fuck doomed cult sounds for those looking for something new to devote their lives and wallets to… The title track is somewhat like POLY STYRENE fronting a frantic bargain basement SCREAMERS!! Tyrannical tunes!! Featuring humans who used to play/currently play in NOTS and EX-CULT so you know what you need to do. Apparently this is a seven-piece band! Or is it a duo? Either way this 45 is the soundtrack to the end of time. Buy or die! Someone send me the cassette. (LG)
(Goner)

ASMEREIR – "Caravana De Insectos" EP

It appears that they've been around since the mid-90s, though this is my first ASMEREIR experience. This EP sees them doing a thrashy-skate punk style, with a frantic vocal style that brings NEGAZIONE to mind. The opening track has the strongest melodic SoCal skate vibe, while most of the other material thrashes pretty hard. I don't care much for the slow and SABBATH-riffy closing song, but the rest of the EP is cool. (MA)
(Cuaderno Roto)

THE BARBECUTIES – "Go Down With Style" CD

Tuneful pop-punk from Germany. This has the vibe of ZATOPEKS and the TRAVOLTAS with vocals in English but with a noticeable accent. Cool harmonies and feel good lyrics give this that summer-y feel. Throw in a dash of MR. T EXPERIENCE vocally at times, too. Although these guys have been around since 2002, this is my first time hearing them. Monster Zero is putting out some good stuff these days. Thumbs up. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

BETTY MACHETE & THE ANGRY COUGARS – "Guts/Destroy You"

Ms. MACHETE and company are an aggressive bar-rock band, competent and maybe even edgy enough to fool you into a punk double-take. The 45 in question ain't furthering their cause much though: slicker than shit and recalling lotsa late '90s punk'n'roll also-rans. A stinker. (MC)
(Dull-Fi)

BETTY MACHETE & THE ANGRY COUGARS / HEXERS – split EP

I think dedicating a split 7" to covering each other's songs is weird. I mean, it's not an easy or cheap process, so I'm a bit perplexed about how much actual energy went into this. "Kill for Fun," a HEXERS song covered by BETTY MACHETE AND THE ANGRY COUGARS, is sung with gruff female vocals. It's fast, simplistic, kitsch pop punk. My son remarked, "Is that a cat barfing up something?" Brutal, and on point. "Damnations," a BETTY MACHETE AND THE ANGRY COUGARS song covered by HEXERS, is a swank white-person-blues rock jam. Cringeworthy, yes, and also not fucking punk. Should be noted that there was some saxophone used, and it added to the misery. (CR)
(Dull-Fi)

JELLO BIAFRA AND THE NEW ORLEANS RAUNCH AND SOUL ALL-STARS – "Walk On Jindal's Splinters" LP

It did not make me happy to see a NEW-JELLO BIAFRA-LIVE album in my review pile this month. For this album BIAFRA, along with some guys from DASH RIP ROCK, COWBOY MOUTH, CORROSION OF CONFORMITY and others, performed rock songs with a New Orleans theme during the city's 2011 Jazzfest. The song selection leans too heavily on the obvious hits (surprisingly a version of "When The Saints Go Marching In" is not included) with an extra emphasis on novelty songs. JOHN FRED AND HIS PLAYBOY BAND have so many better songs. Why do "Judy In Disguise"? The answer is so JELLO could make a joke about how it is not the worst song ever written. Funny. However Jello's voice does fare better with the more goofy songs. While I am sure it was fun if you were there, the wackiness doesn't completely translate to record. After reading the story of how the tapes were unusable until some nice guy managed to save them, all I could think was why didn't they just go into a real studio and record this thing properly? (CK)
(Alternative Tentacles)

BIKES – "Two Mice/P.P.O.D."

Two songs of garage rock moderne that manage to rise above the rest of that genre. The jangly guitars are here. As are the laid-back vocals. But the songs are catchy enough to keep you grooving through both sides of the record. (CK)
(Alien Snatch!)

BITCH QUEENS – "Kill Your Friends" CD

Fucking horrible *Apocalypse Dudes*-era TURBONEGRO worship. Flat out lifted guitar riffs combined with Swiss mall punk sensibilities. That band was good for a very brief minute because they had legitimately insane original personalities in their ranks. Because of them I have to suffer in my own circle of hell listening to watered down clones for eternity. (RO)
(Lux Noise)

BITCH SCHOOL – "Bite Down On This" LP

After a pretty rockin' 7" these ladies are back with a full length to hide from your mothers. These gals have been around the block a few hundred times and wear their influences proudly like a swastika armband. GIRLSCHOOL, ROCK GODDESS, DEAD BOYS, DICTATORS, AC/DC...get it? There's some filler and I can do without the instrumental but the riffs on songs like "Hot Rod Chick" (dumbass title) scream Lita Ford all over the place and will steal your pimply teenage boyfriend. The autobiographical song about everyone's favorite jerk, Dave Mustaine, is boring but this record weighs heavier on the good than the shit. So

take a chance and jump in the back of their van, if you dare. (RO)
(National Dust)

BLACK LOVE – "Unlust" LP

Imagine my surprise when I learned that this mini-LP of sparse bass-propelled night driving music (along the lines of early SECTION 25 with Electrical Audio-grade production values) is actually a "breakup record." Not exactly what I would have expected, but then again this is a Los Angeles record; any plot twist is possible and the unexpected cameos can really pop up anywhere (BLACK LOVE features Tony Cicero of SACCHARINE TRUST on drums, and "Unlust" was engineered by Paul Roessler of SCREAMERS renown). Listening to this record feels kind of voyeuristic. Something about the industrial vocal delivery describing an intimate scene between a couple you don't know is a little weird. The empty space in the instrumentation (just bass, percussion and occasional electronics) creates a kind of claustrophobic effect, as counter-intuitive as that seems. I'm probably not going to put any tracks from this onto my next "So You Just Got Dumped" mixtape, but this is at least an effective demonstration on how to expand the sonic vocabulary of a breakup record from moan and mope to brood and beyond. (EW)
(Hertz-Lion)

BLACK MONUMENTS – "Repeated Rejections" EP

Perturbed dark wave aggro garage punk synth rumble, SPITS on downers in Michigan rather than sunny California. The singer sounds like he's gonna lose it. Some of the bands mining this sound now have a real KBD paranoid scum feeling, but this doesn't—it has a dark post-punk/rock feel that evokes the era of Goths in the garage, exemplified by LOST SOUNDS. I think it's more "rock" sounding than synth-punk somehow? Angst garage wave? Anyway, this is cool. (LG)
(Independent Fries)

BLANK SPELL – "Malign Eye" EP

It took a moment for me to figure out whether this was 45 or 33 which may make me dense but is something I find admirable in a record. It's like a more melodic CRASS hardcore with a chorus pedal on constant. Everything is very breakneck and glazed with guitar overdubs but definitely not slick. This leans far more into the territory of straight up hardcore then most nu-goth bands but still sounds very much like that pocket of the world. (MM)
(Cruel Noise / Trabuc)

BLAST – "Hope/Damned Flame"

Teeheehee. I think I got the sleeper *grail* this month. I been hearing little dudes chatting up the chatrooms on this early '70s Belgium proto-bonz these last couple months, I guess the OG 7" gets dat fancy Euro coin when it pops up on eBay every other five years. The cover is über-crude mystery skull with green eyes, what else do you need to know?! Oh yeah, the music. I had to review some other French "proto-punk grail" a couple months ago but I don't even remember what that noise was called. BLAST is Thee Shit. Heavy as fuck, right where most '70s proto jams cannot deliver—this shit is hella doomy overblown unrelenting proto-metal, proto-punk, proto-kick-your-skull-in aggro business with broken Engrish that may as well be from Japan circa 1983. If you are not convinced, you just need to crank the volume up. Super ill foldout photo / history booklet tops it off. *Sick!!* (GB)
(Death Vault)

BOOM BOOM KID – "Demasiado en fiestas sin timón y con el mono al hombre!" CD

If you're not familiar with BOOM BOOM KID, well, strap in for a complete education. This CD is a collection of several EPs, including 7"s, CD-Rs and a 10" that was pressed onto a frisbee. The music is high energy pop punk, flitting across styles, at times garage-y, at times very JAWBREAKER with the emo sucked out of it, at times just rock-ish in a somewhat early GREEN DAY way. At moments the music even takes cues from South American pop-rock. It's very easy to see how BOOM BOOM KID sustains immense popularity in Argentina whilst seeming very comfortable playing the US house show circuit. What's surprising about this collection is how it managed to maintain my interest across 43 tracks. Normally collections like this are terrible places to go to get an initial introduction to a band, but in this case I can comfortably recommend this to a new listener or to someone who doesn't have the time to chase limited CD-Rs. (LP)
(Ugly)

BORN LOOSE – "I Loathe You/Today's the Day"

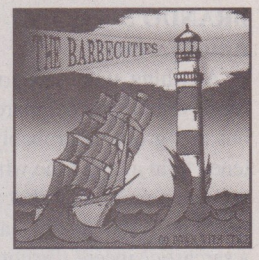
Sideburns rock music is this what ZEKE sounds like there are sick guitars does ZEKE have sick guitars a little too produced I bet these guys like the DEAD BOYS not enough hooks for a Jew *I am a JEW* TWO SONGS on this RECORD this RECORD is this what the STEVE E NIX AND CUTE LEPERS sounds like sounded like who knows I DON'T KNOW featuring two members of a band called the CANDY SNATCHERS & a cover artist who should look for perhaps other work maybe as a fucking chimney sweep try I swear to god if you guys get better cover art I will assent to the demands of copy-editors. (BB)
(Hound Gawd)

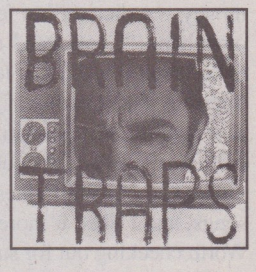
BRAIN TRAPS – "Meet Me at the Bottom" EP

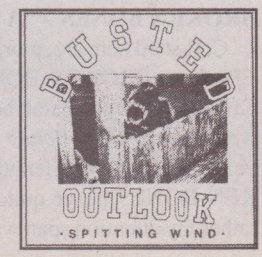
When you notice a record is on Alien Snatch! you get the idea that you're in for a little trash. This one does not disappoint. Mid-tempo and perfectly sloppy, this trasher is a garage punker's dream. If you like your punk super catchy and super garagey, you've come to the right spot. All four tracks will kick your ass. More! (KK)
(Alien Snatch!)

BRAIN TRAPS – LP

Genuine good-time garage punk rock outta Germany...who would've guessed? Well, these BRAIN TRAPS are honing in on the amateurish spirit of those initial BLACK LIPS singles, where we heard a band exhibiting intangible rock'n'roll know-how beyond their ability level or brain capacity. Things are driving, simple and fun in an almost old-timey way. Not a world-beater, but nothing to slouch at either. (MC)
(Alien Snatch!)







BRANDO'S ISLAND – "Autism Vision/ Auto Warfare"

Anything with a charmingly amateur bedroom vision gets compared to SWELL MAPS but this group is probably the first I have listened to in a long time where it feels like an apt reference point. Not that they sound like them particularly, but just in that this record feels like a sarcastic/sincere disruption of the "rock/pop" continuum while retaining an affection for its more otherworldly possibilities. In the SWELL MAPS-ian vernacular, so to speak. If I told you that this band primarily uses synths, vibraphones and drums to get across their ideas you would probably smile nervously and walk away as fast as you could…But if you want to listen to something that somehow sounds like Y-PANTS playing "Nag Nag Nag" then you should run, not walk to the 45 bin and grab this platter! The B-side is a straight up basement TUBEWAY ARMY banger…The singer's accent combo is really insane, on the A-side it sounds Australian, then on the flip it sounds like straight-up Northern England. Could be two different people of course, the internet is not workin' at the *MRR* compound so it's all a mystery to me… (LG)
(Million Dollar)

BREED – "Zed'" LP

This Czech four-piece claims two bass players—maybe they take turns, I don't hear it. I'd believe two guitarists instead. The band plays clean-cut, metallic hardcore. The recording is pretty pro sounding, which works well for the guitars, with their tight riffing and occasional harmonics. Shouted vocals, gang choruses, double-bass, fast songs—there's one tempo for most of the LP, but it's fine for me. They cover TELEX and PROUDZ, but these versions sound close to their own material. Lyrics are in Czech, with English translations provided. Almost all the lyrics are angry and right on. "Prachy" ["Dough"] has a cool take on how money is a dictator but feels liberating. On the other hand, "Contregan," about a drug marketed to pregnant women that led to birth defects, diminishes the humanity of the disabled kids born as a result. Let's stigmatize those who profited (which BREED does), not the people who were victimized. Overall, these are catchy, tough songs, and I liked it more the more I played it. Worth checking out for sure. (JM)
(Aback)

BROKEN BONES – "A Single Decade" LP

Collected here are, more or less, the first few EPs from BROKEN BONES, who left DISCHARGE to go metal before DISCHARGE went metal. *Dem Bones* was reissued a few years ago, but a full-length album from BROKEN BONES never quite worked for me, or rather my attention span wasn't able to hold out for the whole thing at once. Nonetheless BROKEN BONES are undoubtedly an important/influential band, helping to build the bridge between hardcore punk and thrash metal. This collection highlights the urgency of those early singles and shows BROKEN BONES as masters of UK82's evolution as the years crept through the mid '80s. Does that make sense? I don't really care because this is just a great record to throw on with a couple beers. It's a nice little package put together by Havoc—fairly bare bones but maybe that's the point. (SZ)
(Havoc)

BRONXXX / TUBULOIDS – split 12"

BRONXXX come from Osaka and are self-described as "foursome to play the skatepunk wearing the sneakers of Adidas. And we cannot skateboard is the most important secret." Lyrics are half and half English and Japanese and are mostly about skateboarding, slam dancing, and poseurs. "Boston Crew" is their ode to SSD but it doesn't really sound like that. Most of the songs have a later YOUTH BRIGADE feel with a few ska upstrokes thrown in there. I don't really know what's going on most of the time, but I was smiling a lot. The TUBULOIDS side is a little more straightforward skate/surf punk. They use the Independent Trucks logo to spell the "T" in their name if that gives you an idea of what to expect. The more surf rocky songs have reverb drenched CRAMPS-style guitar tones played at skatepunk speeds, while the other songs are straightforward skatepunk driven by a pretty good NOFX-style du-duka drumbeat. It seems as if this was a Record Store Day release so you may or may not be able to get your hands on a copy. (KC)
(Beer City)

BURN THE CROSS / CHORYGEN – split LP

When I picked this one up I was all, "BURN THE CROSS? That's an unfortunate name." I had to investigate further to make there was no affinity for the Klan. On the lyric sheet I found anti-Nazi lyrics and a picture a dude kicking a Nazi in the head. With my sketch detector satisfied, I was ready to rock. BURN THE CROSS crushes it with some sick hardcore dirges. These guys have a '90s crust stench, with great riffs, and hella gnarly bass tone—think SKAVEN or early NEUROSIS. Features lyrics in Polish with English translation, and a NOOTHGRUSH cover. Fucking good side, but I still wouldn't wear their t-shirt. CHOROGEN is also from Poland, dishing out some charging D-beat crust. They've also got a bit of that '90s hardcore feel with dark sludgy breakdowns, and moody riffage. Track this one down. (BA)
(Dementia 13 / D.I.Y / Extinction / No Parasan / S.I.C / Stardoom Manufuckture)

BUSTED OUTLOOK – "B.O. Wrecking Crew" EP

BUSTED OUTLOOK's demo has been a staple of my listening habits for the past year, and this first EP hones their sound and does not disappoint. Six more songs of catchy, pissed, youth crew hardcore that is even more metallic than before, with plenty of divebombs and crunchy guitar. Certainly for fans of NO TOLERANCE, the RIVAL MOB, and associated bands, but BUSTED OUTLOOK hold their own with memorable riffs, well-thought-out songs, tight playing, and the kind of smart lyrics that are far too rare in hardcore today: taking on street harassment, those who shame others for their habits, explaining the all-too-important idea that people can both be victims of and perpetuate abuse, and so forth. Get this. (DG)
(Warthog Speak)

CANCEROUS GROWTH – "Late for the Grave" LP

Reissue of this Boston band's 1985 LP, with a couple of extra songs. Nondescript but competent hardcore—"generic thrash" or "Reagan-era HC" if you will—with build-ups and breakdowns galore, gruff vocals that sometimes do an mildly annoying sing-song thing, solos, the occasional slower or mid-paced song, and a prominent bass. My guess is that DEEP WOUND, SEPTIC DEATH, and *Eye for an Eye* were favorites of theirs, despite not playing as fast as any of these. One song vaguely sounds like SSD's "Fun To You." Not essential, but decent. (DG)
(Ax/cion / Beer City)

CANTHARIDE – "A Bridge To Build" CD

A little hard to figure out this French band. Definitely not punk or power pop. They sound very alternative rock circa 1989. A variety of rock, pop, slight psych, and acoustic. Musically very REM, the CHURCH, and even COLLECTIVE SOUL. If this came out then they would be another band that was on a major label that didn't sell. It's OK for what it is but I'm not blown away by the tunes by any means. (RL)
(Closer)

CHUD – "Nice Guy" EP

CHUD blends elements of metal flag era BLACK FLAG (but with more Morris style vocals) with almost MINUTEMEN-esque basslines and straight up party punk noise rock. Perfectly distorted guitar tones with an occasional solo thrown in and non-stop pounding drums to smash your ears into oblivion. "12 Gauge" is a deranged slow crawl farm punk jam complete with rooster crows and cow moos; it sounds like what I image CHUD's

hometown sounds like (somewhere in Indiana, I think). You can certainly feel the Midwest influence throughout this record as well, but nothing about this is generic. Equally freaky and fun, a true banger. (KC)
(Let's Pretend)

CITIZEN FISH – "Dancing On Spikes" LP

The only time I ever got a speeding ticket was on the way to a CITIZEN FISH show in Denton, Texas. I was 18 or so, and had this older crusty punk guy with me that I used to hang out with a lot. He had a bunch of weed on him and I remember being really freaked out, but we didn't get searched or anything, and CITIZEN FISH was great. I don't frequent my CITIZEN FISH records as much these days, but when I do they still sound great to me. Ska is difficult to pull off without sounding cheesy, but their penchant for catchiness and Dick's great wordsmithing have always kept CITIZEN FISH in the "all time great punk bands" category for me. The A side holds six new tracks in the traditional ska/punk blend you'd expect, but remaining clever and relevant lyrically, as you'd also hopefully expect. Nothing as memorable as classics like "Habit" or "Active Ingredients," but still solid. The flipside is seven songs taken from a skankin-live set from Bremen in '09. One of the most legit punk bands on the planet. You know if you need this. (MA)
(PHR)

COITUS – "Fed To Wolves" CD

I thought that this band sounded vaguely familiar. And my sleep-deprived brain was correct, I think. As the guitarist of the band himself pens, "We were an old DIY band from London that was very active in the squat scene during the late '80s and '90s, we've had a few releases here and there and though we have always been playing we haven't released anything in nineteen years. With the death of our old bass player and kids/illnesses/addictions/life etc., it took us a long time to finally do a new album." Patient, and elderly, as we now are, I reckon it's been worth it. The album was recorded with a chap from DOOM at the helm, which goes with the whole squat/crust aesthetic. Musically, I'm delighted to say that it's sonically considerably more intricate, layered, and powerful than DOOM's particular brand of sonic assault. Much more of that punk/metal stuff, pioneered by the likes of ANTISECT, DISCHARGE (as they started to cross over) and CONCRETE SOX. Pretty excellent driving metallic hardcore. Glad to see these chaps coming out on top, despite the trials and tribulations. (RK)
(self-released)

CONFLICT – "The Final Conflict" LP

Sometimes I get to review reissued seminal albums, while other times I get assigned older records that got repressed recently. This belongs with the latter, though it was endearing to listen to songs that I definitely haven't heard in about fifteen years. I think the last time I listened to *The Final Conflict* was on a Winamp player with a Matrix "skin" (look it up if you weren't in your teens in the late '90s). The opening track here is saccharinely epic and immediately brought back memories of a younger Shit Zoo devouring whatever information I could Dogpile or AltaVista about UK anarcho-punk to accompany my CRASS and SUBHUMANS CDs. Sadly, the opening five minutes of *The Final Conflict* are easily its best five minutes: "Let the Battle Commence" and "I Heard a Rumour" are pretty good songs, but a lot of this album is too disjointed and aimless after a strong enough start. Some parts are simply missteps while others are arguably failed attempts at branching out musically, i.e. the entire B-side is *very* questionable and I'm trying to be nice here. After all these years I'm still fairly ambivalent about CONFLICT, never quite as sold on them as I want to be. Anyhow, here's this, their 1988 fourth album. It's no *Ungovernable Force*, ok? There's a reason I haven't listened to this since the Matrix was a fresh aesthetic, but hey, maybe that's just me. (SZ)
(PHR)

COPSICKLE – CD

What do punks and hippies have in common? Apparently, drinking, hating society and the cops, sewing patches on their clothes, and playing pissed hardcore. This trio do it pretty good, too (including the sewing, as far as I can tell from the pics on the CD sleeve). They have much in common in sound, and sensibilities, to LEFTÖVER CRACK, minus most of the ska, and pop bits. But the stuff in-between is actually rather good. I'm not a big fan of drinking, or of meth. But then again, I'm not a huge fan of the cops either, so it ain't all bad! And fourteen tracks just shy of half an hour keeps it all short and sweet. (RK)
(self-released)

DASKINSEY4 – "So Appropriate" LP

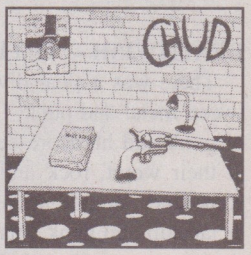
This album is full of charming super catchy indie pop-queer punk that wavers from the lighthearted to the dark and emotive. Sweet androgynous Brit vocals make me think of comparisons to SLUM OF LEGS, but really DASKINSEY4 is more like a poppier CRABAPPLE, with simplistic earworm CLASH-like melodies. The LP comes with a really cool lyric zine insert that could completely stand on its own. (CR)
(Tadpole / Tuff Enuff)

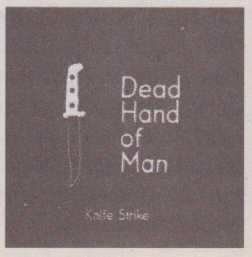
DAY CREEPER – "Central States" LP

"Central States" is the heartiest DAY CREEPER outing to date, and I've heard 'em all, Jack. The dual guitars that sprang up since last time work wonders for their brand of punked pop music, adding power (without sinking to power pop) and confidence to their already-established smart songwriting. They've sort of occupied the role of hidden gem thus far, but "Central States" is a record that oughta make more folks hop-to. (MC)
(Heel Turn / Superdreamer)

DEAD DRUGS – "Pillow Talk" EP

A one-man band from Illinois with more of a garage punk attitude than your average single member band. In fact, you probably wouldn't guess it is a one man band just by listening to it. The songs are played fast and mean. The record was recorded live which gives it an unkempt lo-fi feel. I like it. (CK)
(Manglor)





DEAD HAND OF MAN – "Knife Strike" CD

This band from Ohio has the RAMONES worship thing going on. Lots of bands have done this and this recording sounds like a demo, which it sort of is as this was recorded more or less in a day. There's also a bit of RICHARD HELL toughness. The under-production gives this an early US punk quality soundwise. OK for what it is but nothing special. (RL)
(self-released)

DEATHWISH – "Out For Blood" LP

There was a clear division at one time between metal and punk. I think the immediacy of punk and hardcore demanded this because at their worst, rock and metal could rest on sometimes languid strengths of riffs and musicianship and punk was more about immediate impact, creating, defining and establishing a new sound. Crossing over and crossing back, there're strengths to pulled from the different styles of music, but I really loathe anything "Motörcharged" because none of it ever rocks hard enough like MOTÖRHEAD and never has the really blunt, brute impact of DISCHARGE, so unless you're watching the band with a beer in hand and it balances when the amps are turned to maximum, it usually comes up middling. This nine-song debut from this Wisconsin band featuring members of WARTORN, DRESDEN, and the PARISH is exceptionally above par in the riffs and musicianship, with sharply shouted vocals, but just lacks some glue between the treads. Maybe it needs a more off balance and in the red recording, maybe a little more aggressive and out of control musical attack, maybe more speed, Maybe the vocals mixed a little closer to the music volume, Maybe an even more sterile, dry recording...but if you're looking for a mix of rock riffs, straight ahead DIS-POISON IDEA-ish punk, rampant and rampaging squiggly guitar solos that with a quick tempo that teeters like the pitch control is intentionally slightly slowed, this is a solid pick. Pissed lyrics, nicely PUSHEAD-y stippled skull cover from Marald. (KS)
(Beer City)

THE DEPRESSIONS – LP

If you know this somewhat overlooked band at all, it will be from their early "hit" songs like "Messing Your Heart" or "Living On Dreams," but here's a vinyl reissue of their self-titled full length from 1978. It's a decent slab of energetic, catchy, first wave punk. Like a lot of bands from that era, these guys had already been playing on the pub rock scene, and you can hear it in their chops. A few dodgy sexist lyrics here and there, but hey, the '70s were a different time, right? (AM)
(Beat Generation)

DETACHED OBJECTS – LP

Noisy, thrashy math rock from this Arizona band. The sound is very '90s arty hardcore. There are intricate melodies with sincerely screeched vocals. Reminds me of a less flamboyant FUGAZI. Plus the songs are played fast enough to stay catchy and keep my attention. (CK)
(Gilgongo)

DIE WRECKED – "Mongrel Hordes" CD

Political, melodic UK82 punk from Leicester, UK, with dual male/female vocals, thrashy drumming and bumbling basslines. The delivery is energetic and well recorded and, even if not very original or attention-retaining, it's definitely DIY punk: The lyrics cover all the staples, including—but not limited to—middle-class hypocrisy, the IMF and Tory pricks, anarchy and apathy, xenophobes, fence-sitters...you get the idea; the cover and booklet were printed on 100% recycled card, there are Lucy Parsons quotes inside, and each song has been translated from English into a different language, from Polish, Russian and Greek, to Irish Gaelic, Indonesian, Chinese and Hebrew. I liked that touch, not only because more punks can get the meaning of their songs that way, but also because this shows they are consciously active within a larger punk network than just their own, local scene, and that's always encouraging to see. I could pass on the music, but I'm glad such bands exist: politics on sleeve, bats in hand, banners flying. (LA)
(self-released)

DILATE – "Unyielding Wrath" flexi EP

A demo tape by a band from New Jersey gets pressed onto a flexi by a label from Western Australia. This has got to be some kind of living proof that the internet not only exists, but that it truly works for us all. That aside, the moment the needle hit the plastic, I was pleasantly surprised by how great this thing sounds. Somehow the format actually managed to enhance rather than hinder. Not to mention, it "don't look too shabby" either. Musically (or non-musically) speaking, there are hints of DISCLOSE, bits of ANTI-CIMEX all melded together with a bass-heavy, VU-meter-shattering recording. The last song is one of those compulsory mid-tempo stompers complete with a guitar lead that sounds like some disgusting, mutant hybrid of Andy Gill and Neil Young, scratched with a shard of broken glass through a Pignose practice amp. Needless to say, nobody is reinventing the goddamn wheel here, but this is the kind of stuff that continues to keep my half dead heart from stopping. (JK)
(Televised Suicide)

THE DILS – "I Hate the Rich/You're Not Blank (So Baby We're Through)"

I'm not exactly sure why we're reviewing this single: THIS RECORD IS GREAT AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT. THIS RECORD IS GREAT AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT. THIS RECORD IS GREAT AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT. Just so this review has more than one thought: I even went through like a six-month phase where I thought the RANK AND FILE LP wasn't that bad. (I was wrong.) (BB)
(Superior Viaduct)

DIRTY FENCES – "Full Tramp" LP

Brooklyn's DIRTY FENCES turn in their second LP of high energy rock'n'roll. Bursts of speed and tight, punk playing and production bring the sound up to date, but on tracks like "Judy" and "Heartbeater" the FENCES channel the power pop of KISS, while other songs reference the romantic heartbreak of the RAMONES. The title track is a sleazy grind into NEW YORK DOLLS territory. Hooks, licks, and choruses are intact throughout. (AM)
(Slovenly)

DIRTY WOMBS – "Opposite Flow" LP

This Greek band's first full-length's seven songs are swept with the epic, guitar driven influences of Japanese Burning Spirits styled hardcore, shaken into the tumult of galloping European D-beat crust, hammered with throttling drums, and a gnarl of buzzing guitars. Musically complex with multipart arrangements, the gruff vocals and gruffer choruses, guitar leads and pulses of speed thread each track together, making for a solid launching point for poetic political lyrics of resistance in the face of bleak realities. It could use a thicker or fuller guitar sound, or maybe just a better guitar tone, but this is a killer dose of modern crisscrossed influences in international hardcore, on point in delivery and well-packaged in a stippled fold-over sleeve of the apocalypse, skulls, crows, Neanderthals, ruins, and other things to get you in the mood. Killer! (KS)
(self-released, no info)

DIS-TANK – "Hardcore D-Beat Bruisers Volume One" EP

Huh, for a band with "Dis" in the name and "D-beat" in the record title, these guys aren't really much of a D-beat band. I mean, not in the traditional sense anyway. Very tinny recording, with the dual vocals and guitar *waaay* up front and barely any bass to speak of, really short songs. More than anything this reminds me of a slower and less good KURBITS I.R. The crazy vocals have a certain appeal, but "Eden's Fucked" and "Nothing" are the only songs that really made me sit up and take

notice thanks to their broken rhythms and cool vocal breaks. A valiant first effort, but there's a lot of room for improvement here, starting with the lifeless recording. (Desörden / Global Resistance / Kibou / Mono Cannibal, no info)

DOCTOR AND THE CRIPPENS – "Cabaret Style: Singles Unreleased Live" CD

DOCTOR AND THE CRIPPENS were always kind of the weird cousins of UKHC, sharing stages and compilation space with the giants of the scene but definitely stylistically standing apart from bands like HERESY or INTENSE DEGREE. Indeed, they are better remembered today for their over-the-top costumes and stage show than their music, though the *Fired from the Circus* LP has its moments. Unfortunately this collection features material from the band's final years as they drifted into pretentious/tedious rock territory. There are a couple of keepers on here, like "Death Squad" from the *Gruesome Stains* compilation and "El Salvador" from the split with JUNTESS, but a lot of this has more in common with early '90s US theatrical alt-rock à la JANE'S ADDICTION than Brit-punk. If you're an adventurous listener or you have a soft spot for post-Britcore à la HDQ then there's a lot to like here, but hardcore punks would be best served by picking up some of the band's earlier material. As usual with Boss Tuneage reissues, this includes excellent liner notes and photos in the packaging. (AU)
(Boss Tuneage)

DYSNEA BOYS – "Find Water/Mind Stories"

Berlin band with a strong early '80s USHC mixed with punk vibe. Shouted out vocals à la AGENT ORANGE or (early) T.S.O.L. Hell, some of this even has a pretty strong element of DR. KNOW! Oh duh…I just realized the vocalist is Jason Honea from SOCIAL fuckin' UNREST—one of my all-time fave Bay Area HC bands! The bassy, rhythmic B-side, "Mind Stories," is just perfect. Now, please DYSNEA BOYS—play a bunch of shows in the Bay Area! (JD)
(self-released)

ELMERHASSEL – "Self Analysis: Discography Part 2" CD

This Brit band was from Ipswich, and I'm guessing (from my Sherlockian deduction of the releases of the original discs) were around from 1990 throughout that last decade of the millennia. Can't say I remember 'em from back in the day (in the UK), but judging by this second half of the discography, I was obviously missing out. Like many of their melodic UK contemporaries, they were obviously struck by the melodic hardcore coming over from the States in the late '80s—DAG NASTY, SCREAM, *You*-era GOVERNMENT ISSUE, and the Revolution Summer scene—as exemplified by their excellent rendition of THREE's "Swann Street." Not as hardcore as Ipswich's own STUPIDS, nor as pop as PERFECT DAZE, they straddled that middle ground as carved out by the likes of the ABS, BROCCOLI and MEGA CITY 4. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES – "1983" CD

Reading (uh, actually just studying the photos and ads in) some glossy European zines clued me in to a more commercially viable scene over there, marketed as punk but looking pretty weak to me. The hipsters in this band are of this ilk. The EMPIRE STRIKES is a Finnish quartet; this is their debut full-length. The opening track and a few others touch the edge of wild rock'n'roll, but not for long. Even at their best they're not really relevant for punks or thrashers, as they mostly play tepid, cornball shit. No lyrics are provided, but they sing in English and, unfortunately, you can hear everything they say. They're competent at what they're doing, which contributes to the problem. To be avoided. Hated it. (JM)
(Area Pirata)

FILOS – "Soy un Anormal" EP

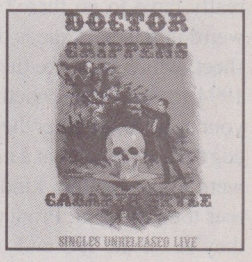
This starts off in a very late '70s ska-punk mixed with New Wave way (and thanks fug it's *not* '90s style). This Seville, España band sorta reminds me of the DICKIES (especially the vocals). There's also a SPITS cover in here ("Ecupeme" a.k.a. "Spit Me Out"). I have only a slight familiarity with this song yet I can certainly hear their overall influence. The vocals are really expressive and do a great job underscoring their punk as fuck attitude. Tons of clean strummed guitars, snazzy Español vocals, neat drum fills and squelchy/flanger-laden synths, especially on "No quiero abrir la puerta." The final tune "Largate" is a headknocker of timeless, mid-tempo punk. No bummer tracks whatsoever. (JD)
(Discos Regresivos)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – "Down With People" LP

I am often asked by people who have never been to Reno why I like 7 SECONDS. I feel like this might be a similar question asked to people in Philadelphia regarding FLAG OF DEMOCRACY. *Down With People* was the band's third full-length LP, and by 1990, the youthful, albeit kinda goofy energy of the *Love Songs* 7" had been traded for the harbinger of almost all '80s hardcore bands: "maturity." By the late '80s and early '90s the old guard had either attempted commerciality, gone metal, or worse—eclectic. Unfortunately, this album did not transcend the sign of the times, and elements of more "serious" musical styles were allowed to creep in. For my taste, this rarely marries well with hardcore. While most of the time, the vocals have that unhinged Dan Kubinski / Doc Dart thing going on, but when melody gets thrown into the mix, it makes me want to stab pencils into my eardrums. If you are one of the rare few who enjoy later era DIE KRUEZEN, this might also do it for you. Or, better yet, forget this and just pick up the AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR reissue that was released by the same label last year. (JK)
(SRA)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – "Everything Sucks" LP

I'm not an authority on the astounding output of FLAG OF DEMOCRACY, and even though I know they are one of the longest running hardcore bands (maybe the longest running band?), I've never really ever sat down



and listened to a record. So this is a pretty fresh experience for me. I *do* know that they briefly shared members with MCRAD and that DEAD MILKMEN have mentioned them in a couple songs and, while musically, FLAG OF DEMOCRACY is decidedly darker and more chaotic than those bands, they share a sense of melody with them as opposed to say, other Philly heavyweights YDI. I would say *Everything Sucks* feels like a much more brooding SCREECHING WEASEL or a more lackadaisical JAWBREAKER. On its own merits, *Everything Sucks* is definitely a '90s record. Its got pop punk hooks, it's goofy in spots and a lot of the songs deal with love and longing. At points it reminds me of NERF HERDER as well and I think these records came out the same year. This record was a nice surprise. For fans of: hangin' out reading comics, Yoohoo, senior year of high school. (MW)
(SRA)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – "Hate Rock" LP

Hmmm, how should I spin it? Yeah, *MRR* got laced with the FLAG OF DEMOCRACY motherlode this month. I sure hope my F.O.D. review isn't the outlier. This LP originally came out in 1994 and it sounds about right for '90s aggro pop punk—they would not be far off on a bill with contemporaries PARASITES or SCREECHING WEASEL or, I mean, do I really have to go there? The only thing that's weird in this package is that it's missing a lyric sheet, which was like the only litmus test circa 1994 to determine whether their politics were your politics, whether they really stepped up the edgy political content à la PROPAGANDHI, or were a just-for-fun, kinda sketch perpetua career touring band. Production is real clean and they're on the HC end of the pop punk spectrum. It prolly woulda passed muster in 1994, especially for a DEAD MILKMEN fan. Don't think I ever need to hear music like this again, but I guess I do have a box of JAWBREAKER raerz in a closet somewhere, so maybe I'll give it another five years to decide. (GB)
(SRA)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – "Love Songs" EP

Ah yes, killer reish here of the second best record to ever emerge from the City of Brotherly Love. (YDI 7" is number one if you were curious.) Anyway, F.O.D. seems to have gotten an unfair shake on account of being a "funny band," and for pressing on far past their peak, but this six-songer is prime, '80s East Coast suburban, lawn-mowing, hardcore thrash at its finest, a perfect kindred spirit with ADRENALIN O.D. The hyper-speed, snappy thrashers that fill the grooves of this 7" are a crucial piece of the '80s American hardcore puzzle that definitely need to be digested more than once if you fancy such things. (JU)
(SRA)

FLIPPER – "Love Canal/Ha Ha Ha" 45

When I was a teenager, I loved FLIPPER. Then, I hated them. Now, I love them again. How do I review this?!? This is FLIPPER's first proper record, re-released by the Bay Area's Superior Viaduct. The packaging looks the same, except, you know...less faded than the original because it's new. Imagine hearing this for the first time in 1981 and just being utterly confused, completely enthralled, pissed off, *and* psyched all at the same time. It's the sound of pain, disillusionment, drugs, and utter contempt for the status quo distilled down to fuzzed-out bass, a mocking singer, a guitar dissolving into feedback and a drummer who could not give a fuck less. Less waves than no waves. Art punk that hates all art. "Isn't life a blast? It's like living in the past." This shit is already sold out, so just buy the original online (they pressed 10,000), shoot up some Windex and go get fucked. (GH)
(Superior Viaduct)

GALANOS – "Vacation Cannons" CD

The singer does his best NICK CAVE over a GALLON DRUNK / TINDERSTICKS / *Honey's Dead* era JESUS AND MARY CHAIN dadrockscape. One of the songs starts with the "Be My Baby" drumbeat and has a lyric about wanting "to find a place on a lonely highway." They are pretty good at what they do, which is make evocative rock music, but this isn't really *punk*... (LG)
(Pyrrhic Victory)

GATTOPARDO – LP

I knew once I first threw this on that I would need to have several careful listening sessions before writing this. This is an album, not just a collection of songs—something I don't come across very often these days. Everything about this LP sounds intentional and, to put it frankly, perfectly amazing. There's an honest and candid quality to the vocals that can't be calculated or faked. I can sense this even though I don't understand Portuguese. There are no formulas, traditions, or blueprints behind these songs. They are all from scratch. On the surface there are plenty of melodic and rhythmic delights to grab one's attention, but the overall feel is what makes this LP stand out from everything else. It feels serious and important in a moving way, but not without some fun and dance-ability. It's dark but not in the usual goth-inspired way, but because it's so dense and deep. It's a sound, devoid of distracting aesthetics, to get lost in, believe in, contemplate, and enjoy, all at the same time. There is not one style or sub-genre to describe GATTOPARDO, as I am reminded of a variety of great bands such as GUN CLUB, ESTRANGED, and NEW ORDER at times, but only for fleeting moments. There's no instant gratification here. You have to commit your full attention to get the most out of it. Whatever your ritual is (getting stoned, a cheap six-pack, pint of ice cream, etc.), get loose and give this LP the time of day because it's as exciting as it is flawless. Number one record this month. (MA)
(Burka For Everybody / Dama Da Noite / Nada Nada)

GENTLEMEN – "Good Omen/Bad Husband" EP

This is a noisy, nasty mess. I love it. Every sound is overblown. There is a ton of feedback. The singer screeches indecipherably. And it is all played at 100 mph. Fantastic. (CK)
(Episode Sounds)

THE GERMS – "Forming/Sex Boy"

Last year I finally got around to reading *Lexicon Devil*, the GERMS oral history that came out a while back, and learned about the technical restraints around the recording of the first GERMS single, the one I heard but never "got" when my best friend was sending me mp3s of their discography through IRC in high school. If I remember correctly, they had a two-track tape machine, one mic pointed at the band and the guitar plugged directly in through a distortion pedal, skipping the amplifier and any notion of "tone" entirely. Then they might have had the vocals overdubbed on top of that. Totally budge, barely planned and oafishly executed, just as capable of baffling the listener in 2015 as it was in 2005 or 1977. As Bobby Pyn himself put it, "Whoever buys this shit is a fucking jerk...playing it all wrong, the drums are too slow, the bass is too fast, the chords are wrong..." But how fucking cool is this record? "Forming" is the perfect track, staccato guitar riffing just barely structured by detached and disinterested vocals and 1-2 1-2 drumming that's able to keep pace with everything by some kind of miracle. The GERMS got it so right by doing everything all wrong, and they were just getting started. No gear, all 'tude. (EW)
(Superior Viaduct)

GIBBOUS – "Mortal Crust/No Elevators"

Will I finally succumb to mad-dog fandom of all things even remotely associated to Lumpy? Will I cast aside middle age and dance in the streets with hordes of mutant youth? Well, GIBBOUS' charms are of the electro-punk variety and only half-successful.

"Mortal Crust" is a letdown: wavy and borderline hokey in the faux-darkness it attempts to create. That said, "No Elevators" scores a direct hit as a sax-splashed synth-punk winner, great enough to make even the hardest goon crack a half-smile. I'm not gonna rub battery acid all over my face and balls or anything, but I'll probably buy a used copy of this record as soon as I see it. (MC)
(Lumpy)

GIORGIO MURDERER – "Lazer Lord" EP

BUCK BILOXI's sleazy alter ego GIORGIO MURDERER is back again, with another offering of delightfully damaged dystopic synth punk. The first track, "Lazer Lord," kicks of with a punchy synth before Mr. Murderer snarls, *"There's trash all over the city / there's shit all over the street."* It certainly sounds like he dug the keyboard out of the garbage and then recorded these songs inside the dumpster, and I couldn't be happier that he did. The A-side closes with an outro that's almost certainly longer than the song itself, while the flip tries to convince us all that *"we're living inside a computer simulation."* Stare hard enough at the false walls and the reality of virtuality will reveal itself to you…I'd choose this as the soundtrack to the dissociation of my ego any day… (GA)
(Goner)

GOOD RIDDANCE – "Peace In Our Time" LP

Let's be honest, typically when bands reform after a lengthy hiatus, their new efforts suck pretty badly. Who *actually* rates the latest / later STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, or BUZZCOCKS, or COCK SPARRER, or AGNOSTIC FRONT efforts? Or SCREECHING WEASEL, CRO-MAGS, and 4-SKINS? The one stellar standout contradiction, is of course, BAD RELIGION's *Suffer*, which inspired that whole melodic hardcore sound / style, and then some. One of the early bands that took up that mantle, ran with it, and somewhat made it their own was GOOD RIDDANCE, who called it quits in 2007 and then returned / reformed with this effort. And, despite my understandable trepidation, it's pretty much like they never hung up their instruments. Either that, or the songs they wrote in the downtime didn't stray too far from the road they'd already hewn. Indeed, this new full length could easily pass as a "greatest hits." Definitely it sounds like that, sonically, all the best bits of GOOD RIDDANCE seamlessly stitched into something new, yet instantly (and comfortably) recognizable. Like that favorite old band t-shirt discovered in the back of the closet, with the delight that you can still squeeze into it a decade later! (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

G-WHIZ – "…Hook" LP

For the folks who truly Love (capital L) pop punk, the early '90s is a special time. And much like the early '80s for hardcore enthusiasts, this era is where modern day (pop punk) record collectors focus in on, trying to dig up the music for every band that once shared a stage with SCREECHING WEASEL. And in this madness, records like this emerge, a reissue of a CD-only release from 1994. I'm sure most people under the age of 30 (who live outside of Arizona) only know G-WHIZ as "that band that put out a split 7" with CRIMPSHRINE," But if you spent some time listening to them you would understand that this band (perhaps better than anyone else) perfectly epitomizes the early '90s pop punk scene. Even down to their name—they ooze early '90s. It's as though these guys wanted to write the sequel to DESCENDENTS – *I Don't Want To Grow Up*, while having a huge collective band boner for CRINGER. (If that doesn't make you get up and run to the record store, I don't know what will.) What I'm trying to say is: it's good. But if you've been around long enough to have memories of these guys, you'll think this is great. 'Cause it is. You just need the memories, otherwise this sounds like just another ERGS record. Are you one of those punks who wants to know everything about early '90s pop punk? Is your thirst for everything (even distantly) related to Lookout unquenchable? If so, yes, buy this album. You will not be bummed. (FS)
(Fair Warning)

HARD LEFT – "We Are Hard Left" LP

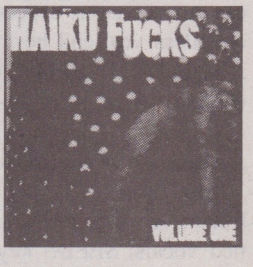
I originally heard this LP because the band sent a promo copy of the record to our local store, Thrillhouse and it was being played while I was flipping through the bins. Who sends out promo copies to stores anymore?? No one. Anyway, it sounded good in the store and it sounds good now. HARD LEFT describes their sound as "hard mod," but it sounds like Oi! to me. That might have something to do with the fact that I've only been listening to the TEMPLARS all week. Their singer has a snarl that is right up there with Frankie Stubbs and Jake Burns. The politics are worn firmly on their sleeves through gang vocals and ultra-catchy choruses. I'm not gonna delve too far into the politics, but these fogies could be communists...but don't worry...they seem like the nice kinds that will give everyone a chance on the microphone at the next protest. If you like mod and Oi!, you will want to send your working class dollars off to these blokes and add this disc to your collections. Fans of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and the BELTONES take note! (GH)
(Future Perfect)

HARD SKIN – "Do You Like Hospital Food?" 12"

The first, last, and only word in top class comedy Oi! are back with "the last wave of close shave..!"—Say it ain't so lads! As usual they kick in a top-notch selection of terrace anthems against the filth, fakers, and poseurs. That silver-tongued cavalier Johnny Takeaway shows his sensitive side with one love song on this disc—this time it's an ode to his beloved Ford Cortina, "I've Had My Car Nicked." Oh, I guess "ASBO Baby" is sort of a love song as well, I suppose. There're only six songs on here but you should consider yourself lucky you even get that. This is the real deal. If you buy only one tongue-in-cheek Oi! record by ex-indie poppers this year, make it this one! All right? (AM)
(JT Classics)

HIRS – "The Second Hundred Songs" LP

Two years and a hundred songs later, we've got another *massive* compilation from Philly trans/queer grind faves HIRS, and it's not hyperbole when I tell you there's not a dull moment amongst these forty-five minutes of



pure, unfettered rage. Drawing from fifteen different releases (!), the targets here are familiar—cops, queerbashers, religious authority, white supremacy, and cops again for good measure—but in terms of style and sheer intensity HIRS is on a whole other level, combining a manic, claustrophobic energy with viciously clever lyrics and a never-ending stream of expertly curated samples. While most grindcore projects—hell, most hardcore in general—hits a creative wall somewhere between the first song and the second or third release, this duo shows no signs that they are running out of steam; the songwriting has only gotten tighter, the riffs sicker, and the drum machines—always the sticking point for "digital" grinders—sound better than ever, with some really excellent details in the fills. Couldn't help but smile when I saw the list of covers (31 in total!) that close out the LP, including a smattering of contemporary queer and feminist hardcore bands like PERMANENT RUIN, CURMUDGEON, HYSTERICS, and BODY BETRAYAL as well as classics from MUKILTEO FAIRIES, SWALLOWING SHIT, and BORN AGAINST. Here's to the next two hundred! (WB)
(SRA)

HOME BLITZ – "Foremost + Fair" LP

They've managed to get more surprising and effective with each new release, so I can't be shocked that *Foremost + Fair* is HOME BLITZ's best effort to date. What everyone who hears it will be shocked by is how fantastic the songs start off and how adventurously the band goes about the eventual sabotaging and/or reconstruction of each. HOME BLITZ can fuck it up and start again, from several points at once, all within the same tune, and still give you a hook to cling to. While I suspect this LP sneaks through the parameters of inclusion for review here, I will say that you can most certainly expect this one to appear on countless year-end best lists, mine included. All hail HOME BLITZ! (MC)
(Richie)

JINXES – "Mosquitoes/Oh Yeah!"

Straight-up '90s Bay Area style trash rock from Los Angeles. Crappy recording, muffled vocals, SEEDS keyboards, garbage can drums, and frat boy shouted choruses. You know. "Mosquitoes" is the moronic winner of the two. This would be right at home on Planet Pimp records sharing a bill with the HIGHLANDER TWOS. Good times. (RO)
(Manglor)

JOHNS – "Grift Marks" LP

So *Grift Marks* started off promising with "Nails & Walls," "Palace of Ill Control," "Thrust," and "Cemetery" with an EX-CULT, WILD MOTH, WIPERS mix and a bit of an alt '90s NIRVANA feel. Then things take a slow dive with "The Blurry Tongue" to a weird sludgy kind of goth rock that lasts well into the B-side. It seemed disjointed from their first four songs and "WWRT" on the flip, perhaps different songwriters? A real hit or miss with this one. (CR)
(Peterwalkee)

KING AUTOMATIC – "Lorraine Exotica" CD

Even though I am a bit of a one man band purist, I will say I was amused that the back of this record notes "played by KING AUTOMATIC and his One Man Concert Orchestra." You might as well take the one man band idea as far as illogically possible. This is the fourth album from the former drummer of THUNDERCRACK. As insinuated it sounds less like a one man band and more like a record made by one man. KING AUTOMATIC plays all the instruments, but also has some guests doing backing vocals as well as playing banjo and trombone. The songs are a combo of '60s garage, surf and stripper tunes. The best song is "Bathroom Furnishings," an ode to the old saying of write what you know. It is a slow, quirky grinder and very funny. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm)

LAME – "The Lame Shall Enter First" LP

LAME are an Italian band featuring the singer from MOVIE STAR JUNKIES Stefano Isaia. Isaia's voice has this carnival barker quality to it. It is also rather dark. The band plays a straightforward, lo-fi garage punk. The combination is interesting. The album title taken from a Flannery O'Connor short story and album art is by BIG BOYS' Tim Kerr so there is an undercurrent of a more highbrow attitude as well. (CK)
(Alien Snatch!)

THE LAST KILLERS – "Dangerous" CD

High energy rock reenactment à la every other MC5 worshiper you've ever already heard in your life. This time, however, they all want you to know that they have their dad's polyester paisley shirts and Beatle boots. I'd honestly love to trash them for a few pages based on their band photo, and also for not letting shitty rock die...but to be honest, it's pretty good. Fuzzed-out vocals, dirty guitars, pleasantly cheesy keys, and when they aren't farting out tired old Chuck Berry riffs, it's pretty balls out. I can see these guys killing it in this city. Rock'n'roll reenactment is driving the kids apeshit these days. (DZ)
(Closer)

LIFE POSSESSION – "Miliony Let" EP

Similar to their fellow Czech Stalwarts SEE YOU IN HELL, LIFE POSSESSION combine convulsive quick bursts of D-beat hardcore with the marathon pace and mood of thick and grimy European crust with sharp musical chops that seemingly notate influence from (but don't directly copy) the more flamingly haunted moments of metal-seared Japanese hardcore. Blunt, throaty vocals spit strong basic "slave to the system" lyrics on five originals, capped with unique and spirited covers of KAAOS and TOTALITÄR songs. The band's final release and limited to 525, it comes on splattered vinyl with a nice deluxe stapled foldover mini booklet with lyrics and their translation, a collage of flyers from the band's shows, photos and a stippled and scratched cover of gas-masked punks walking through the toxic wasteland. Ace! (KS)
(Aback)

LIFEWRECK – "Aggravation" EP

Athens, Greece brings us LIFEWRECK, who play nice rough modern hardcore. Their sound is sweet to my ears with lots of distortion, but not too much to blur out the riffs. While they often speed up at some point in most tracks I wouldn't call this powerviolence or thrash. It's hardcore, simple as that. And good hardcore at that. Modern hardcore with just a pinch of powerviolence. (MH)
(self-released)

LIPPIES – "World Happiness Dance" EP

Imagine you could combine JOAN JETT and the *Josie and the Pussycats* soundtrack (the 2001 movie, obviously). You got some of the sugary pop stuff, but you also have some classic hard rock riffage. However you cut it, this three-song EP is super fun. Great songs to play loud while you bounce off the walls. You listened to that tired PAT BENATAR album way too much! Time to give LIPPIES some spins on the record player. (FS)
(Independent Fries)

LOVESORES – "Focke-Wulf vs. Spitfire" 10"

I think I reviewed these guys' last 10" and I liked that one better. This features members of the HUMPERS and if you're a fan, this isn't that far off. The HUMPERS were always kinda hit or miss for me and I think this band is the same. Maybe it's the hokey *Happy Days* saxophone that blows it for me. "Desperation Now" is about as good as it gets on this one but let your ears decide. (RO)
(Hound Gawd)

MALE GAZE – "Gale Maze" 12"

Swirly local shoegaze garage that harkens

back to TOTAL CONTROL's more rock jams. An angular urgent distortion that is always forward thinking into cymbal crashes, you want to be overwhelmed, but in the end it all makes sense through the layers of feedback. Deep vocals demand your attention, sometimes overlaid and delayed. For a debut record this is beyond proficient, but I guess these are members of BLASTED CANYONS, MAYYORS and the MALL, so they've been around the block. Have I been going to the wrong shows? I can't get enough and will be impatiently waiting for more. Also, prisoners reading this: this record label will send you a CD free of charge, contact at in the end of this section as per usual. (AP)
(Castle Face)

MALL WALK – "Criminal Code/Container"

If you ask 100 different people what makes a good pop single, you're likely to get a couple dozen answers. Very few, likely, would list the qualities of subtlety and atmosphere as key players. And yet, MALL WALK's new single thrives on just those elements. Both songs are woozy, poppy, modern shoegaze outings, with more reverb than fuzz, perhaps owing more to the Paisley Underground's more hypnotic moments than to Creation Records. Most interesting is how these songs succeed where many fail. Neither song is particularly catchy in a usual way. Instead, MALL WALK have crafted a sound of intricately woven ambient sounds, a heavy but not indelicate amount of reverb, and what I'll call "submelodies" to deliver a record that is captivating in a more or less sideways manner. Unlike most pop bands playing rock music, these songs at first blush stick to the background, with their gossamer sound and seemingly undefined elements. But, upon deep listening, these simply crafted, well played songs shine. Still more captivating is how these songs can then again so comfortably relegate themselves to the background once again. The effect is not precisely transportative; more so it is framing and very pleasant, conducive to reading or some other quite activity. This is great mood music, excellent ambiance, a modern piece of punk furniture music. If there is an LP extant or forthcoming, I heartily look forward to it. Recommended. (LP)
(Vacant State)

MAPMAKER – "Critical Path" LP

This is pretty typical East Coast pop punk (one of the folks was in GET BENT, if that helps as a reference.) It's melodic but gruff and with a bit of an aggressive edge to it. The songs are catchy and upbeat and there're some cool guitar bits but the terribly off-key vocals, sung or screamed, tend to kill some of the songs. It's not bad, it's not great, it does sound like so many of those other pop punk bands that have been kicking around that scene for the last ten or so years. (PA)
(One Percent Press / Salinas)

MAU-MAUS – "Fear No Evil" LP

When I think MAU MAUS, I'll always think of the Rik Wilder led Hollywood band first but I'll give these guys credit for some decent Oi! inspired punk. This is a nice reissue of their 1985 debut LP that I'd never listened to. I think their earlier stuff was a little more driving than this but I don't remember and I want to take this on its own merits. Shit. They have names like Podge, Bunny, and Alf. Unmistakably British. The best songs, like "Rebellion," have a nice BLITZ feel to them, but avoid the two covers at all cost. Fucking horrible. "Johnny Boy" is the typical cliché-ridden British marching off to war thing but "Fear No Evil" is a wanking good time. The liner notes say they were going in a new musical direction as they were maturing as musicians. This translates to "shit" for me. You probably can skip this one unless you got all the singles and are starving for more. (RO)
(PHR)

MIDDLE EDGE – "Emotion Freeze/The Pressure"

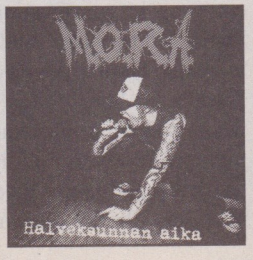
The debut 45 from one of my favorite current Japanese bands. Middle Edge boasts a connection to greats like the SNEEZE and PERFECTFORM, but this isn't a simple rehash of worn influences. While retaining the compact, choppy guitars that one so often associates with recent giants of the locale, MIDDLE EDGE comes from a colder corner of punk, recalling WARSAW or CRISIS as well as many of the "Tokyo Rockers" that came before them. Not at all what I expected initially, but something I'm mightily impressed by nonetheless. Looks like this one is actually available from some US distros too, so pony up pronto for a copy! (MC)
(Balloon On The Pin)

M.O.R.A. – "Halveksunnan Aika" CD

Straightforward D.R.I. influenced Finnish metallic hardcore. M.O.R.A. is fronted by two women and the tough as nails shouted gang vocals work well with the throb of bass, heavy metal guitar stroking, and pit worthy beats. CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER also came to mind when listening to this CD. Not my thing, but if you're curious, or into Finnish hardcore, this might be worth a shot. (CR)
(self-released)

MYSTIC INANE – "Eggs Onna Plate" EP

How does one do justice to MYSTIC INANE? Just earlier this week I was driving around Oakland and thinking to myself "Man, MYSTIC INANE are such a sick band…"—then I ran right through a red light. Something about this band must just take you right out of your immediate surroundings, so listen at your own risk. There's definitely something FLIPPER-esque in the title track, but played with a competency and deliberation that makes it all their own, complete with some commanding basslines and a rave-up at the end of the track meant to ruin basements across the continental United States. I'm never going to get the "Deep Creep" riff out of my head (it's been six months now), but now it at least has some company. The B-side takes demo favorite "Polite Society" and gives it the posterity the genius vocal delivery and wild guitar work of that track has always deserved. The MYSTICS have some innate sense of how to play a riff to its fullest repetition and when to run it through a brick wall or hazardous intersection. Few bands have the creativity behind these riffs or the magic behind their performance. MYSTIC INANE have both, everyone else should keep driving through red lights. A 2015 essential.



(EW)
(Lumpy)

NO TOMORROW BOYS – "Who Killed Johnny/Get Out of Denver"

Mid-tempo and catchy, with plenty of guitar and vocals reminiscent of IGGY POP and JOHNNY THUNDERS, this will take you back to 1977. It's angry and desperate and bluesy and awesome. The B-side even channels some CHUCK BERRY, much like some of the older stuff on the Chiswick label. (KK)
(Hound Gawd)

OBNOX – "Know America" LP

I should start by pointing out that this record is the second OBNOX full-length we've received in the first half of 2015. It'd be easy to gawk on how *prolific* Lamont Thomas has been in the last few years, but I think he's just about on pace with any band that was making music in the mid-late '60s at this point. In short, he might be one of a few people who are not just fucking around. *Know America* the album might be the most sonically cohesive OBNOX record that I've heard, which is kind of funny given that there are at least four covers on here and that it's supposed to be a concept album. There are still some leaps in style and pacing characteristic to OBNOX but it's all filtered through the same fidelity and delivery, and each track flows into the other. It's got a depth and rumble in a way that sounds like it could have been dubbed onto a cassette tape from an AM signal a thousand miles away in the middle of the night. The last couple OBNOX full-lengths had some standout tracks, but this is the one I want to dub for someone who is going to spend a lot of time stuck in traffic in 80°-plus weather. That said, choice tracks: "Grease," an insane punk groove that collapses the three years since that SPACIN' record came out; "Powerhouse", a worthy Bo Diddley cover; and "Safe Harbor" a total freedom music flip of "The Wind Cries Mary." (EW)
(Ever/Never)

THEE OH SEES – "Mutilator Defeated At Last" LP

I hadn't really paid much attention to THEE OH SEES when I saw them a year (or two) back at the Great American in San Francisco. I honestly only went to see SYNTHETIC ID who opened. THEE OH SEES usually would come up in conversations with middle class young white males, and never with any girl punks, so I took that as a cue. And I have to say I was a bit bored when they were playing—when a song would start off pretty promising it would then flow into a deluge of endless solos and loops, then back to the original melodies, like ten-plus minutes long. After the fourth song (a good forty minutes into the set) standing in a sea of ridged bodied white males I was ready to hit the sack (no pun intended). So when I started listening to *Mutilator Defeated At Last* I was surprised by how organic it sounded—not at all formulaic, and really pleasant to the ears. Definitely a crossover appeal of indie garage, with a heavy dose of psych. Like COACHWHIPS on opiates. The punctuation of percussion and their ability to have intricate melodies that easily flow from one to the next really shows THEE OH SEES talent in creating music that can be both critically acclaimed and have as much commercial appeal as they do. I could do without the trippy instrumentals, although I think it depends on the mood. I dunno, too stoney for a non-stoner. They have a new line-up on this album which is John Dwyer, Tim Hellman, Nick Murray, Chris Woodhouse, and Brigid Dawson. So hiatus or not, THEE OH SEES are just as prolific as ever, and if you are a fan I'm pretty sure this will be a must have. (CR)
(Castle Face)

ONE MAN ONE MIND – "I Love Vinyl/ Admiration For Punk Girls"

This is one of those records that most people will say sucks, but it doesn't. ONE MAN ONE MIND is a Norwegian one-man band. The music is improv-y with jazzy drumming and noisy guitars. The vocals are spoken in a droll, stream of conscious style. His ode to vinyl sounds like he is being sincere and sarcastic at the same time. His admiration for punk girls could use a bit more of that, but it is still enchanting. Weird in all the best possible ways. (CK)
(Drid Machine)

PARTY FORCE – "Squad Cars" EP

These guys!!??! Local degenerates finally make their debut as recording artists. What's the world coming to? Songs about thee fucking cops, skating, drinking and flies in one's ocular cavities. "Flies In My Eyes" is my favorite along with "Fuck Cry Tequila" but all would make a fine soundtrack for wrecking a parent's domicile. Oh, wait. These are grown men!? Not apparent from the youthful energy and scholastic aptitude displayed on this recording that would be right at home on Mystic Records. Think East L.A.'s STAINS minus all the feedback combined with ILL REPUTE and you get a headache. A force to be partied with indeed. (RO)
(self-released)

LOS PASADOS – LP

Modern, melodic hardcore with crusty tendencies from Serres, in northern Greece. I remember these guys from years back but thought they had actually disbanded—turns out they haven't, and this is their first LP. There's a mix of styles and elements here, a bit all over the place, yet still quite coherent sounding. They don't exactly reinvent anything, more compile it in a manner that's enjoyable. It's a combination between old GRHC heaviness à la PANIKOS, NAYTIA or NEGATIVE STANCE, new era GR punk (akin to, say, ΧΑΣΜΑ, DESPITE EVERYTHING, ΑΡΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΤΕΛΟΥΣ, ΚΡΑΤΑΡΑΜΕΝΟ ΣΤΟΜΑ), some D-beat and FROM ASHES RISE-ish riffing thrown in for good measure, but also some mandatory NWOBHM and Burning Spirits influence! The dual vocals alternate between yelled and sung, and on "11:16" are at their most melancholic / heartbreaking. Lyrics are more often than not a huge part of a punk band's identity in Greece and these are definitely poetically political, so it's a shame if you won't understand them—hopefully the music transfers enough of the gloominess and anger. The stand-out tracks for me are "Σπίρτο" ("Match") and "Ψυχρή Ζωή" ("Cold Life"), which sounds a bit like LAST BREATH's gloriously collapsing track "Ίσως Μια Μέρα" / "Isos Mia Mera." The production is quite clean and compact (maybe a bit too clean?) and, even though the drums sadly sound a bit flat at times, you can tell they put a lot of work into making and releasing this, and the textured, paper gatefold cover looks and feels cool too. I enjoyed this more than I thought I would and, as always, happy to feed my Greek punk archive! Thanks for the reviewer copy *malakes*! (LA)
(self-released / We Don't Fight It)

THE PENETRATORS – "She's the Kinda Girl/Take a Stand"

Yup, despite this xerox cover of a two man band, each wearing shitty sunglasses and dad jeans, posing in an old Chevy, it really is *that* PENETRATORS. Still kickin' since 1976, still garagey, still wild and all over the place. I don't know if this is the best place to start your affair with the band, to be honest. Side A is pretty generic as hell, and it's, you know, about a girl. It sounds like it got written in about thirty seconds flat. The second side is fairly tight, though. It's the goofy assed party rock you'd expect from the self-appointed kings of basement rock. It's kinda badass, actually. I'd put this on a mixtape right after a weird track from that one great COOLIES album. (DZ)
(Slovenly)

LOS PEPINIYOZ – "Alta Tension" LP

I'm sure I'll take some shit for this, but I don't always think of Puerto Rico when I think of punk hotspots. To draw comparisons to DAVILA 666 would be both simplistic and obvi-

ous. That said, like DAVILA 666, these guys manage to be punk, rock, genuine and catchy all at the same time. Sometimes mid-tempo, other times up-tempo, other times still they slow it way down. Doesn't matter, it will have you bouncing your head from start to finish. While not new to the world, this band is new to me. Great record. (KK)
(Rokirol)

PERSPEX FLESH – "Ordered Image" 12"

Totally sick security-era hardcore punk from the UK. The rhythm section pounds and trudges through the CCTV static and terrible weather that I imagine is draped over the British Isles, while the guitar finds a new way to wind and warble through each track. I get a kind of LA death rock vibe from some of the guitar playing on the A-side of this EP, while the B-side starts with the sick CONDOMINIUM-esque chromatics of "Euthanasia." Once that track spills into the distorted and pitched down vocals of "Ordered Image," it's time to draw the blinds and smash your external hard drive. When you can pull off this kind of freakish rage you get a pass on letting your songs run past 1:30. Static Shock strikes again, get it or regret it, order this record then clear your search history. (EW)
(Static Shock)

PIERRE & BASTIEN – "Que Du Bonheur" LP

OK, maybe it's a French thing, but all these songs have the same tempo and lyrical cadence. The French tongue lends itself to fluidity; it's a legato language but these fellows apparently never learned that. It's not a *bad* record, and I don't hate it, but I don't hate it not due to the band's strengths, but because it mercifully lacks many of the things I find repellant in punk. The thing is, the band displays none of those tricks that get a listener's attention; there aren't many leads, few solos, and overall there's a dearth of hooks. For this type of music, that early-punk sound, the hooks are totally necessary and to put out an LP with songs mostly absent of them (notable exception being the song "Destinée") is a fucking international crime. (BB)
(Polly Maggoo)

PITY – "The Struggle II" EP

Everything about this record looks like a Youth Attack release: the skull on the front, the spelling of the band name on the corners of the release, and the band photo on the inside cover with members adorned in ski masks. But that's where the similarities stop. Toronto's PITY spit out nonstop '80s style punk anthems about drugs, drinking, being a better ally, and smashing the industrial prison system. A strange combination of wastoid and activist, but it works. The vocals are gritty but still audible, pretty straightforward six songs in five minutes punk. It's not going to change your life or anything, but you'll probably have a good time. (KC)
(self-released)

POW! – "Fight Fire" LP

This record is definitely a slow burner for me. I've listened to *Fight Fire* a few times at this point and the synth work and backing vocals are easily the most enjoyable parts. (There's one point on the record where one of the back ups whispers "Here kitty kitty" and that might be the best part.) The synths fall somewhere between the score in *The Running Man* and *Death Race 2000* with a HAWKWIND vibe for added measure. Actually, some of the songs have these very "witchy" synth intros and I half expect a fifteen-minute-long concept track about space exploration. What usually comes after is a very curt SCREAMERS reimagining, with lyrics that sound like they could have been written for a KINKS record. I say SCREAMERS because the vocalist seems like he's on a Tomata Du Plenty trip for the whole record. The band is a perfect fit for Castle Face, and definitely one of the better, standout bands on that label. For fans of: cappuccino and cigs, objectivist poetry, martinis. (MW)
(Castle Face)

PRETTY FLOWERS – "My Alchemist" EP

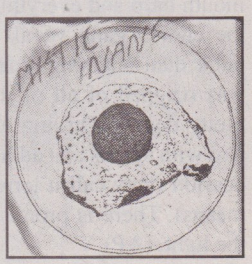
You always have the same dilemma: Do you listen to J CHURCH or NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL? Ahhh, the anxiety! Well, my friend, now you can choose both, because that's exactly what you get with PRETTY FLOWERS. It's hard to call them punk (because they are not). But they are traditional L.A. indie rock with some extra grit and crunch. And I'm pretty sure both original songs on this record are about girls, so they might as well be considered a pop punk band on that basis alone. (FS)
(self-released)

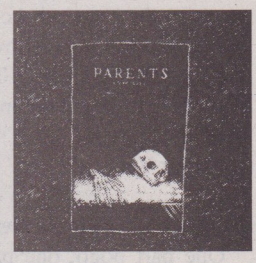
LOS PUNK ROCKERS – "Los Exitos De Sex Pistols" LP

Worthwhile and less-than-legit reissue of this cash-in album from Spain '78. While not as notorious (or convincingly great) as the VACANTS or F.U.2 in the fake punk department, LOS PUNK ROCKERS did manage to deliver a SEX PISTOLS cover album *very* early on in the game, notable for the sheer shittiness with which they execute the material. It's both commendable and cringe-inducing, so don't go fooling yourself into thinking this is lost greatness. Any punk would find some charm here, sure, but it's novelty bullshit music and only those with an appetite for punk kitsch need apply. I'm on board, but I'm an asshole. (MC)
(no info)

PUOLAN LAKOT – LP

Fourteen blasts of simple but dense punk featuring great musicianship, but nothing too flashy. Maybe a good universal comparison would be UK SUBS, or their contemporaries. The songs are upbeat and catchy, and the vocalist has a great raspy vocal quality while still retaining some melody. Nothing new or moving on here, but not every record has to be awe-inspiring to qualify as good, right? Their song craft is well thought-out and pretty diverse, hinting that these guys probably have many years experience writing great punk songs. My favorite moments are the couple of sax parts and some nice melodic guitar bits. The only thing lacking here for me is that I don't get to know what they're singing about unless I learn Finnish, which I just don't have the energy to do. Worth checking out! (MA)





(Step Backward, no info)

RÄTTENS KRATER – "Nordvästpassagen" EP

You know when sometimes a song sounds really cool and then the vocals kick in and then all your hopes are crushed? That is basically this record. I wanna like it but the dude's voice in conjunction with one of the synths sounds like something off a WARDRUNA album, mouth harp and everything. Between that and the chorus gang vocals that are more party punk than anything, I feel like if this record was stripped of all of its vocals it would be pretty decent. Driving mid-tempo rock overlaid with synths and addictive and furious percussion (they call it terror pop, whatever that means). There is promise! Pray that they see the light. (AP)
(P&C Republiken Bergslagen Grammofon)

RAYDIOS – "Brand New Kid/My Way Back Home"

The band that arose from the ashes of TEENGENERATE and then ten years later arose from the ashes of FIRESTARTER is back. Well, they've been back for a while now, but they have another new single out. And it's good. A-side sounds like the CHILD MOLESTERS' "Hillside Strangler" combined with some TELEVISION guitar riffs. B-side is a bit more angular and jerky, but still totally burns. If you're a fan of Japanese garage punk, find these guys. (FS)
(Mangrove / Slovenly)

THE RESIDENTS – "Satisfaction/Loser ≅ Weed"

A reissue of the RESIDENTS' 1976 single. It's a classic. Their take on "Satisfaction" is far away from the original or even DEVO's version. The RESIDENTS are angry and frustrated. The music is noisy and nasty. They are truly the ones who can't get any. "Loser ≅ Weed" is more mellow with what sounds like a synthesized banjo. The vocals are peppy and jokey. It's a great contrast, which makes a great single. (CK)
(Superior Viaduct)

R.O.B.O. – "Todo Se Derrumba" LP

One part pogo, one part crunchy mosh—think LA BROMA DE SSATAN meets G.R.B.—R.O.B.O. is an energetic and speedy burst of punk blaring out of modern day Madrid. This band features members of SILLA ELÉCTRICA, and subsequently does not stray far from their tried and true sound. My favorite track at the moment, clocking in at barely over one minute, is "No te van a dejar," a tune that beckons sing-alongs and an infectious guitar lead that resonates in your mind after it's all swiftly over. With not a single song reaching the two minute-minute mark, they keep it urgent and interesting. I love the fierce female vocals that sound like they were shouted through a mega-phone. Straight-forward and potent, if it ain't broke… (LT)
(Beat Generation / Blondes Must Die)

SEMANTIK PUNK – "ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ" 2xLP

The kid's book kitty cat artwork had me hoping for some lightly-psychedelic twee, but it turns out this is actually one-and-a-half sides of avant-progressive metallic hardcore. OK. The pro-vibes press release (yawn) compares these Polish chug-masters to CONVERGE, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, and their recent tourmates MESSHUGAH (?!), and there's an uniquely abrasively experimental side to SEMANTIK PUNK that you'll either love or hate from the jump. The eponymous first song sounds like those one of those "PHISH shreds" videos mixed in with a whispered spoken word track, and for a while the instruments go totally out of time, with nauseating results. Eventually, it settles into semi-predictable "modern" groovy-yet-moshy hardcore/metal/jazz fusion (not really, but you get the idea). It's definitely got some cheese-o moments, and it's not something I could ever see myself putting on, but it's not too shabby on its own terms. The more atmospheric sections, especially the lengthy shoegazing outro, are easily the most interesting thing here. (WB)
(Husaria)

THE SILVER THREAD – "Bare Wire and Water" EP

This is more of a lo-fi '60s/'70s rock record than a punk one. The first song is a bit '70s proto-punk, a bit slacker indie rock and a bit BLUE ÖYSTER CULT. The second song sounds like some laidback psychedelic '60s rock tune where you might find a video with lots of flowers (possibly with the band members faces in the middle of them) swirling around the screen. On the B-side you get an upbeat, catchy but sort of dreamy rock song that is followed by a more aggressive, throbbing, slightly monotonous tune that might be the punkest one on here. It's not a bad record but it lacks the dynamics (possibly due to it not having the greatest recording) and hooks that this music really needs. (PA)
(Psychodaisy)

SLUGGA – "Parasite/Shaved Heads"

This record rules. Stupid, short and direct. "Parasite" is so fucking catchy and punk and perfect. I think my only complaint is their singer sounds a little like Lumpy (of the DUMPERS), but that's not a big complaint. All that aside, the fucking song is an instant classic and I won't be surprised when it's featured on *Killed By Death* #125 in 2053. "Shaved Heads" slows down just barely and it's the perfect song for an idiotic creepy crawl through a stupid fucking basement show. Sloppy, but not too sloppy, punk...the kind of shit you wanna hear first thing in the morning before you spend the day punching fuckheads in the face. (GH)
(Total Punk)

SNIFFING GLUE – "Cold Times" LP

Dilute *Group Sex, Is This My World?* and a splash of their respective contemporaries in some sort of figurative musical pressure cooker, and you get this mostly mid-paced hardcore record that is only halfway interesting. This band has a nice, clear, full sound with a prominent bass that makes its mark, that is unfortunately wasted on—with one exception, the B-side's opener—recycled riffs that make up songs about lost love, existential crises, and John Belushi as hero for his role in bringing FEAR to *SNL*. I'm filing under "almost good," as the sound is there and the songs just aren't, so maybe a future offering will beat that. (DG)
(Plastic Bomb)

SPENT FLESH – "Deviant Burial Customs" EP

A small surprise when I dropped the needle onto this one. I made the mistake of judging a book by its cover. With the name and skulls and a jar full of teeth on the cover I was somewhat expecting a grindcore band. SPENT FLESH plays a spazzy hardcore punk at times bordering on pop punk. They throw in some keyboard noise (or some noise of unknown origin), high-pitched vocals and fast but clean guitar playing. From Philadelphia, PA, these three dudes in suit jackets remind me, in an odd way, of the DICKIES playing fast hardcore and throwing in a lot of curveballs in the middle of songs. Chaotic is a perfect word to describe their thrashy punk sound. After I few listens, I really grew to like SPENT FLESH—one minute it sounds like '80s punk and the next '90s spastic hardcore. (MH)
(P. Trash / Rock Star)

SPOILERS – "Stay Afloat" CD

UK band SPOILERS is fast melodic hardcore pop punk, in the vein of GORILLA BISCUITS and perhaps SNUFF. And I feel like these bands are a dime a dozen, which doesn't make SPOILERS bad per se, but a little bit of me dies when I get handed "one of these" every month to review. (CR)
(Boss Tuneage)

THE SWINDELLS – "Oaf Rock" CD

THE SWINDELLS themselves say, "We have no ambition, no agenda and won't change your world, but we'll have fun trying." They come from Leeds and play basic, bare-bones, three chord, catchy, raspy-voiced bar punk. It sounds like early SUPERSUCKERS at times. Not terribly good, but not bad either. (GH)
(self-released)

THIGH MASTER – "Age of Concern" EP

Worst band name of the issue?! It's possible. Cool Postcard Records style sounds that actually just straight up sound like a band from 1983. A less awkward JOSEF K? Could have supported the FEELIES or the GO-BETWEENS! Except it's happening now in Australia, which seems like ground zero for the new sound ideal… That shambling guitar feeling for *now* people that want that *then* sound. The B-Side has an almost emo feel, which cast its pale glow over the rest of the record and now it all sounds emo to me! The curse. (LG)
(Tenth Court)

THURNEMAN – "De Räknar Våra Dagar" CD

Sweden's THURNEMAN packaged their new full-length *De Räknar Våra Dagar* along with their "so far" discography, leaving me with a total of 43 tracks to digest. It's not as daunting as I thought, since THURNEMAN manage to take already stripped down USHC combined with first-wave Swedish HC and force it through a WIRE-like filter. The result is a series of minimal compositions that are complex in how much they manage to squeeze into mostly short songs. This is unmistakably hardcore music with a generous brush of post-punk—not just from the reverb on the guitar, but structurally. Maybe HÜSKER DÜ helps as a reference on that point? The post-punk never comes close to usurping the tone of the band though, mainly informing its precision and punctuality. Here their cover of POISON IDEA's "Cult Band" demonstrates exactly what I am failing to express in words. The entirety of this collection rarely slows down, with most songs barely making it past the one-minute mark. *De Räknar Våra Dagar* is also available on vinyl as just the "record," but I think no matter what you get some form of this discography with it. It's worth it. (SZ)
(Gaphals)

TIGHT GENES – "Viet Songs For Viet Kongs" EP

These cats rock your rice paddy with songs about the real war. The big one. Viet-fucking-nam, kiddies. If you weren't there, you don't understand. Fuck you. Three winners on side one. Dirty, dingy and dark like POISON 13 or Australia's X. Side two is a SIMPLETONES-worthy song about sucking big dick in high school. The flashbacks huuuurt. Rock it. (RO)
(Ken, no info)

TRAUMA HARNESS – "Tried My Hardest" LP

I've been following this band for a while throughout their many tapes, so I was happy to see this one in my review pile. I have a hard time describing them in a way that sounds desirable, even though I like them. It's kind of goth and dark, but still exciting and energetic....like some moments in *Death Church*-era RUDIMENTARY PENI. The whole recording is awash in effects, synth, noise and feedback, but it never detracts from the hooks of each song on this LP...and there are lots of hooks, thankfully. The band switches back and forth from drum machine to live drums n a way that feels fluid and natural. I don't know, man...This is a great LP. It's made by punks who sound hopped up on caffeine...not by mopey fucks who wanna sound like PETER MURPHY. Get into it. (GH)
(Rat King / Lumpy)

ULTRA VIOLENT – "Crime for Revenge" EP

Finally, the hardest record Great Britain ever shat out gets the reissue treatment. Originally released on Riot City in '83, *Crime for Revenge* is three tracks of spiteful, mean, shit-kicking hardcore, equal parts DISCHARGE, Oi!, and US hardcore thrash of the era. Perfect tunes for an angry walk around downtown. (JU)
(Static Shock / Video Disease)

SONNY VINCENT AND ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT – "Vintage Piss" LP

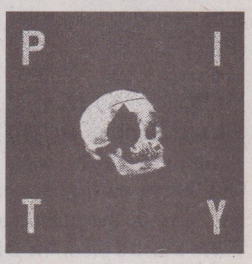
(Almost) exactly what it says on the tin: TESTORS helmer and punk legend SONNY VINCENT fronting a slimmed-down ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT (rhythm section plus legend in his own right, guitar slinger John Reis). If you're familiar with the players, you know what you're going to get. It's as good as you might expect: stripped down rock'n'roll played with energy and enthusiasm, coupled with layers of atmospheric stun guitar work. Special shout out should go to Mario Rubalcaba on drums—as usual holding down the beat but holding nothing back. This is a remixed reissue of a rarity from 2009, finally available domestically. Sonny or Speedo fans of whatever stripe, grab now. (AM)
(Swami)

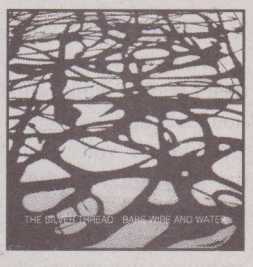
VUKARI – "En To Pan" LP

Okay, MRR review crew, you got me. I fucking love TANGERINE DREAM mixed with the sizzling vocals of a Balrog. VUKARI have composed some serious transcendental and atmospheric blackened metal for you to drone the fuck out to. Equal parts arcade racer and symphonic thrash, you will find yourself easily engaged in this retroactive constellation spinner. The engineering levels will take you to cosmic spaces. More often than not, this genre detaches way the fuck far into abysmal, self-centered depression. However, the attitude in this LP is pulsating positivity with the blood of crust on its knife. Lyrical themes are intensely dark psychologically, yet impressively in touch with the rest of the world. The artwork is mystical and mature. If you ever wanted to be in *Tron*, climb a dangerously dead tree, or run with wolves with RUSH on your Walkman, this one is for you. Not another word about PALLBEARER, radioheadboy, until you catch up with VUKARI. (JR)
(1859)

WILD MOTH – "Mirror/Gallery of Walls" flexi

In the world of records, there isn't much that is worse than a flexi. They don't play easily, they sound awful and they aren't even cheap anymore. Please stop making them. One thing that might be worse is a promo sheet





with a "for fans of" section and a "key points" section. All of that aside, this isn't bad. The first song borders on alternative rock. Mid-tempo, kind of fuzzed out, sung vocals, very '90s. The second song is more punk. It's a faster, guitar-driven number with the vocals pushed a little more. In general it sounds like two eras of JAWBOX on one 7". The first song sounds like the later, major label stuff while the second sounds like the early Dischord stuff. It's certainly not on par with JAWBOX but there is solid playing and a solid recording. (PA)
(Iron Pier)

WORLD WAR IX – "If One of These Bottles Should Happen To Fall" CD

Straight-ahead early VANDALS meets OFF!-style early '80s hardcore from Brooklyn. Very to the point and nothing fancy here. There's also a bit of the DIDJITS 60/40 blend of punk and rock. Granted, all the songs are about drinking or not drinking but some bands can get away with it. There're also some nice solos/breaks in "If One Of These Bottles Should Happen To Fall." Comes with *Earaches and Eyesores* comic/zine. (JD)
(Grady Core)

WULFEN RAG – "L.A. River" CD

A solid offering from these Highland Park punks, WOLFEN RAG plays very dirty garage/melodic punk. It had me toe-tappin' and head noddin' all over the place. Sounds like a greasier DOWNTOWN STRUTS, with a late '80s Lookout vibe thrown in. Singer reminds me of the vocalist of ZERO BOYS, snotty and angry. In the letter they sent along with this CD, it mentioned that they were included in a recent New Blood feature in *MRR*. This record definitely sounds like a band still finding their footing. I hope to hear more soon. Respect. For fans of: relaxing in the park, battle of the bands, getting in to your second choice school. (MW)
(self-released)

X – "Adult Books/We're Desperate"

What can you even say about something like this!? Perfect punk sounds, evocative of a million ideas and doomed lives. The way that John and Exene's voices hit up against each other, the almost-too-much-rockabilly smugness of Billy Zoom's guitar and general stance, DJ Bonebrake's sick beat. The raw, pre-LP Dangerhouse versions reissued beautifully so those that don't have Dangerhouse budgets can own it too. (LG)
(Superior Viaduct)

V/A – "Destroy All Art" LP

Killer comp LP that collects overlooked songs from the much maligned '90s, a *Killed By Death* for this pocket of punk history, if you will…Andrew from Rock n' Roll Parasite Records has put together an appealing package complete with some chatty and informative liner notes to go alongside these bonafide bangers. Some names might be familiar to you (the LAST SONS OF KRYPTON and the perennially obtuse TIMMY VULGAR's EPILEPTIX both appear here) while others like SEVERAL SPECIES, who only released 100 copies of their only stomping single, have remained willfully obscure. Of particular charm are SPEED's eponymous track (the definition of teenage ineptitude and a mixtape staple for me since former coordinator Golnar Nikpour tipped me off to its existence a few months ago!) and BOU SOU NEZUMI's "I Feel Good Tonight" (which would fit right in with the current crop of mutating, slime-worshipping Midwesterners), but the ultimate highlight for me is BORED TO DEATH's snotty anthem, "Hate You More." *"I hate myself / but I hate you more"* screeches Annie Christ, over and over again, and what's more purely punk than that? I'm tracking down all the cheap copies of the records featured here before this mag goes to print and you fuckers get your hands on them! Bootleggers of the world, take note: the label promises that this is at least semi-legit, informing us that they are in the process of contacting every band and sending them copies. It looks like the initial run of 500 is already sold out from the source, but a repress is promised and a second volume is imminent…pick it up when you see it! (GA)
(Rock n' Roll Parasite)

V/A – "Haiku Fucks Volume One" EP

Oh no. Kibou Records, you need to step up your fucking graphics game. I literally can't imagine a shittier looking record cover than this monochromatic pixelated monstrosity. For shame! For double shame, because there are actually a couple of cool tracks on this comp that deserve a better package. NASTY BASTARD's track is great tough Oi!/hardcore (with a slightly dodgy lyric, though I definitely agree with the sentiment re: preferring to stay home and kick it with a six-pack), 51ST STATE's short, punchy anarcho track is a little gem, DIS-TANK's track is better than most of their EP material, and VOLUNTEERS effectively channel lo-fi era RUPTURE in both sound and sentiment. Not great by any means, but not a bad little comp, shame that it looks so fucking shite. (AU)
(Kibou)

V/A – "Na Krev" 12"

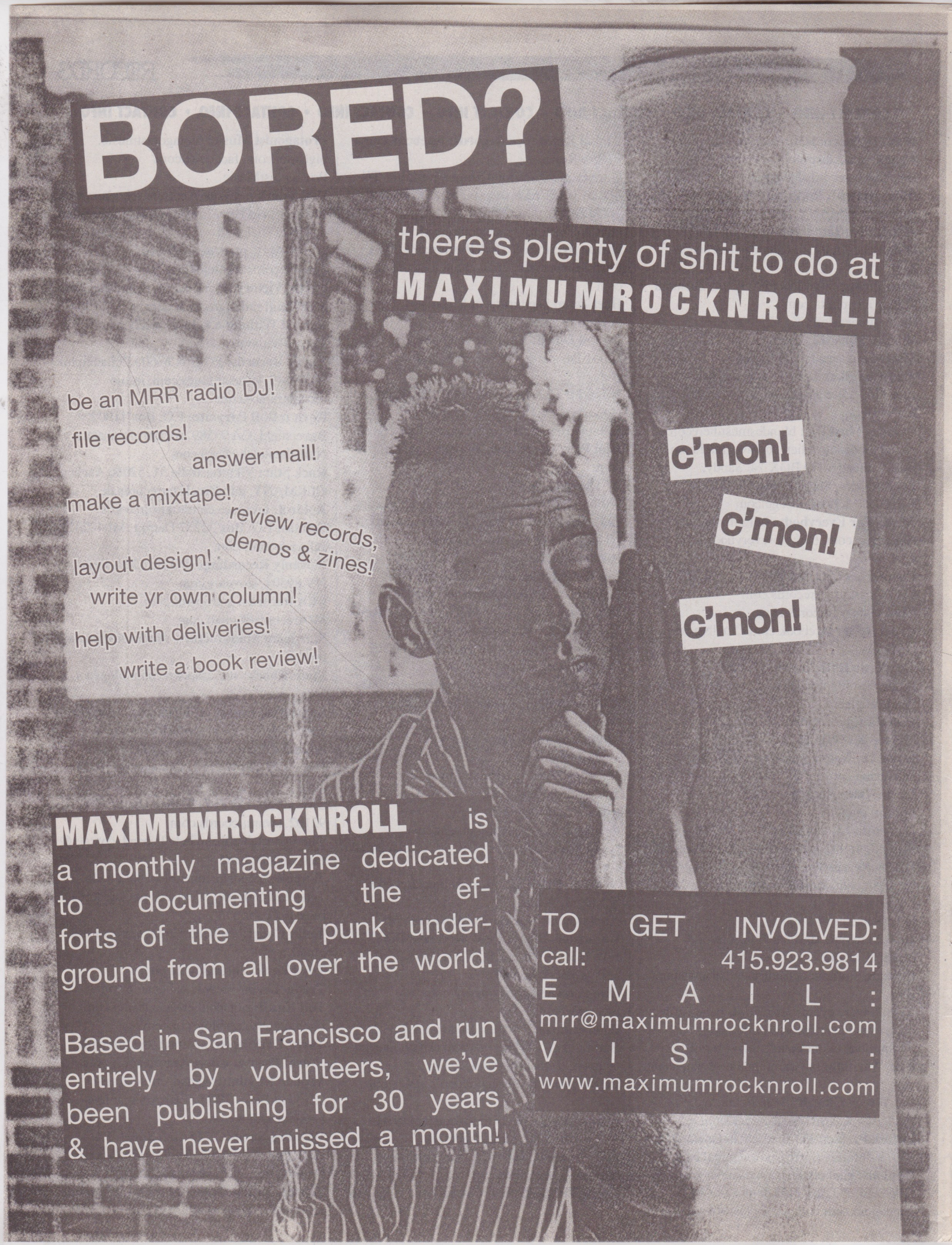
A Czech mini-comp gathering five bands—ALIUSTERRA, MACGYVER, INNOXIA CORPORA, DEZINFEKCE and EVIDENCE SMRTI. Instead of an orderly back-to-back of songs per band, they decided to go with disorder and mix 'em all in together—I like that. ALIUSTERRA play a melodic, angsty anarcho style, with urgent dual male/female vocals and sharp, catchy guitars—I will definitely be looking for more by them! EVIDENCE SMRTI I already knew and liked, and they offer two dark and heavy crust tracks, with growling, slightly reverbed vocals, driving hooks and crunching riffs. It brings to mind old Italian HC mixed with early European crust—great stuff! MACGYVER's three jittery tracks have a more stripped down sound that juxtaposes well with their intricate guitars and melancholic song writing—I remember their recent LP was also really good. INNOXIA CORPORA have a barer, dryer sound to their two chunky, metal-infused songs, while DEZINFEKCE keep it dry and heavy with two no frills hardcore bangers, with vocals that echo Japan by way of NY. This was self-released by the bands, there are translations to the lyrics, and the vinyl comes with a CD version of the record as well. All in all, a nice little sampler. (LA)
(self-released)

V/A – "Turist I Tillvaron Vol. 8" LP

The time has come yet again for another edition of this long-running Swedish comp. I'll jump right in and say the cover artwork for this one is a tad more appealing than some past editions and the bands presented here do a good job of showcasing the kind of noise Swedish punks are making right now. Three sides to a double LP, with most bands delivering a song apiece, though a couple offer us two. Here's a taste of what's inside: youth crew-ish, spazzy and ripping hardcore and fastcore (MOTVILJA, LÅT DOM HATA OSS, DRÅP)! MOTÖRHEAD-y punk'n'roll, guitar noodling, sing-along opportunities, pogo beats and mid-tempo pop boppers (VET HUT, SENAP, NYA GIVEN, STRY & STRIPPARNA)! No-frills D-beat with slashing vocals, epicrust, sludgy crust, dark crust! There's fast and heavy, angular and heavy, choppy and heavy (SVIN, IDIOT IKON, ILANDSPROBLEM, MIN MAMMAS KLIMAX, BENMJÖL, KNÆGT, STICK OCH BRINN)! You've got bumbling Oi!, snotty streetpunk, anarcho hardcore, melodic, guitar-driven punk, synthy punk and—wait for it—"what the fuck, banjo?" punk! (URBAN SAVAGE, SLOMARP, TROTS, HELLRE VARGEN, SISTA DANSEN, the JUDAS BUNCH)! By far my favorite track, however, was "Mäns" by MATRIARKATET, who play angular, angsty punk with quirks and a refreshing vocal delivery—I'm still humming the tune! I translated their rad lyrics (Google Translate says "you should kick the men in the dick") and these four ladies definitely stand out from the bunch for me. You probably know what you're getting yourself into with a 21-band comp, but if you want to keep up with the Sverige scene, it's worth a listen. As always, comes with a booklet with info, lyrics, and pics by each band. (LA)
(Turist I Tillvaron)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

1859: 1859records.bandcamp.com
Aback: abackdistrorecords.com, abackdistrorecords.blogspot.com
Alien Snatch!: Rodenbergstr. 31, 10439 Berlin, GERMANY, aliensnatch.com
Alternative Tentacles: P.O. Box 419092 San Francisco, CA 94141, alternativetentacles.com
Area Pirata: Via Manetti 5, 56031 Bientina ITALY areapirata.com
Beat Generation: c/o Munster Records, Espoz y Mina, 17, 2 Dcha, 28012 Madrid, SPAIN, munster-records.com
Beer City Skateboards & Records: P.O. Box 1759 Milwaukee, WI 53201-1759, beercity.com
Blondes Must Die: blondesmustdierecords.com, blondesmustdierecords@gmail.com
Boss Tuneage: PO BOX 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB UNITED KINGDOM, bosstuneage.com
Burka For Everybody: burkaforeverybody.bandcamp.com, burkaforeverybody.blogspot.com
Castle Face: PO Box 40091 Pasadena CA 91114, castlefacerecords.com
Closer: closerrecords.com
Cruel Noise: facebook.com/CruelNoise, cruelnoise.ch
Cuaderno Roto: facebook.com/cuadernorotoproducciones, cuadernorotorecs.bandcamp.com
Cult Pump: cultpump.blogspot.com, zvenbalslev@gmail.com
Dama Da Noite: damadanoitediscos.bandcamp.com
Death Vault Records: deathvaultrecords@hotmail.com
Dementia 13: dementia13@o2.pl
Desörden: discosdesorden.bigcartel.com
Discos Regresivos: discosregresivos.blogspot.com, facebook.com/discos.regresivos
D.I.Y: apzajac@wp.pl
Drid Machine: dridmachine.com/drid-machine-records
Episode Sounds: episodesounds.bandcamp.com
Ever/Never: evernever-records.bandcamp.com, ever-never-records.tumblr.com/
Extinction: extinctionrecords@gmail.com
Fair Warning: fairwarningrecords.bandcamp.com
Fat Wreck Chords: 2196 Palou Ave. San Francisco, CA 94124, fatwreck.com
Future Perfect: PO Box 19029 Oakland, CA 94619, futureperfectrecords@gmail.com
Gaphals: gaphals.se, gaphals666@gmail.com
Gilgongo: PO Box 7455 Tempe, AZ 85281 gilgongorecords.com, jamesfella@hotmail.com
Global Resistance Records: facebook.com/Refuse.Resist
Goner: 2152 Young Avenue Memphis, TN 38104 goner-records.com, gonerrecords@gmail.com
Grady Core: myspace.com/gradycorerecords
Havoc Records & Distribution: P.O. Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408 havocrecords.com
Heel Turn: heelturnrecords.com, heelturnrecords@gmail.com
Hound Gawd: Kardinal-Galen-Strasse 32, 47051 Duisburg, GERMANY, houndgawd.com
Husaria: husariarecords.com, 289 Mount Hope Ave., X-13, Dover, NJ 07801
Independent Fries: independentfries.com
Iron Pier: ironpier.net, ironpier.bandcamp.com,
JT Classics: jtclassics.co.uk
Kibou Records: kibourecords.bigcartel.com
Let's Pretend: PO Box 1663 Bloomington, IN 4702, letspretendrecords.com, letspretendrecs@gmail.com
Locals Only: localsonly1989.com
Lumpy: spottedrace.bigcartel.com
Lux Noise: Steinengraben 30 CH-4051 Basel SWITZERLAND, luxnoise.com
Manglor: PO Box 1101 DeKalb IL 60115 manglorrecords.com
Mangrove: facebook.com/mangroverecords
Million Dollar: milliondollarrecs.blogspot.com
Mono Cannibal: facebook.com/monocanibalrecs
Monster Zero: c/o Kevin Stout- Rennweg 24, A-6020 Innsbruck AUSTRIA, monsterzero.nl, monsterzeropunkrock@gmail.com
Nada Nada: nadarecs.com, mptyvssl@gmail.com
National Dust: nationaldust.bigcartel.com
N.I.C: nic.ayz.pl
No Pasaran: nopasaran@nopasaran.pl
Obnoxious Drunk Punk Records: PO Box 2551, Wichita KS, 67201, USA, belligerant77@gmail.com
One Percent Press: onepercentpress.bigcartel.com
Peterwalkee: 299 West Delavan Ave Buffalo, NY 14213, peterwalkeerecords.com, peterwalkeerecords@gmail.com
PHR: papagajuvhlasatelrecords.bandcamp.com
Plastic Bomb: GmbH Heckenstr. 35/HH 47058 Duisburg, plasticbomb.de
Polly Maggoo Records: facebook.com/pollymaggoorecords
Pretty Flowers: prettyflowers.bandcamp.com
Protagonist Music: protagonistmusic.bigcartel.com, facebook.com/ProtagonistMusic
Psychodaisy: myspace.com/psychodaisyrocks
P. Trash: c/o Peter Eichhorn, Augustastraße 4, 33649 Bielefeld GERMANY, ptrashrecords.com, ptrashrecords@online.de
Pyrric Victory: pyrricvictoryrecordings.com
Rat King: ratkingrecords.com
Record Without a Cause: facebook.com/RecordWithoutACause,
Richie Records: PO Box 63603 Philadelphia, PA 19147, testostertunes.com, info@testostertunes.com
Rock n Roll Parasite: P.O. Box 11902, Bakersfield, CA 93389, rocknrollparasite.com, thenoochy@aol.com
Rock Star: Viktoriastraße 51, 52066 Aachen GERMANY, info@rockstarrecords.de
Rokirol: myspace.com/rokirolrecords
Salinas: P.O. Box 32257 Detroit, MI 48232, salinasrecords.com
Slovenly Recordings: PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, slovenly.com
SRA Records: srarecords.com, SRArecords@gmail.com
Stardoom Manufacture: stardoom@pocta.onet.pl
Static Shock: staticshockrecords.blogspot.com
Superdreamer: superdreamerrecordsmain.com, superdreamerrecords@gmail.com
Superior Viaduct: PO Box 193563 San Francisco, CA 94119 USA, superiorviaduct.com
Swami: 2801 B St #123, San Diego, CA 92102, swamirecords.com
The Swindells: theswindells.band, contact@theswindells.band
Tadpole: tadpolerecords.blogspot.co.uk
Televised Suicide: televisedsuiciderecords.blogspot.com
Tenth Court: tenthcourt.com, tenthcourt@gmail.com
Total Punk: floridasdying.com
Trabuc: trabucrecords.bandcamp.com,
Tuff Enuff: riotsnotdiets.bandcamp.com, riotsnotdietsclub.blogspot.com
Turist I Tillvaron: sirling.blogspot.com
Video Disease: videodiseaserecords.com
Voodoo Rhythm: Wankdorffeldstrasse 92, 3014 Bern, SWITZERLAND, info@voodoorhythm.com,
Warthog Speak: 2745 16th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, warthogspeak.com
Webmaster: webmasterrecords@gmail.com
Zegema Beach: zegemabeachrecords.com, zegemabeachrecords@gmail.com


BORED?
there's plenty of shit to do at
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL!
be an MRR radio DJ!
file records!
answer mail!
make a mixtape!
review records, demos & zines!
layout design!
write yr own column!
help with deliveries!
write a book review!
c'mon!
c'mon!
c'mon!
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL is a monthly magazine dedicated to documenting the efforts of the DIY punk underground from all over the world.
Based in San Francisco and run entirely by volunteers, we've been publishing for 30 years & have never missed a month!
TO GET INVOLVED:
call: 415.923.9814
E M A I L :
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com
V I S I T :
www.maximumrocknroll.com

DEMOS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR Attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide contact information and a post-paid price! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Greg Harvester, Jason Ryan, Alex Turner, and Heather Wreckage.

ALIENATION – *The First Two Demos* – Yes! This shit is so good! Totally fun, super blazing, lo-fi hardcore from Nova Scotia. The singer sounds like that barking dude from SPAZZ and the rest of the band plays like they're constantly on the verge of a fastcore heart attack! Can you go wrong with song titles like "Bring Back the 8 Pack" and "Here We Are at the Dog Beach"? Maybe you can, but I can't. Note to hardcore bands: Please play half as maniacally and frantically as this band or give it up. Perfect 10. Nothing but net. (Greg) (14-song cassette, lyrics not included, alienation902.bandcamp.com)

ALUMINUMKNOTEYE – *Northern Secrets EP* – I wasn't expecting too much from this one, since the CD cover was pretty bare bones, but once I put it on I was blown away sky high into the dark and mysterious cosmos! I highly recommend checking out this album if you are a fan of TV GHOST, HAUNTED GEORGE, HAWKWIND, or HELIOS CREED, since ALUMINUMKNOTEYE is definatly cut from the same trippy cloth. Their music is dark, gritty and grimy psych rock, and they have been doing it for almost twenty years from the cold and dreary city of Milwaukee! Twenty years is quite impressive to me, since band's lifespans can be so short lived in the DIY music scene. I hope ALUMINUMKNOTEYE is around for another twenty more. (Wreckage) (5-song CD-R, lyrics not included, aluminumknoteye.com)

BRENDA'S FRIEND – On this tape, Erin and Amy, two women from Bloomington, IN, combine forces to bring you guitar-driven, engaging indie pop songs from the heart. Their two voices combine into otherworldly harmonies that sound unlike anything I've heard in recent memory… maybe like COCTEAU TWINS re-imagined into DIY sirens? Perfect music for thinking about dreamy, far-off crushes while sipping lemonade in the back yard. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, letspretendrecords.com)

CADENAXO – Played with these mutants in DF at the end of 2014, so I knew full well what was going to happen when I pressed *play*…I was going to mosh. In my house. Like a mutant. This is the energy I want from hardcore, and if I can get this energy from tough hardcore and still avoid the machismo, then obviously that's even better. Mexico City's CADENAXO crush the riffs, sing with maximum intensity and drop a breakdown as well as anyone in the business (check out "Arde"—*are you kidding me?!*), but the underlying attention to crafting killer tunes is never sacrificed for a few ill riffs. Catch them on their US jaunt that is probably happening pretty soon after this mag hits your doorstep...so fukkn crucial. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, cadenaxo.bandcamp.com)

THE CHEETAHS – This album is a nice medley of punk, garage, and power pop. The first half reminds me a lot of '80s era RAMONES for a lot of the songs, but HEAVY TIMES during others. Around track twelve, though, things take a strange turn into pop punk meets faux blues meets JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP territory, and I wasn't into the shift. Then at track eighteen they bring the radness back, like they're messing with my head! The music itself is very tight, with a decent amount of guitar solos, but really unpretentious ones, like you barely notice they're there (a lot like how SHEER MAG manages to pull it off). All of this is tied together by the vocalist who for some of the album uses what I consider the absolute perfect amount of reverb. Added bonus, they cover AGENT ORANGE's "Blood Stains" and "No Class" by REAGAN YOUTH really well! (Wreckage) (20-song CD-R, lyrics not included, hill.blake.88.@gmail.com)

COOL MUTANTS – *Surfin THC* – This is only my second month doing demo reviews for *MRR* and this is my second pot-related tape! I don't even smoke weed! Are punk rock and circumstance subtly trying to peer pressure me into a stoner lifestyle? 'Cause it's not gonna work, dammit. Anyways, I am absolutely in love with this tape! It is totally punk rock with sing-along choruses and everything, but draped in a thick blanket of dark, pessimistic fuzz that makes COOL MUTANTS a unique post-punk entity. The bands that came to mind for comparison are the DAMNED when they went through their goth phase, and strangely enough, MYELIN SHEATHS and the NEW FLESH. I know that's a broad spectrum, but trust me on this one. (Wreckage) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, coolmutants.bandcamp.com)

COUNTER – *Shallow Words Crashing Down on Deaf Ears* – COUNTER is definitely a hardcore band, but I'm not even sure if hardcore is enough. Metalcore? Metalcore sounds right, minus the guitar shredding. Hella heavy, dark, and angry, but not super fast like a lot of hardcore. More mid-tempo. COUNTER is also a straightedge band, which I feel I should mention 'cause I know there are punks out there looking for XVX hardcore specifically. This isn't really my thing, but I definately find the sheer passion that radiates from their music admirable. (Wreckage) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, xcounterx.bandcamp.com)

CROW BAIT – *Sliding Through the Halls of Fate* – The art on the cover of this tape's J-Card is a photo of a very dark and dingy tunnel with the slightest hint of light at the end; a contrast to the overwhelming bright and poppy sound of this band. Or maybe it's not? Maybe the light is supposed to represent the pop vibes in an otherwise dark world? Or maybe I'm overthinking things. CROW BAIT is pop punk all the way. There is totally a JAWBREAKER/CRIMPSHRINE feel, but way way cleaner, like mainstream FCC-approved radio clean, although the B-side definatly touches on a little more of an early '00s "alternative" sound. One song that really stands out is "Ancient Eyes," 'cause it's a heart-wrenchingly pretty slow jam. I'm not sure if CROW BAIT is aware of this, but it's also eerily similar to "Still the Same" by my boy BOB SEGER and his SILVER BULLET BAND. (Wreckage) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, crowbait.bandcamp.com, letspretendrecords.com)

DEFECTED LOVER – Driving lo-fi garage pop from Louisiana. I suppose I could complain that the keyboards are louder than the vocals, and that the drums are louder than everything else… but that's kinda the charm in raw punk in all of its various forms, right? Warbly and endearing sounds, it's easy to imagine DEFECTED LOVER as a hit machine if they choose to smarten up their approach—of course, I hope they keep cruising along just as they are. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, hamplandry@gmail.com)

DESPAIR – *9 Track Demo* – It makes sense to not spell your band DISPAIR and get confused with that band, but in the world of DIS- bands it seems like you'd lose half your cred by not following into strict spelling guidelines? I dunno, this nine-song rager is squarely in the world of DIS worship, including a studded jacket thank you to DISCHARGE. Solid demo, I hope they stick it out and put their own spin on the D-Beat canon. (Alex) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 3375 Napier St, Vancouver, BC CANADA V5K-2X4)

DESPAIR – Fortunate to have this tape from Vancouver's furious D-beat metal riff warriors DESPAIR. The vocal accentuation immediately reminded me of BATTLE OF DISARM with the gruesome rhythm of DISGUST's *Brutality of War*. One song, I shit you not, is the perfect combination of early DISCHARGE and *From Resignation…To Revolt*-era HIATUS with implied ominous introduction and advanced crustcore song writing. I expected nothing less from TOTAL WAR and DODSFALLA dishammers, echoing ghastly and anguished hardcore punk over grumbling and the whirling

guitars à la HELLKRUSHER *Doomsday Hour*. Yes, this genre has been emulated so many times, so where does DESPAIR stand out? I will tell you: twice the dive-bombing guitar raids, super loose gravely *Invisible War*-esque EXTREME NOISE TERROR bass, and uniquely bent riffs the form of ICONS OF FILTH or DISASTER. This is powerful punk that borders on death chords and metal riffs but never devolves into either. All of this ends on the freight train-paced floor tom killer "Despair" with ripping guitar bolts at every turn. There is nothing anxious about this demo, as most demos have that sort of hasty quality. It has that "You should have seen this storm coming" heaviness. DESPAIR, in essence, is less-is-more-pain by D-beat contemporaries, and as we know, history repeats itself. (Jason) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 849 East 13th Ave. Vancouver, CANADA V5T 2L4)

DOBERMAN – *CB004* – Two songs, about eleven minutes each, one per side. When I googled it up I thought I was in for some harsh noise, and this was a pleasant surprise. Eerie, creepy, and atmospheric seem like better adjectives, I wish it was longer so I could really get lost in it—as it is the song ends and thrusts me back into the harsh world. It leaves me wanting more, which says good things for a style I don't usually dip my toes in. (Alex) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, castlebravotapes.bandcamp.com, castlebravotapes@gmail.com)

THE DOLTS – *Nadine* – A weird combination of mid '80s SST, feisty drunken bar punk and a bulldozer. A few songs have trouble settling into a groove, but once I figured out where that groove was hiding out, Philly's DOLTS were pretty sick. Don't appreciate listing the band members as *"4 Fags,"* but maybe they are all queer positive activists taking ownership of an epithet…then again maybe I just don't have a sense of humor when it comes to (thinly) veiled homophobia in punk. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, FDH Records/Suicide Bong, 522 Hoffman St., Philadelphia, PA 19148, fdhmusic.com)

ELECTRO INSIDES – Mostly sluggish mid-paced hardcore from NY. A few guitar lines stick out but this stays fairly monotonous and flat. The playing is totally solid and the live experience might be more lively, but this recording leaves a lot to be desired. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, electroinsides@gmail.com)

ЭЛЕКТРОРЕБЯТА – *Антология На Аудиокассете* – These kids would find themselves completely at home on a stateside label like Merge, but I'm guessing they are more than content to crank out guitar heavy shoegazing indie rock for their St. Petersburg scene who (hopefully) appreciate their efforts. With several releases under their belts, ЭЛЕКТРОРЕБЯТА (ELEKTROKIDS) combine the dreamy with the drunken swerve of the band who just kinda got lucky and wrote a pop punk hit. But no matter how far they wander down Bizarre Blvd. on this release (which seems like it's their seventh, according to the internet), I am totally on board… and my tolerance for meandering indie pop is pretty low. This shit is great. (Robert) (13-song cassette, lyrics not included, siyanie.bandcamp.com, elektrokids.bandcamp.com)

FTS – *Financially Tight Situation* – Bare bones hardcore punk from Philadelphia. A dirty/catchy East Bay HC vibe with gruff vocals with gratuitous backups and '80s UK hooks, especially from the leads guitars. Maybe I'm off here, but I picture these punks (and their fans) drinking. A lot. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, FDH Records/Suicide Bong, 522 Hoffman St., Philadelphia, PA 19148, fdhmusic.com)

GARY WRONG GROUP – *Alabama Is Still Doomed* – I want to like this more than I do but I don't. I've heard other stuff by GARY WRONG that is wilder and more interesting. I guess when you churn out stuff at the rate that these guys do, you're bound to have some clunkers. Still…. psych-freak, reverbed-out rock'n'roll that is dead set on being your soundtrack for a night of drugs and booze. It's not gonna be a good night, but tomorrow's another day. Am I right? These guys don't give a fuck what I think and you shouldn't either…As an Alabama native, I agree with their sentiments. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, intheshitrecords.bandcamp.com)

GIDIM – Primitive one man black metal from Chicago. You know the kind of bedroom recording where the drums blow out and just turn into surges of distortion but the guitars are filled with melody even though they are lo-fi and sound kinda like what an average music critic would call "shit." Yeah, that's what GIDIM do, and they are (he is) pretty fukkn good at it. You aren't going to get the second coming of RHINOCERVS or anything, but if you're turning over rocks looking for driving, bleak sounds...you've found them. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, gidim.bandcamp.com)

GOOD COP – First off, terrible name. There's no such thing as a good cop. Secondly, the packaging on this is incredible. I can't accurately describe it but it's all screen-printed, including the inserts. Okay, now the music…Almost every song sounds like it could be a different band to me, which is cool, but it's hard to get a feel for what they're all about. Some of it sounds like *Pornography*-era CURE and then it sounds like jangly pop punk and then it sounds like gothy post-punk and then it sounds like Merge records-style indie pop and then there's a dumb song about wanting cookie dough. None of it is terribly engaging and none of it ever makes me want to flip out over this band. It's decent. The packaging, once again, is incredible. (Greg) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, band@goodcop.at)

HAGGUS – *Mince The Meat Monger* – It took me forever to get this review in, and now HAGGUS wreaks revenge upon my already damaged ears. This is a real gut-mincer with witching and giblet-gargling vocals alike. I can't think of a chunkier set of toilet pipes than the lower pitched vocals here, actually. Truly horrific. The basic songwriting is solid and the bass level might literally make you poop your pants. I'm totally into this, like a pack of mongrel dogs getting into your repugnant garbage bins. By no means is this generic gore-violence in content, however, with song themes that are *anti*-meat industry, anti-animal abuse, and condemning of animal experimentation. All of this HAGGUS hate sounds disgusting because the world *is* disgusting. Aren't you a little disgusting too? Thank you Hambone, Mincess, and Lil' Gizzard. Thanks for waiting on this review. We can only get more rotten from here, right? Recommended. (Jason) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, fylrecords@yahoo.com)

HAGGUS – *The Masked Mincer* – Could that piccolo snare get any higher? Am I getting higher? Because this ipecac buttmorser sounds fucking wild and groovy as all hell. Breaking out this cold Mork-egg world into warm blasts of the flesh world; this is for the true blood crusters. Majors parts extreme riffs plus a washing machine, and minor part totally death stomp upon the brain. I recommend this bloated specimen, paired with their other cassette, reviewed below. Actually, get the other one first, but enjoy them both, you cyclopean hog. This particular selection has shorter jaunts with hauntier vocals but a more asinine sound. They cover "Hippie Cult" by AGATHOCLES, which has been covered by BRUTAL TRUTH, so HAGGUS covers both. They mince, we wince. (Jason) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, fylrecords@yahoo.com)

JAMEY SIMMS – This motherfucker sent a letter with his tape saying, "I think it kicks the shit out of most of the poseur crap that the hipsters get excited about around here." Dude sounds like a delight to hang out with. I'm not reviewing his character though. I'm reviewing his band. I'm sure some fucking chode would refer to this as "high octane rock'n'roll", because that's what it is…kinda like ZZ TOP sped up a few notches. Just about every song has an extended display of nimble-fingered guitar acrobatics that would sound right at home in a Steve Vai song or at a Guitar Center on Sunday afternoon. More rock than punk and completely, utterly punishing. Their drummer is a fucking animal, though. (Greg) (13-song cassette, lyrics not included, 439 Woodward #113, Austin, TX 78704, jameysimms@gmail.com)

ИЮЛЬСКИЕ ДНИ – *Темные мысли* – Russia is killing it this month in the Dark Demos Department. ИЮЛЬСКИЕ ДНИ (JULY DAYS) are the slickest of the bunch, drawing from polished Eastern European goth/punk (FPB, SIEKIERA) and modern indie/new wave (INTERPOL, the NATIONAL) and cranking out some of the most infectious would-be-hits I've heard this decade. There's an edge to *Темные мысли* that easily trumps their pop sensibilities, and I would put them at the top of any list of modern goth/dark punk must-haves. I cannot recommend this enough…so I'm going to return to being blown away by these tunes now. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, ijulskiendi.bandcamp.com)

LADAYBANANA – *Wall Of Cheese* – Man, be careful when you name your release something like *Wall Of Cheese*. Luckily this ain't too cheesy, aside from the title. Blown-out fuzzy

guitars, minimal drumming with a tambourine, and reverbed rock howling. You know, the '60s garage-punk thing. The A-side is more traditional sounding, while the B-side sees them carving out their own sound with some cool melodies. The cover of "The Girl Who Lives On Heaven Hill" is a pleasant surprise. Not particularly new or exciting, but good for what it is. (Matt) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, franticcity.free.fr)

LOS HUAYCOS – *The Way Of The Landslide* – Mid-tempo punk with a thick sound from three Peruvian dudes and one Bay Area dude. At first it sort of washed over me, but I came around and started to enjoy some of the intricate melodies going on. There's a HÜSKER DÜ sense to the guitars—lots of open chords ringing and subtle melodies shining through, which I like a lot. The vocalist goes a bit overboard with the rock-hollering for my taste, like if John Brannon from NEGATIVE APPROACH was fronting a rock'n'roll band. All in all, it's cool, layered, and unique stuff. (Matt) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, loshuaycos.bandcamp.com)

MALL CASTE – Raucous and bouncy, discordant and catchy, Portland's MALL CASTE inject an adolescent innocence and energy into what are basically catchy garage punk songs. The vocals really sell it, bratty and confident quips that take a simple rock'n'roll burner like "Ride A White Swan" and make it seem as important as anything else on the tape—even though it's followed by "Blood Engine," the killerest song on the damn demo, if not the best banger I've come across this month. Smart and to the point, the way it should be. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 4848 NE 41st Ave., Portland, OR 97211, mallcaste.bandcamp.com)

NAH – *Nobody Cares What Happens, No One's Interested* – An unbiased review of a NAH release is something you are not likely to get from me, but even I find myself struggling to classify these sounds. Beat heavy, sample-laden experimental music that is leaning more than ever on '80s electro/pop sensibilities and primitive hip-hop. Intrigued as always, gang (though this would never pass this mag's "punk" test). (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, S. Rudich, 1812 Vineyard St., Philadelphia, PA 19130, nahstuff.bandcamp.com)

NAH – *Woe* – A full-length cassette from last year just finding its way into these pages, *Woe* shows Philadelphia's NAH straying further from experimental outsider/punk/noise and settling into some of the most interesting electronic music I've heard in a long time. Legit dark dance floor bangers like "Knelt Over Body" mix perfectly into demented and screwed rap amalgamations like "They Out" and then right into a high-inducing exercise in aural vertigo, "Born," with dizzying success. This is not punk—not by a long shot—but these kids are punk as shit and these sounds are brilliant. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, S. Rudich, 1812 Vineyard St., Philadelphia, PA 19130, nahstuff.bandcamp.com)

NAIL CLUB – *Various Works 2012-2015* – Minimal synth that has that cozy, made-in-a-bedroom feel, where the vocalalist isn't necissarily singing but talking, producing a hypnotic, soothing vibe that I really enjoyed. Also to clarify, I don't mean "made-in-a-bedroom" to imply that it is a bad/low quality (the music and recording quality sounds great), but that listening to this is intimate, like you're hanging out with the band in their bedroom and they're showing you their cool stuff. To go out on a limb a little bit, NAIL CLUB could be considered a more mellow and minimal cousin to the COSMETICS. (Wreckage) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, nailclub.bandcamp.com)

NO HANDS – *Conquerors / Dirty Water* – Here is a two-song taste of hate from Canada's NO HANDS: a heavy noise delivery that ranges from '80s hardcore with a POISON IDEA vibe, or JERRY'S KIDS, to a droning GODFLESH meets AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED sound. "Conquerors" delivers and "Dirty Water" is a slower ghoul stomp with a heavy chorus. Amazing medieval style artwork with a faded color wash. Praise and excelsior to NO HANDS, I want more songs. (Jason) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, nohands.bigcartel.com)

NO STAYER – *Rogue* – Hold on, kids. You're going right to the brink if your label's website states, "This is what it would sound like if MOTÖRHEAD and JUDAS PRIEST were punk bands." You're going right to the edge and I need to know if you've got the stones to jump…do you? Well, NO STAYER deliver the goods on *Rogue*, even when the songs drag a bit and the vocals are trying to hard to grasp a Lemmy that is (just barely) out of reach. Don't get me wrong, the shit is banging NWOBHM influenced dirty metal/punk and I have few complaints…banged my head off listening for potential comparisons and the gang is all here. These mutants are bringing MAIDEN, CRÜE and MOTÖRHEAD to the punks like ANNIHILATION TIME did with THIN LIZZY and MOLLY HATCHET… it's just that the punks already have all the good CRÜE and MOTÖRHEAD records. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, FDH Records/ Suicide Bong, 522 Hoffman St., Philadelphia, PA 19148, fdhmusic.com)

NONPAREILS – *Album Of World's Champions* – Dripping with early '90s college rock and emo, Boston's NONPAREILS are clearly going for a *thing* and they are pulling it off nicely. Stripped down tracks like "Bullet Train" harken back to *Flip Your Wig*-era HÜSKER DÜ but it's maybe too pretty to really pull it off and the whole band sounds kinda sweet…like in the "too much sugar" way. I hear hints of shitloads of bands that are (mostly) in my past, but maybe a subtle touch of AVAIL, REPLACEMENTS, SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, and DALTONIC is exactly what I needed on a lazy Thursday evening. I mean, probably not, but maybe. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, lyrics not included, nonpareils@gmail.com)

NURSE – *Demo 2015* – I am such a loser for not getting this into the last issue. To you readers and the band, I apologize. Because this shit is so tight. Intense hardcore noise blasts with gross and gritty changes. This tape incinerates most demos I've heard lately. NURSE is so ugh-ly and ensnaring and snarling. It's a hardcore death punch and with song titles like "Fever Dream" you know they are on some nauseating nihilistic level. Simply pulverizing drums and bass, gnashing vocals, and wild frenzied guitars. This has breakdowns that whirl you into disenchanted euphoric depression where your brain detaches from your mortal limbs. The best kind of breakdown. This is some of the best heavy hardcore punk I've heard in a long time, maybe since RITUAL CONTROL, or even comparable to EEL. Fucking awesome demo. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, muckmanrecords.bandcamp.com)

PROLETARIAT PUNCH – A DIY CD-R release of some very political thrashy punk. Not totally sure where they're from, but I hear an English accent, and it recalls faster anarcho bands from the '80s like LEGION OF PARASITES or ANTI-SYSTEM. The songs are driving and catchy. A dense lyric packet decries drones, XL pipeline, abuses of the working class, and just about every other oppressive element of the system. This honestly appeals to me much more than all the hyped bands flirting with anarcho-punk aesthetics these days. A pleasant surprise, check it out. (Matt) (25-song CD-R, lyrics included, recluserecords.net)

RAINBOW RESERVOIR – I got excited because the first song on here was cutesy indie pop but then it slowly dissolved into a high-pitched whine and went into a completely unexpected harsh noise realm. It sounded like one million crickets pitch-shifted up a couple of octaves. It took me a couple of minutes to realize that the tape was fucked up. I had to listen to their bandcamp and then realized the band is reminiscent of early K records stuff along the lines of MECCA NORMAL and a less wild KICKING GIANT. There are also some traces of CUB. Indie pop for the indie poppers. (Greg) (3-song tape, lyrics not included, rainbowreservoir.com)

REALIDAD – *Maqueta* – Both sides start with an announcer voice saying something in Spanish. I imagine it to be a call to fight the police, defend the squat, or maybe just that it's time for Food Not Bombs? Maybe it's just a calling out to the punks of Northern Spain to get ready for this sick tape! Straightforward punk seemingly about all the important/regular punk topics, it's catchy but not melodic—if I spoke Spanish, I'd try and sing along. Everything is well put together and in this modern world I'd call this an album (on tape) and not a demo. Nothing sounds rushed or not fully realized. (Alex) (10-song cassette, Spanish lyrics included, teodorohdzz@gmail.com)

SBLC – *Bleed or Leave* – SBLC (which stands for SURVIVING BROTHERS OF THE LAST CRUSADE, just in case you were wondering) is straight-up aggressive street punk based out of Detroit, with your standard vox, drums, bass, and double guitar resulting in a sound comparable to ONE WAY SYSTEM. This CD goes by pretty fast since all the songs come out to around ten minutes total, but if you like this style of punk, their bandcamp assures that they have many

other releases. (Wreckage) (4-song CD-R, lyrics not included, sblc.detroit@gmail.com, sblc.bandcamp.com)

SERIOUS SHIT – A bombastic and rudimentary approach to thunderous fist in the air hardcore. There are Sweden-by-way-of-Portland leads buried in here, but the overall presentation has all of the subtlety of being run over by a truck. Short and to the point, SERIOUS SHIT takes the time to set a mood (just barely), but primarily focus on galloping drums and apocalypse anthems. "Inhumane Anthems" is the creamer on their first effort, but I can easily imagine this band dropping jaws worldwide if they get their asses into a proper studio setting. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, seriousshit.bandcamp.com)

SOCIALITE – *Locked Up / Banned For Life* – Dark and dirty knuckle-dragging hardcore punk. Blown-out and overbearing vocals compete with grungy guitars distorted three shades past next Tuesday and you think that the energy of the first track will take out your knees until you realize that it's the feedback laden swamp dirge of "Banned For Life" that's actually going to suck the life out of you. Guitar leads on these tracks are pretty next level, helping to cover the fact that's it's really just a sultry rock'n'roll jam played too slow for anyone with good taste. Yes, please. (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics included, S. Rudich, 1812 Vineyard St., Philadelphia, PA 19130)

SPENT FLESH – *Slave Hymns* – Ultra chaotic noise/fastcore/synth/grind, like a lo-fi the LOCUST and the SPITS on a shitpunk bender and drinking malt liquor. I mean, you like to get weird…right? (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, FDH Records/Suicide Bong, 522 Hoffman St., Philadelphia, PA 19148, fdhmusic.com)

TENDER TANTRUM – As the third song on this demo was playing, I thought, "This sounds really familiar" and then I realized it's that song "Firework" by *fucking Katy Perry!!!* Go ahead and revoke 100 punk points from me for knowing that, but it's a really good cover song!! TENDER TANTRUM is from Oakland and they play catchy, trashy melodic punk that sounds best in a basement or on a busted ass boombox. I can't be totally certain, but I'm pretty sure this band is members of RAG RAGE, TWAT SAUCE, and a really good BIKINI KILL cover band I saw once…that should also give you an idea of what you're in for. Great demo…there are a couple of unimportant missteps, but that's what a demo is for. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics unfortunately not included, tendertantrum.bandcamp.com)

THING SLOTH – If you were a person that had never listened to punk at all, and I put this on for you, you probably wouldn't be surprised that this is what punk sounded like. But assuming you do know that punk is a vast spectrum of bands and sounds, crust punk is probably a little more accurate for THING SLOTH (although they describe themselves as skate punk). Their singer doesn't veer from a unique growl for all eight tracks, and all the songs have a pretty consistent sound, with the anthemic, pump your fists in the pit feel of the last song "We Know You Suck" being an exception. I dunno, THING SLOTH strikes me as the kind of band people who submit photos to Look At This Fucking Oogle would dig. (I don't mean that as an insult, I have friends that submit to/have been on LATFO.) (Wreckage) (8-song CD-R, lyrics not included, facebook.com/THINGSLOTH, tsugurirecords.blogspot.com)

UNIFORM – Clobber-beat drums kick this one off with raspy vocals that remind me of something between SEVERED HEAD OF STATE and BLAZING EYE. Tension builds to the various tempos from hardcore, to D-beat, to a sort of alien circus insanity. UNIFORM quite literally seem to operate off the hook, as all songs flow seamlessly together, pulling and pushing you through various melodies and styles ranging from '80s UK death rock to zombified American hardcore. Every pop and crunches builds up and crumbles, dooms and hisses. Some really cool instrumental interludes before a wild pulpit style oration: *"Efflorescent leaves envelope me, crystallize the dermal decay, into the crystal world."* A few lashes of blastbeat never hurt anyone either! Have mercy, UNIFORM. You should be hyped as hell. (Jason) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, ornetteflesh@yahoo.com)

V/A – *Frequency of the Truewave* – This comp tape is truly a diamond in the rough! Seriously, the demo box at *MRR* HQ was overflowing with tapes and CDs, and somehow out of all of them I managed to grab this, and it is *amazing*! All of the bands are current and awesome, like STREET EATERS, DOGJAW, ARCTIC FLOWERS and QUAALUDES, to give some examples. With nineteen songs by nineteen bands, spanning from the US to the UK, Germany, and Croatia, I felt like I was riding a roller coaster of punk/post-punk licks. Tracks by VLASA POPIC (from Croatia), NERVOSAS (Columbus, OH), and SILENT ERA (Bay Area) were definitely my favorites, if by favorites I mean someone was menacingly threatening me and making me pick, 'cause this whole tape rules. (Wreckage) (19-song cassette, lyrics not included, nervousintent.com, diyordie.com)

WEIGHTS – Melodic hardcore meets late '80s/early '90s East Bay pop punk, based out of Berlin. While that isn't always my thing, I was really into this, and because it's only three tracks, I was not prepared for it to be over when it was. On the bright side, all three tracks are played with a contagious passion that is probably impossible to resist when you are watching them live. The songs all have a heaviness to them and the band as a whole is somewhat comparable to UNWOUND, except the singer has a unique raspiness that is all their own, bringing you down with the REFUSED-style screams and picking you back up again with the crooning choruses. This was a really good find, you should check it out. (Wreckage) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, weightsberlin.bandcamp.com)

WORD ON THE STREET – *Live On Seekers of the Truth, CKDU 88.1 FM* – Live tapes are a crap shoot. The sound quality on this one is pretty abysmal. You can't hear the vocals for the first couple of songs and the cymbals basically wash out the entire sound. The sound gets mixed a little better as the tape progresses and you can hear that WORD ON THE STREET is playing '80s style US hardcore with busloads of energy. In the end, it's not a bad live tape, but you'd be better off sticking to their proper recordings, of which they have a few. (Greg) (15-song cassette, lyrics not included, wordonthestreet.bandcamp.com)

YOUNG RUINS – I'm not always sure what post-hardcore really is, but I'm pretty sure this is post-hardcore. Something about this sounds like New York, but not like a New York of yore where you skulked through the desolate streets while motherfuckers throw bottles at you…but more like a New York that has grown up into a fucking wasteland of consumption where you don't know what your place is and you're almost positive that no one wants you there. Shit is bleak. Heavy guitars with palm-muting like brick walls. Cold calculating drums. A thudding bass holding it down. No light. All desperation. I've already listened to this four times in a row. Wonderfully printed packaging. (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, youngruins.bandcamp.com)

ЧЕРНАЯ РЕЧКА – *Сторона Б* – This one was a winner from the first damn second. It's easy to throw around "dark punk" and "goth punk" descriptors as soon as a band plugs into a flanger and the vocalist tries to sing…but this shit is frigid and desperate in the best way imaginable. Sure, there's usually a danceable rhythm driving the whole thing, and maybe the guitars are as much Edge as Sumner, but every single song on the demo is close to perfect. My copy also includes the tracks from the *Сторона А* demo (no complaints from me) which are ever so slightly more upbeat, but no more welcoming. ЧЕРНАЯ РЕЧКА sound like a band on an absolute mission—forceful, introverted and hopelessly infectious…I just shake my head at how perfect this is. (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, chernayarechka.bandcamp.com)

V/A – *ЯКУТСКИЙ ПАНК / ПЛОХЙ ПАНК* – Three bands from the isolated Yakutsk, Russia, which is apparently the coldest city in the world. Go pull out a map and locate it, cuz it makes this sampler all the more awesome. I mean, the internet exists now so it's not that crazy to see isolated punk scenes pop up all over the world, but it's still super exciting to me to hear stuff like this. All three bands on here represent styles of raw and urgent punk/hardcore, and it's a solid listen all the way through. The bands are WOMEN DISHARMONY (sounds like it's fronted by a woman), SHARM SS, and DEAD BIEBERS (the first two spelled in Cyrillic.) Great stuff! I recommend spending some time exploring the following web addresses and contacts – make some Siberian contacts! (Matt) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, youthofnorth.bandcamp.com, facebook.com/anatoliskiy.kolledj, facebook.com/dima.egorov.35?fref=ts, wackybo@gmail.com)

HALO OF FLIES

coming soon:
SUFFERING MIND / LIFES Split 7"

out now:
CLOUD RAT Qliphoth LP

KHMER
Nubes Que Anuncian Tormenta LP

SVFFER
lies we live LP

PROTESTANT
in thy name LP

SUFFERINGMIND-SPLIT 7-
GUANTANAMOPARTYPROGRAM

PRIMITIVE MAN HEXIS Split 10"

LOCKTENDER / AMBER split 7"

CLOUD RAT
moksha LP
fourth pressing!!!

-- Halo of Flies is distributed by: EBULLITION, REVELATION, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, DEATHWISH, and DIY DISTROS ALL OVER THE WORLD. support your local distro/label. --

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
Carrying punk/ hc/ grind/ doom/ metal /post rock from all over the world for the lowest prices i can.

DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE AND TRADES

contact:
halooffliesrecords.com
halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com

SUPPORT DIY.
put your money where your mouth is.

ARGY-BARGY!
SCREENPRINTING

CUSTOM QUOTES ON:
T-SHIRTS, HOODIES, MUGS, VINYL STICKERS, KOOZIES, BUTTONS, PATCHES, RECORD COVERS (CD, 7", 10", 12") TURNTABLE SLIPMATS AND MORE!

WWW.ARGYBARGYPRINTING.COM

*****SUBMISSIONS NEEDED FOR PRO-PRINTED TAPE COMP*****

Bands within these genres: NOISE ROCK, LO-FI OUTROCK, GUNK, LO-FI ART DAMAGED PUNK/ ROCK, NO-FI, SHITCORE, GARBAGE ROCK etc. Noise projects & in-rock punk need not apply. THE GARBAGEY-ER the BETTER. For consideration send WAV file (sorry, I don't dig poor digital) & short bio to: tpenn000@hotmail.com. We'll work out an analog transaction later. If you can't send an WAV and want to submit a tape or CD-r first, email me. I'd like to get garbage from around the globe.

www.dihd.net

BOILERMAN

BACK CATALOG DOWNLOADS

FLAC or MP3 • FULL ART • (CC BY 4.0)
PAY WHAT YOU WANT at 86DREC.COM

Mailorder: Boilerman 10" ($11ppd.), Fellow Project CD ($8ppd), Utter Failure 12" ($14ppd.). **Info:** Prices include US shipping. International and wholesale orders get in touch at wells@86drec.com. Stores contact hcdistro.com. **Boilerman tour:** US and Canada June 6-23 including Ottawa Explosion Weekend. **Online:** Free Music Archive, Bandcamp, Spotify, Itunes, etc.

86d RECORDS and DISTRO | 86d RECORDS and DISTRO | 86d RECORDS and DISTRO

DRUG PARTY TAPES

ALL TAPES ARE $5PPD AND CAN BE DOWNLOADED FOR FREE AT DRUGPARTY.ORG

DRUG PARTY TAPES
PO BOX 279
BUFFALO, NY 14213-0279

www.AklasanRecords.BigCartel.com

AKLASAN RECORDS PRESENTS!
JULY 18
2ND ANNUAL SHOW FEATURING TODAY'S
FILIPINO AMERICAN PUNK AND HARDCORE BANDS.
SCREENING: PINOI PUNK DOCUMENTARY
MOXIEBEAT SO-CAL NAMATAY SA INGAY NYC
LEFT ASTRAY SO-CAL
MONTE SJ VWLS SJ ANINOXO SF
THE EDOMITES SF-OAK RENAIS SF
7 PM / 10$ / ALL AGES / FOOD AND MERCH FOR SALE!
Bindlestiff Studio * 185 6th St. San Francisco

www.AklasanRecords.BigCartel.com

AUTONOMY
summer tour 2015

7/9 - Carbondale, IL
7/10 - Kansas City, MO
7/11 - Denver, CO
7/12 - Chico, CA
7/13 - Reno, NV
7/14 - San Francisco, CA
7/15 - Oakland, CA
7/17 - Portland, OR
7/18 - Olympia, WA
7/19 - Vancouver, BC
7/20 - Seattle, WA
7/22 - Minot, ND
7/23 - Minneapolis, MN
7/25 - Milwaukee, WI
7/26 - Chicago, IL

PETERWALKEE RECORDS

OUT NOW!
JOHNS - GRIFT MARKS LP
ANGULAR DARK CATCHY POST PUNK ROCK
FFO : DRIVE LIKE JEHU . X . HOT SNAKES . WIRE
GAS CHAMBER - KAIROS WILL ERASE
CASSETTE : 60 MINUTES OF COMPLETE AUDITORY DESTRUCTION
2ND PRESSING JUST IN TIME FOR WEST COAST TOUR MARCH 1-8
HERO DISHONEST - KAIKKI HAJOAA
NEW 5 SONG 7" FROM FINLANDS BEST

STILL FRESH! STILL FRESH! STILL FRESH!
RESIST CONTROL - CESSATION LP
17 BLUDGEONING TRACKS
MIKE GENT - THE RAPID SHAVE LP
THE FOURTH SOLO LP FROM GUITARIST OF THE FIGGS
SOKEA PISTE - VALIKASI LP
MALLWALKERS - SHAKE THE RUST OFF LP

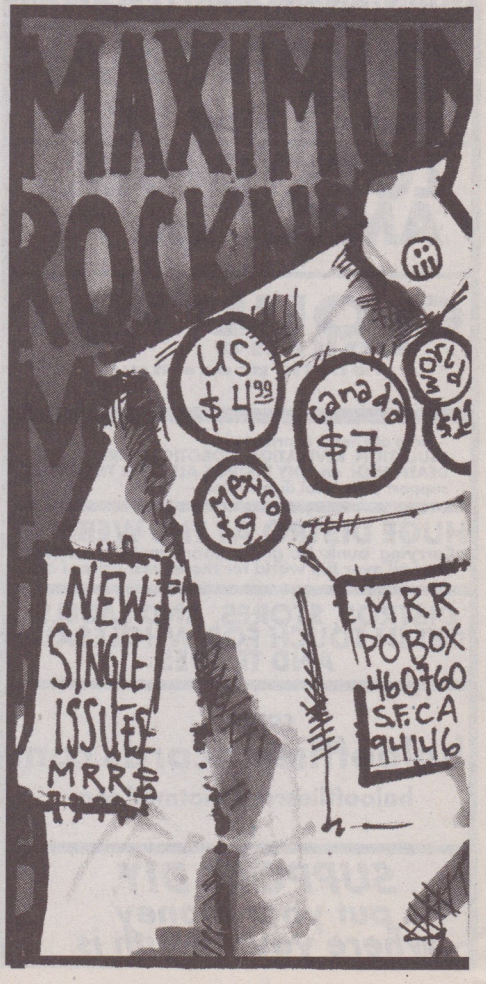
HERO DISHONEST - ALLE LUJAA LP
BRAND NEW RECORD FROM LONG RUNNING FINNISH PUNKS
SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP

COMING SOON SUMMER 2015 COMING SOON
JASON MARTIN ELECTRIC LP
HIGHLY UNDERRATED GENIUS POP

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
CHECK OUT:
WWW.PETERWALKEERECORDS.COM

square of opposition
2001-∞

Spraynard - cut and paste LP
John Galm - sky of no stars LP
White Pisces - weather LP
The Rentiers - here is a list 12"EP
Literature/Expert Alterations - 7"
Glitter - glittering gold LP
Casual - LP . Crybaby - LP
Gunk - gradual shove LP
Colossal Wrecks - waste the moment LP
Literature - Arab Spring LP
+ other stuff from Snowing
Plow United, Brian McGee,
Cassilis, Parasol, Capacities.
The Headies, BOAK, 1994!, etc
squareofopposition.com



ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 46760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, if you take trades, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, and email address.

Reviewers:
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(BB) Brace Belden
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EC) E. Conner
(EW) Eli Wald
(JB) Julia Booz
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JM) Jeff Mason
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulos
(LP) Langford Poh
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MR) Mikey Minicomix
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez

A BITTER PILL / SHADOW PEOPLE
62 pgs
This zine is actually two issues in one, resulting in a 62 page colossus of illustrations by Lisa Czech. *A Bitter Pill* starts out with an intro with Lisa listing her varying reasons for this issue being all drawings of girls, one of my favorites being "...also as an exercise to try to pin down the unknown of what it actually means to be a 'girl.' Maybe if I draw enough I'll figure it out." What follows are lots and lots of girls, doodles and complete works featuring bad girls, hairy girls, scaley girls, smoking girls, pretty much girls I would want to hang with or that I strive to be. *Shadow People* adds to the surreal gallery with mushroom clouds, cats, and more girls, all and all showcasing Lisa's artist skills in one lovely, black and white package. Towards the end of *Shadow People* there is a very short written piece, for those of you who prefer zines to have text, of a ghost in a wild and dirty punk house which left me wondering if it is fiction or not, but more importantly, who was that poor lonely ghost? (HW)
lisaevelynczech.tumblr.com

ARK DUST NO. 1
$7 ppd via paypal, check or MO / $28 pgs
A lot of science fiction is written in a clear straightforward style, ostensibly eschewing vagaries to allow the seemingly all-important play of ideas and concepts to lie at the forefront. Oh, also it's written by straight white dudes. Alex Smith is a member of a group of Afro-futurist writers and also brings a queer voice to the table (as does Shane Jenkins who also has a story here). To lay the identity of the authors at the forefront, however, undercuts the interesting structure of these strange stories. To put it simply, plot is not the main concern for these pieces. Instead of proceeding in a straight narrative line, the stories seem to grow from one idea or event, usually lodged halfway or two-thirds through. They're usually foggy and hazy to begin with, setting a scene that gives only the barest hints of the world the author is dealing with. The centralizing aspect is usually the characters of these works, their inner turmoils, small triumphs, and the knots of love and lust. This style of composition makes the writing very impressionistic and somewhat poetic. It's a fresh view for science fiction. Shane's story is similarly character centric but is more traditional in terms of plot. For these reasons alone, I can strongly recommend this zine to anyone seeking experimental fiction. (LP)
5008 Beaumont Ave, Philadelphia, PA, USA 19143 / theyarebirds@gmail.com / metropolarity.net

AT LEAST WE'RE NOT YOUR KIDS: A PHOTOZINE
$8 / 22 pgs
The regular narrative that punks spend all their lives at shows is boring, and in fact doesn't give justice to the lives of punks. I think it's important to still recognize that for some reason or another we got into this freaky subculture that we all try to make sense of, or die trying. Martin, whose photos make up *At Least We're Not Your Kids,* was able to mend these and create a unique narrative that few ever achieve when documenting punks. It's really good stuff that I appreciate and I am sure others will too. For some, there's only so much one can take away from photozines, but some of these definitely serve an important purpose. In all reality, all these photozines are just documenting our progression into final form. Wait for it. (OG)
russiangluepress@gmail.com

BLACK GOLD
19 pgs
This zine really hits home for me. Mostly because like this zine's creator, Martin, I am a 25-year-old amateur record collector battling the existential crisis of the critic's conundrum: does what I write really matter? Or am I just pumping more shit into a shit filled world? Martin says, "The number one rule of writing a punk zine is that no one cares about your shitty zine as much as you do." And while that may be true to some extent, the pages of this zine are lined with some black gold (ink/record pun, get it?). After the philosophical ponderings in the introduction, the rest of this zine is dedicated to Martin's quest to hit up every record store in Melbourne, Australia, recounted in a stream of consciousness style recollection of the best of the best that these stores have to offer. Little anecdotes are included along with a few funny comic style drawings. Although the content in this zine is very singular/specialized, if you live in or are planning a trip to Melbourne, it's required reading. If not, read it anyway to feel bad about your life decisions, and all the records you want but will never be able to find or afford. (KC)
martinpf@hotmail.co.uk

BONES OF CRANIUM #1
26 pgs
The stories in this seem to step out into the realms of political conspiracy and paranoia but quickly veer into absurd psychedelia. Some of them end up being too surreal for their own good and teeter a little bit into trying too hard, almost a few moments of pretentiousness or why-be-normal. Better to have one foot planted on the hard ground of reality and one slipping out of mind on a banana peel than just both feet taking the slip'n'slide straight into jackoffville. I like the formatting, it looks like slips of paper arranged directly on a photocopier rather than something glued and taped together and then copied. There are also some worthwhile doodles near the end. (MM)
bonesofcranium@gmail.com

DISTORT #46
$4 / 18 pgs
This issue of Distort was originally intended to accompany the recent Crisis reissues put out by La Vida Es Un Mus, and consists almost entirely of extracts from contemporary fanzines and of *Misery and Purity*, a Death In June study containing substantial Crisis coverage. In fact, the only writing we get from DX is constrained to the intro page of this issue (for more thorough ruminations on the myriad talents of DX, please see B. Belden's review of *Life Stinks I Like The Kinks* #3 in these pages). I'm not too disappointed with the lack of original content though, this issue is edited judiciously and laid out with impeccable taste. There's a lot to look through. For the curious and heretofore uninformed (such as myself), this issue answers some questions (regarding formation, intent, methodology, dissolution—more on that later), and raises just as many. An excellent addition to a growing body of work on Crisis, a band which I feel has been unfairly grouped together with Death In June. Where Crisis flared bright for a few years and handful of singles, Death In June is a straight-up garbage band that has spent decades producing hours of boring-ass music and pumped out obnoxious bootleg fodder for confused young men. But anyway: how did one turn into the other? What led to the dissolution of the band and the disillusionment of its members? Is a punk band a strong enough conduit for the turbulence inherent in radical political organization? DX lays out all the documents a punk could produce and all the facts they can arrange, illustrates his own experience and leaves it there for us to think on it. A recommended read for anyone remotely curious about Crisis and their history, or anyone who wants to do a close-read on the band and the artifacts of contemporary punks working out their politics. (EW)
distortmag.bigcartel.com

ZINES

DWELLING PORTABLY, MAY 2015
2 for $2 / 18 pgs
The economy of space in this little rag is amazing to me. It's packed with some helpful hearsay kinds of advice, like the kind of thing that might not be exactly the truth but helpful vibes nonetheless. The content bleeds into the next topic and there are plenty of diagrams for the wannabe primitivist back-to-the-lander. This issue boasts some not-quite-accurate bicycle mechanical information, a small wild edible plants guide (though, I wouldn't really recommend foraging for plants without a few plant guides that include pictures not just illustrations), and states to avoid unless you wanna get popped by the piggies. It's always a confusing but delightful treat to get this in the mail. Its main point seems to always be that knowledge is experiential. So try some shit you don't know anything about! (EC)
PO Box 181-DP, Alsea, OR 97324

EARACHES AND EYESORES #5
$5 / 32 pgs
Comic zine dealing with a punker, in this case the autobiography of author and artist Justin Melkmann. This deals with his touring in a band while being sober after 20 years of hard partying. The drawing style reminds me a bit of Derf (from *The City, My Friend Dahmer,* and *Punk Rock & Trailer Parks*) mixed with the exaggerated limbs and faces style of John Holmstrom. There're some neat little touches he adds to his art like the cute dog sticking their head out of the door. Plus, there's a funny story about meeting Boston DJ Joanie Lindstrom who tells a story of a young Kevin (later G.G.) Allin which reminded me of one of the recurring characters on Sharpling & Wuster's *The Best Show*. Later this goes into further tales of trying to stay sober: Day 6 vs. Day 22 vs. Day 32 and so on. I had a good laugh at Justin strumming the guitar and suddenly realizing he's playing ska then being super annoyed by this discovery. Loads of other interesting and funny twists and turns going on throughout the rest of the story, too. Comes with a CD of Justin M's band, World War IX which I've reviewed elsewhere in this fine publication. (JD)
323 Leonard Street, #3, Brooklyn NY 11211 / jmelkmanncomics@gmail.com

EXERCISING DEMONS
free / 8 pgs
This brand new zine has a very scrapbook-y feel. Random, painful memories and thoughts banged out on a computer keyboard. The mixed up fonts and ballpoint pen and sharpie give it a very gritty feel. Starting off with a recalling of their derelict deadbeat dad's eight different wives in chronological order the author moves into speaking about their mother's heart attack and the ways you inherit much more than physical attributes from those that parent you. They end the brief rag with a motley collection of poems or lyrics, or "spoken word pieces." Shit is dark. (EC)
notmovingpictures@gmail.com

EXERCISING DEMONS
free / 8 pgs
There's a saying back home, "the beginning is the half of everything." That's true for zines as well and as soon as you make one you are already thinking about the next one; but the first step is the hardest. The author uses the pages to list, analyze and ponder the relationship he had with his father, in an attempt to perhaps explain his own subsequent thoughts and behaviors. It's always much harder to get answers or closure on a matter after someone has died, so doing a zine to process it all can be therapeutic. What issue two might look like, who knows. Will there even be one? Does anyone care? Why not? Whatever the case, I'm suspecting this zine is more important to its author than anybody else reading it. And sometimes that's okay. (LA)
notmovingpictures@gmail.com

GOOF BOOK #7
$2 and two forever stamps, $3, or trade / 22 pgs
In this mini-comic, there wasn't any email or website contact that I could see. But I know from experience that they will actually trade, 'cause I mail-traded them a year or two ago. Being into postal art is totally tragic: You send out 100 zines/letters/whatever and fewer than twenty of those people will write you back. Many years ago, we had a failed mail-order experiment where Mission Mini-Comix kept a P.O. Box for a year or two, and received fewer than five letters ever, even though the address was in all the comix we gave out. Years later, we put an email address on every book: emails would trickle in, lead to mail trading or even orders for minis. Around that time I met another postal art weirdo, and started randomly mailing out mini-comix to addresses they had (like in *Node Pajomo* or other hubs/lists), & *Baitline*'s huge correspondence list. It was like opening another dimension! There're all sorts of odd-balls and weirdos trading art/zines/tapes/etc. in the mail, fetishized art stamps, prisoners, comix, zines, total pervs, odd art, poetry, writing, anything, everything. It's not all anti-tech either, but some people like this cartoonist (R.L. Wallace) don't even fuck with the internet. It's a whole sub-culture that was like this hidden thing that I never guessed existed to that extent. I just wasted a lot of review space to go on this rant to say postal art is worth checking out as a thing, before they dismantle the postal system! This comic has a reasonable enough asking price. It's sort of scribbly, but not that bad. It's all one-panel gags, some of which seem like somewhat esoteric self-references, or what happened to them that day. But a lot of it is self-explanatory, and at least a little funny. Definitely on the zine-y side of cartooning, but more humor-based than abstract zine art weirdness. (MR)
Gonk Publishing, 2700 White Ave. #3, Chico, CA 95973

GUMMI CUNT #2
$2 US, $3 world / 18 pgs
This zine comes across as someone's photocopied sketchbook; lithe bored looking girls drawn over and over. Very minimal text, like one or two sentences juxtaposed over drawings that would likely serve as filler in most perzines. Pretty to look at especially the color pages. This zine looks like doodles people do in my fashion illustration classes that they would later submit to *Nylon* magazine. (AP)
pizzaface.etsy.com / rambunctious_child@hotmail.com

IWW SONGS: A FACSIMILE REPRINT OF THE POPULAR NINETEENTH EDITION
$5.95 / 68 pgs
Some things never change, but a lot of things do. Capitalism remains entrenched here in America, and bosses and financiers have recovered whatever small part of their wealth working people had appropriated in the postwar period. The radical union, the International Workers of the World (IWW) still exists in name and legend, though thoroughly diminished from their peak. Also diminished (or at least modified) are the contents of their songbook. This reprint of the 1923 version aims to re-introduce some of the more tramp-friendly and hardline songs which have been omitted from more recent editions. There's no music with the lyrics, so you'll have to figure out the tune to "Sunny Tennessee" or "Old Oaken Bucket" yourself. Sprinkled throughout are aphorisms and quotes from Wobbly supporters, both general ("the farmer") and actual (Helen Keller). I think this reprint will mostly appeal to those already interested in the One Big Union (in particular, its heyday) and radical sentiments from the early twentieth century. (JM)
PM Press, PO Box 23912, Oakland, CA 94623 / pmpress.org

KILL YOUR PARENTS GARDEN #10
$3 US / 20 pgs
Last issue ever! Macklin is starting a new project called *Cosmic Blight,* so look out for that. Hella busy cut and paste collages with Midwest-centric content. A tour diary from Cabeza Twins and Scary and the Scrapers, oogle review of Fastcore Fest 2014 (and some band reviews, too), interview with Brian and Kevin from Black Sheep, an all ages venue in Springfield, Illinois that also serves as an informal scene report. I got to read with Macklin during Chicago Zine Fest and their writing in person and in print blew me away, it's witty and so fucking absurd that it becomes smart as hell. I can't wait to see what they do next! (AP)
1719 W. Albion Ave Chicago, Il 60626 / macklinreed@aim.com

LIFE STINKS I LIKE THE KINKS #3
16 pgs
The White Man stole the Indian's land, murdered their people on the plains and in the desert. Scheming segregationists robbed George Washington Carver of his peanut butter schematics, marketing Jiffy with the little dot over the "i" replaced by a swastika. And now, once more, the dominant powers cultural hegemony devour the helpless. I speak of course of the brazen theft of my first tattoo, which reads "Life Stinks, I Like the Kinks." While I might have faded into the curtainfolds of punk obscura, this magazine's kapo, Daniel "DX" Stewart remains very much at the fore. His long-running zine, *Distort*, his numerous bands (Straightjacket Nation, Total Control, UV Race), his Teutonic good-looks all shear forward to a point, and that point is stuck straight in the heart of his oldest friend (me). But is this zine better than my tattoo? Likely so. I love the Kinks. I hate my life. This magazine is dedicated to those twin suns and the planets they heat. The writing, at points, is beautiful. DX is the smartest rock fan alive. I'm not joking. His three-paragraphs on "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" showcase better writing and, equally importantly, better ideas than the content of any other fanzine I have read. This may sound hyperbolic, and that's your privilege (the big watchword of the decade so far re: punk music, albeit used in a different context) to think so. This magazine is illustrated solely by Avi Spivak. If that hasn't already sold you, if these two human freaks talents combined hasn't got you rushing towards wherever it is you buy this thing, then you're either a deaf idiot child or you're reading this in a coffin. Fuck you. I regret only that I have but one life to give for DX. (BB)
PO Box 1065, Collingwood, Victoria 3066 AUSTRALIA

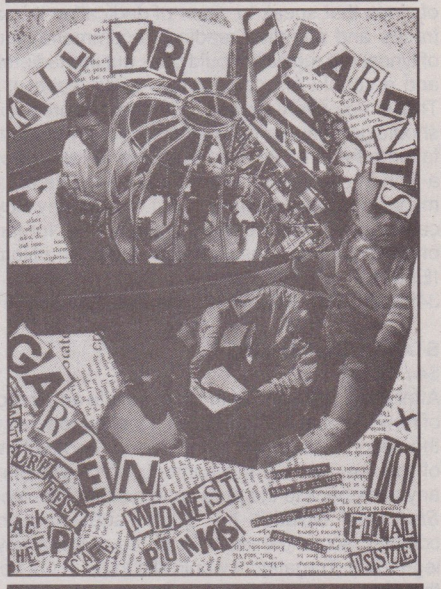
LUCIDA CONSOLE #10
36 pgs
This is basically a bunch of diary entries, which, I personally feel need to stay in the diary, and not in my hands, thousands of miles away. Diary entries from school, an employment diary, scant book and music reviews, and a weird page about some supernatural TV show. This was pretty hard to finally get through. The writing is fairly scatterbrained and nothing really flowed. I skipped to the reviews section to get a good feel, and the first review I read was one of a great fucking book that the author admitted they didn't even read because the cover depicted the main character with a "stupid pooh face" and the insert implied that the main character was mean. You should read that book if you're going to review it. I have to read your diaries over here, it's the least you could do for me. I didn't see a price, but the author urges you to get a PDF online. (DZ)
urgentavenue.blogspot.com

MASCULINITIES #1
$4 ppd
It's a big subject to tackle in seven short interviews, but Cindy Crabb doesn't ever hide from heavy and difficult issues, and certainly not here, in an introductory session for attempting an analysis of masculinity. She says in the intro she wants to shake it up, look at the varied ways people are taught what it means to be a man. I think she does that here, although somewhat haphazardly and briefly (which she admits). The main focus is on role models, and whether there are problematic pieces even in positive role models of masculinity, leaving the definition of "positive" entirely up to the subject. I feel strong that each of the interviews in this zine could have benefitted greatly from introductions, something to contextualize the subject, who they are and what they do. As they read, it just launches into questions, some of which seem to come from a larger understanding between Cindy and each interviewee, as she asks about an uncle for example that hadn't been mentioned previously, as if we are coming into the middle of a conversation. Maybe that's the point. Maybe a conversation about negative gender definitions for men and boys starts in the middle, after the damage has been done, and with no clear ideas about how to go forward. There are actually a lot of positive moments herein, strengths derived from moving to bigger cities, finding punk, letting go of violence and abuse. I think it's also interesting that in leaving out introductions, we can see whatever we want to in these discussions. There's no expectation that the gay kid from Alabama hated his dad, you just get to find out he didn't in the same moment he reveals identity. For one who is living with a disability and identifies as queer, he talks more about class dynamics than being shunned at all for his sexuality. And you get one guy's take on when is it too late to transition if he wants to be a woman instead—surprising to me that gender expression can be cloaked as a casual choice rather than an inherent, unquestionable identity that one cannot simply change if the wind blows a different direction. There is a lot of interesting discussion in here, though ultimately it feels cut short, like just barely glimpsing the possibilities of unpacking the notion of masculinity. Waiting for the next issue already. (JB)
Doris Press, PO Box 29, Athens, OH 45701 / dorisdorisdoris.com

MUNSTER TIMES #13
free, trades / 56 pgs
This whole thing is just a really long word document with pictures pasted in and a staple in the top left corner, giving it a really weird college essay vibe. One of the pages in it is a reused sheet of paper that has some kind of weird Internet pop up ad on one side. I get it, it's a punk zine, you're giving it away for free so keep costs down however you can, but a little more attention to detail would make the overall reading experience of this a lot more enjoyable. Most of the interviews were formatted differently which added even more to the aggravation of having to read this. All that bullshit aside, the contents of this stapled packet were not that bad. Interviews with mostly Australian bands like Cuntz and Burn In Hell and comedian Jim Jefferies. There's also a pretty cool interview with Kid Congo Powers. Some of the interviews have an inside joke-y had-to-be-there type vibe and not a whole lot of "meat." There is also some prisoner correspondence, which is cool. This may not be the best thing in the world, but it's definitely worth its price. (KC)
Matt Ryan, 17 Heathland Way, Dingley Village, VIC AUSTRALIA 3172 / munster_mag@hotmail.com

SAVAGE DAMAGE DIGEST #4
$5 plus shipping / 77 pgs
An extremely well put together zine, laid out very well with a nice cardstock cover and featuring a big write-up/ interview with early Fresno punk band the Subtractions. They all live in different parts of the country so their interview is just all of their separate answers combined, which becomes a bit redundant, but it is still a very interesting read on a lesser known band. There's also an interview with proto punks the Electric Eels, who kind of have a Cleveland "we're too good for this" mentality to a lot of their answers. Also the abbreviation for the zine when they ask questions is SDD, which I kept reading as SSD… maybe they can get an interview with Springa in a future issue to really confuse things. The most interesting read in this is the detailed write-up on one of punk's best drummers, Chuck Biscuits. He's been MIA for a few years so there is no interview with him, but there is a detailed timeline of all the bands he played in, D.O.A, Black Flag and Danzig to name a few. There are a few more write-ups about the history of the Chipmunks, and girlie comics as well as some reviews. Overall, this is an enjoyable read. (KC)
savagedamagedigest.bigcartel.com

SAVAGE HENRY: THE PUNK ISSUE
Free / 82 pgs
Mostly doofy "humor" magazine that I've picked up a few times as a time-killing read over pizza or burritos. This is their "punk" issue and well, said punk material is buried in between the million ads for weed and weed-related products. Along with other agonizingly stupid ads for a barbershop using the name "The Trim Scene" using the already an old joke in my '80s high school line of "We Do Chicks!" So, here's the punk stuff: some dull G.G. Allin jokes; what people in various punk genres smell like (uhh….I don't think there ever has been a "norm-core" band with an album, much less in this scene); more G.G. jokes (which can be fine but these bits are just dull); "(Products) For the Punx" was vaguely amusing with the Oi! Oi! Oi! Health Insurance; some terrible art with a racist depiction of an Asian woman with "Something is Wong" written underneath. Fuckin' hell, this was unfunny when Abercrombie & Fitch



did this in 2002! The album reviews are more about current psych and indie-ish stuff and an "experimental folk ensemble"—so much for the theme issue, eh?—followed by even more G.G. jokes and a fake interview with Chaos UK. And somewhere in here there's a real dude that looks like an roadie for the Offspring selling real estate. (*Cue '90s "This car is like punk" ad*). The final nail is reading "Audible.com is the fucking shit". Ugh, I really don't need to go on—I think you get the point about how awful this is. (JD)
791 8th Street, Suite N, Arcata, CA 95521 / savagehenrymagazine.com

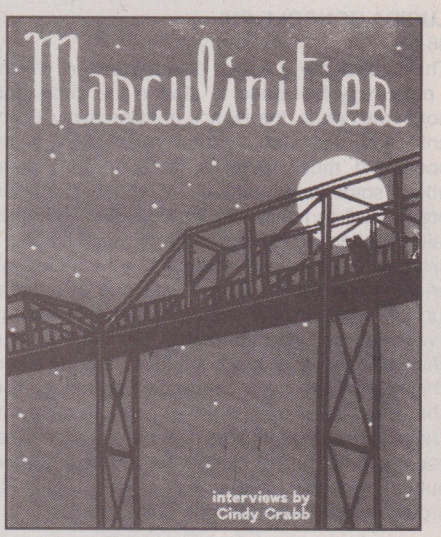
THE SODA KILLERS #9
free or trade / 30 pgs
A huge reviews section dominates this issue of *The Soda Killers*, which is actually the first I've read. Not gonna be the last! It's a punk, rap, and graffiti fanzine, so please sign me up! You'll see a lot of punk bands that might be covered in our own pages as well as some demos and records that may receive a closer look in their slightly smaller pages. Beyond that we also get reviews of zines that speak to years of dedication to mail trades and attentive reading, recommendations of lyrical rap music I should seek out immediately, and a couple of book reviews while we're at it. That's not even getting into the features, but should give you an idea of the scope. My personal favorite features in here are a scene report from a Run the Jewels show and a winding tale of rap music discovery stemming out of a Skinny Boys cable access feature. Something in here for fans of Gangsta Boo, Gas Chamber, Nots, and Nottz. (EW)
3453 35th Ave South / Minneapolis, MN 55406

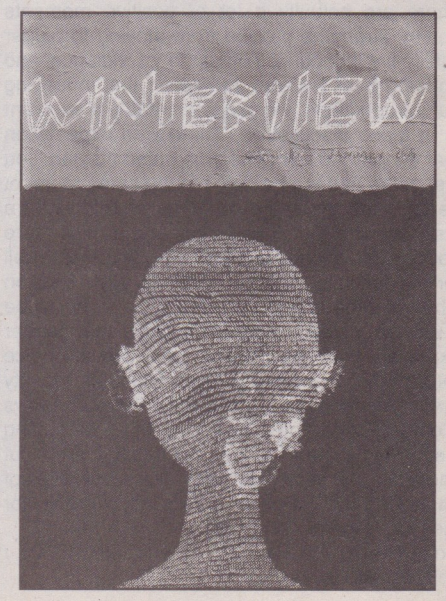
STAY COOL FANZINE #2
$4 / 42 pgs
After reading #1 and being in complete admiration of how the zine was compiled, I looked forward to the second issue! It's not so much the aesthetic of the fanzine, but the content, which will bring any punk back to the pure essence of punk zines. *Stay Cool* includes the quote "subverting the colonial" accompanied by a photo of the always legendary, Tragatelo. I would like to point out how this zine isn't only amazing, but important. It's a zine by and for folks of color, but I think we need to understand it as so much more. In a time where shit is really hitting the fan with issues of white supremacy, *Stay Cool* really brings us back to square one where our worlds inspired our music, and there's so much significance to that. *Stay Cool* remarks on bands both present and past, gives the opportunity for people to talk about their work and personal lives, and offers community resources. "What's wrong with Oxnard?" takes us deep into the community and its inequalities, and in the same breath shows its beauties. *Stay Cool* is, by far, one of the most important zines of the year. (OG)
staycoolfanzine@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #253
30 pgs
Once again, only so much I can say about this zine given the language barrier, but they're only about 130 issues behind *MRR*. Not bad! This time, we are treated to a quick interview with Dispair, tour diaries from the Abnormi and Käpykaarti tour and the Derrida and Puukotus tour, a Ranger/Lecherous Gaze show review, and the usual record reviews, which feature some records that came out last year. (DG)
Pl. 1, 65200 Vaasa, FINLAND

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES
32 pgs
This Australian zine has a review (and rant) about the Fest, a list of favorite album releases of 2014, an interview with Needles//Pins, a really nice watercolor painting of a bridge, and a lengthy article on Australian exceptionalism. I could have done without the same rant and review of the Fest that I've read over a hundred times, but maybe in Australia they haven't heard that the lines there are super long, or that it's hot as shit in Florida. The top ten list was just that...a list. There were no reviews of the record, or any reasons for the records being on the list, just a list. There is, however, a nice little reviews section and the article on Australian exceptionalism was pretty great. Did I mention that I really liked the bridge painting? It's really nice! (DZ)
wastedopportunitieszine@gmail.com

WINTERVIEW #2
2€ / 56 pgs
Second issue for this cool punk zine from Patras, Greece. I saw the first issue (upright A4 xeroxed paper with cut'n'paste layout) and Dinos has definitely stepped up his game for issue number two, which is smaller in size, with a color cover and glossy paper. The layout on this one also looks more "professional" (I'm guessing InDesign was employed), with columned text and Photoshop-ed image collages. As for content, it's still keeping it current, with both local and foreign interviews and reviews. It kicks off with an intro/update on the local scene activity (the authors are well informed), continuing with two tour diaries by Greek bands, one by Ruined Families and This Routine Is Hell around the Balkans, and one by Conspiracy of Denial and Λήθη (Lethe) around central Europe. At the end is a tips and notes section with thoughts and lessons learned on the road—it's all about perspective and I enjoyed that all four bands set out with an open mind, ready to observe and learn from fellow punks in other places, grateful and inspired as opposed to freaked out or sour. Next was a gig report and neat photo spread (yay for high res!) from an Estranged show in Germany, and an interview with the band, mainly discussing its trajectory post *The Subliminal Man*. Also featured are some Athens bands: Mass Culture and Αρχή Του Τέλους (Arhi Tou Telous) sit down together for a split interview, discussing their sound, touring, the Greek scene and its challenges, Kallidromiou 94 collective, and much more, while simultaneously poking fun at their own local inadequacies and drama. And Lifewreck, the new "hot" name in HC/PV, talk about their formation, upcoming plans etc. Did I mention this is all in English? The reviews section at the end takes inspiration from *MRR* methinks and has capped band names, and the writing tone is excited, colorful and sincere. I really hope this zine continues, because they're doing a great job! (LA)
winterviewpunk@gmail.com / winterviewpunk.wordpress.com





The latest from San Francisco pop punisher label

MELTERS

MELT006

SWIFTUMZ

"Everybody Loves Chris" LP

Sophomore LP from the Bay Area punk pop masters. Eleven tracks of pure psychedlic heat executed with sheer finesse and too many hooks to count.

MELT005

VIOLENT CHANGE

"A Celebration of Taste" LP

"Fantastic slither down the DIY bedroom ether wormhole of punk experimentation....an attempt by the DEAD C to play SKIP SPENCE's Oar."
- MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

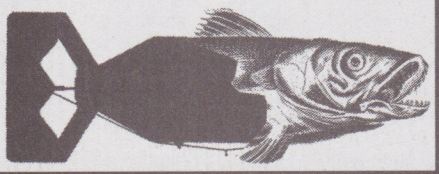
COMING SOON TO MELTERS

SMILES - Four Song 7" EP
Untouchable San Francisco jangle-oriented music

TSA - "Peonies" 7" EP
SFHC hardlifer music. "The game owes us."

meltersmusic@gmail.com
melters.bigcartel.com

STREET EATERS



U.S. + CANADA TOUR 2015

JUNE
7 Reno
8 SLC
10 Omaha
11 Minneapolis
12 Chicago
13 Bloomington
14 Cincinatti
15 Columbus
16 Detroit
17 Toronto
18 Ottawa
19 Montreal
20 Boston
22 Providence
23 Brooklyn
24 New Brunswick
25 D.C.
26 Raleigh
27 Chattanooga
28 Athens (GA)
29 Pensacola
JULY
1 New Orleans
2 Austin
3 San Antonio
4 El Paso
5 Tucson
6 Flagstaff
7 Los Angeles
8 San Francisco

streeteaters.com
for details

NERVOUS INTENT RECORDS

SCENIC

NEW YORK CITY

NORTHSIDE FESTIVAL 2015:
WILD YAKS / VIOLENT BULLSHIT
YOUTHQUAKE / GÖZER
JUNE 12 @ THE GRAND VICTORY

HIVESMASHER
LAST NEW YORK SHOW EVER!
MEEK IS MURDER / TIGER FLOWERS
WHITE WIDOWS PACT / HAMMERFIGHT / NO.
JUNE 26 @ BLACK BEAR BAR

JACK OBLIVIAN
THE SHEIKS / GÖZER
JUNE 26 @ THE GRAND VICTORY

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS
JULY 22 @ THE GRAND VICTORY

Facebook.com/ScenicPresents - Twitter.com/ScenicNYC

ABC NO RIO

SATURDAY MATINEE

3:00PM

156 RIVINGTON STREET LES || NYC

ALL-AGES $7

NO BOOZE
NO DRUGS
NO STUPIDITY

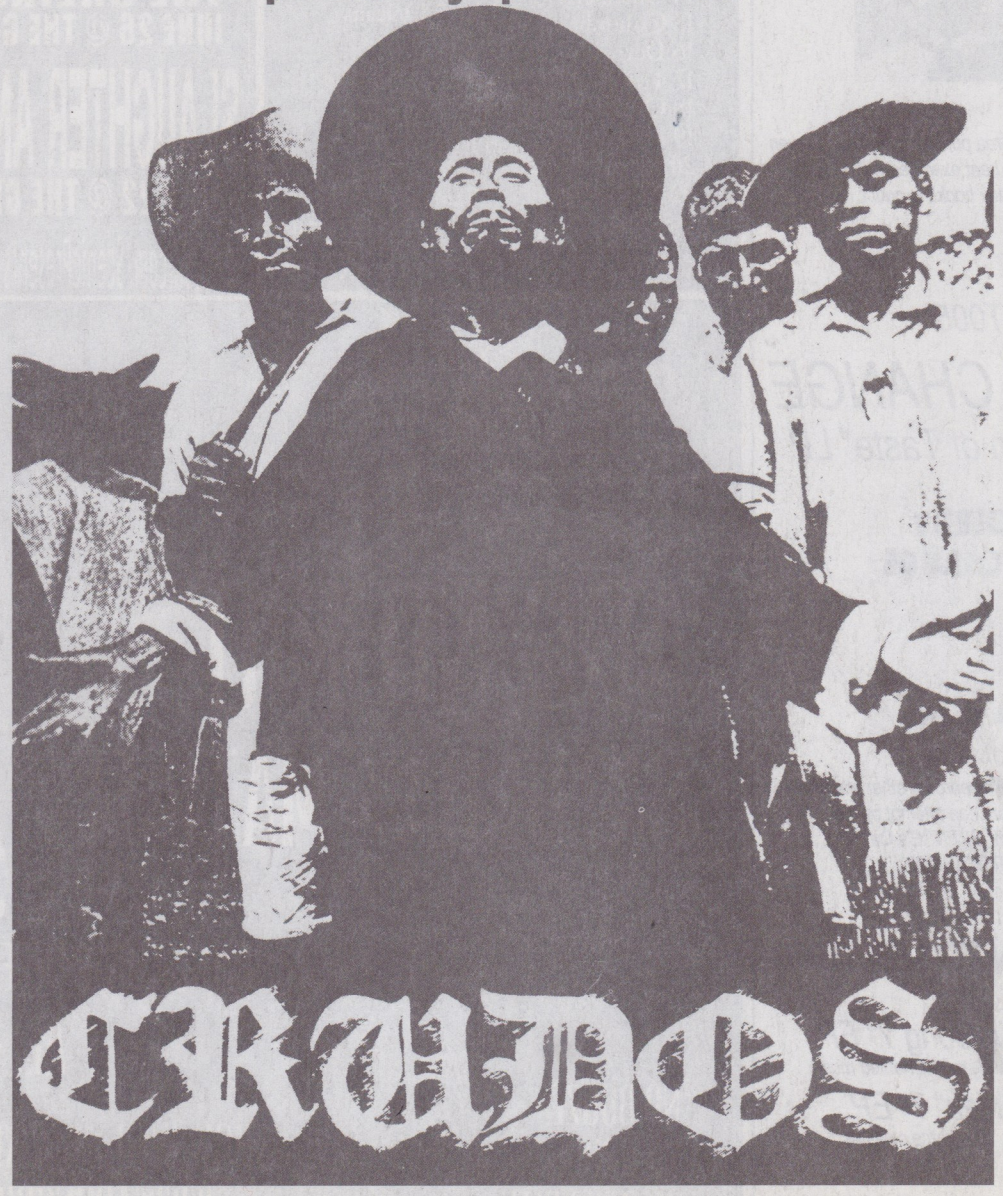
SHOW INFO + BOOKING QUERIES:
WWW.ABCNORIO.ORG/PUNK

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED
FIRST CLASS
US POSTAGE
PAID
FOLGERGRAPHICS

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

proudly presents



—DOBLE LP DISCOGRAFIA—

Visit store.maximumrocknroll.com for more info